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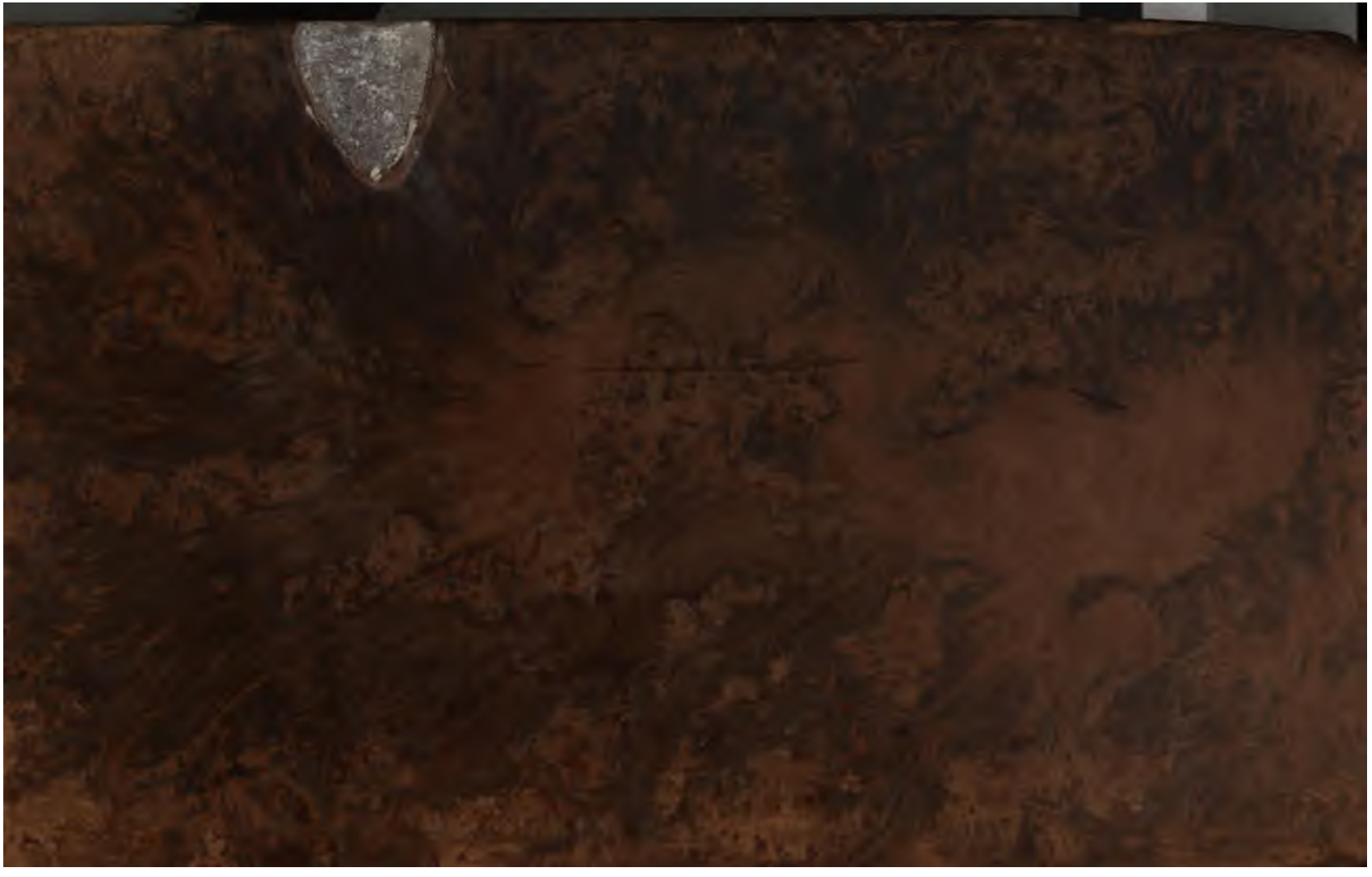

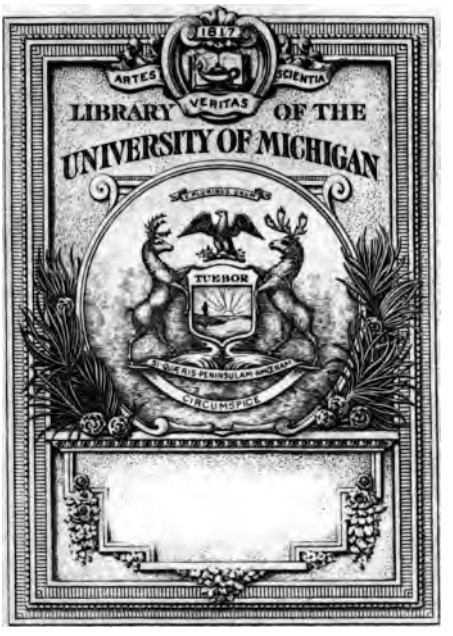
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THE

ODYSSEY

OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

NEITHER this book, nor indeed ſome of the following, are to be reckoned among the moſt ſhining parts of the Odyſſey. They are narrative, and generally low; yet natural, and juſt enough, conſidering Homer was reſolved to deſcribe and follow low life ſo very minutely. This great Poet here reſembles an evening ſun; he has not the ſame heat or brightneſs; there are ſeveral little clouds about him, though in ſome places gilded and adorned: however, to make us amends, he breaks out again before the concluſion of his courſe, and ſets at laſt in glory.

There is no doubt, but all the parts of a poem are not capable of equal luſtre; nay, they ought not to dazzle us alike, or tire us by a perpetual ſtrain upon the imagination. But in theſe cooler relations a tranſlator has a hard taſk: he is expected to *ſhine*, where the author is *not bright:* and the unreaſonable critick demands a copy more noble than the original. It is true, theſe are the paſſages of which he ought to take particular care, and to ſet them off to the beſt advantage: but however he may poliſh a vulgar ſtone, it will ſtill retain its inherent degree of cloudineſs; and the man is ignorant indeed, who thinks one can make it a diamond.

The ſtory now turns to Telemachus, and the Poet briefly deſcribes his voyage to his country: there is a neceſſity to be conciſe, for the hero of an epick poem is never to be out of ſight, after his introduction. The little time that Homer employs in the return of Telemachus is not ſpent unuſefully by Ulyſſes; during this interval, he learns the ſtate of his publick and domeſtick affairs from Eumæus, and prepares the way for the deſtruction of the Suitors, the chief deſign of the whole Odyſſey. There is another reaſon why the Poet ought not to dwell at large upon the ſtory of Telemachus; he bears but an incidental relation to the Odyſſey, and conſequently Homer was neceſſitated to paſs over his actions with brevity, that he might deſcribe the hero of his poem at full length. It has been objected, that no mention has been made of any action at all of Telemachus during his whole ſtay with Menelaus, and that he lies there idly, without making his voyage contribute any thing to the reſtitution of Ulyſſes; but from the former obſervation it is evident, that this ſilence in the Poet proceeds from judgment; nothing is to be inſerted in an epick poem but what has ſome affinity with the main deſign of

it: but what affinity could the actions of Telemachus in the Spartan court have with thoſe of Ulyſſes? This would have been to make two heroes in one poem, and would have broken the unity of the action; whereas by the contrary conduct Homer unites the two ſtories, and makes the voyage of Telemachus ſubſervient to the chief action; namely, the reſtitution of Ulyſſes. Telemachus undertakes a voyage to make enquiry after Ulyſſes; this the Poet fully deſcribes, becauſe it has an immediate relation to Ulyſſes; but paſſes over all other adventures during the abſence of Telemachus, becauſe they have no relation to the deſign.

I know it has been objected, that the whole ſtory of Telemachus is foreign to the Odyſſey, and that the four firſt books have not a ſufficient connexion with the reſt of the poem, and therefore that there is a double action: but this objection will ceaſe, if it be made appear, that this voyage contributes to the reſtoration of Ulyſſes; for whatever incident has ſuch an effect, is united to the ſubject and eſſential to it. Now that this voyage has ſuch an effect is very evident; the Suitors were ready to ſeize the throne of Ulyſſes, and compel his wife to marry; but by this voyage Telemachus breaks their whole deſigns. Inſtead of uſurping the throne, they are obliged to defend themſelves: they defer their purpoſe, and waſte much time in endeavouring to intercept him in his return. By this method leiſure is gained from the violence and addreſſes of the Suitors, till Ulyſſes returns and brings about his own re-eſtabliſhment. This voyage therefore is the ſecret ſource from which all the happineſs of Ulyſſes flows: for had not Telemachus ſailed to Pyle, Penelope muſt have been compelled to marry, and the throne of Ulyſſes uſurped. I have been more large upon this objection, becauſe many foreign criticks lay great weight upon it. See note on verſe 110 of the firſt book.

There has lately been a great diſpute amongſt the French, concerning the length of the ſtay of Telemachus from his country. The debate is not very material, nor is it very difficult to ſettle that point. Telemachus ſailed from Ithaca in the evening of the ſecond day, and returns to it on the thirty-eighth in the morning, ſo that he is abſent thirty-five days compleatly.

P.

THE

FIFTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

NOW had Minerva reach'd thoſe ample plains,
Fam'd for the dance, where Menelaüs reigns;

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Now had Minerva, &c.*] If this had been related by an Hiſtorian, he would have only ſaid that Telemachus judged it neceſſary for his affairs to ſail back to his own country; but a Poet ſteps out of the common beaten road, aſcribes the wiſdom of that hero to the Goddeſs of it, and introduces her in perſon, to give a dignity to his poetry.

The reader may conſult in general the extracts from Boſſu, (placed before the Odyſſey) concerning machines, or the interpoſition of Deities in epick poetry. I will here beg leave to ſet them in a different and more particular light.

It has been imagined that a Deity is never to be introduced but when all human means are ineffectual: if this were true, Minerva would be in vain employed in bringing Telemachus back, when

Anxious ſhe flies to great Ulyſſes' heir,
His inſtant voyage challeng'd all her care.
Beneath the royal portico diſplay'd,
With Neſtor's ſon, Telemachus was lay'd;

a common meſſenger might have anſwered that purpoſe as well as the Goddeſs. I doubt not but the verſe of Horace has led many into this error;

" Nec Deus interfit nifi dignus vindice nodus."

This rule is to be applied only to the theatre, of which Horace there ſpeaks, and means no more, than when the knot of the play is to be untied, and no other way is left for making the diſcovery, then let a God deſcend and clear the intricacy to the auditors. But, as Mr. Dryden obſerves, it has no relation to epick poetry.

It is true, that a Deity is never to be introduced upon little and unworthy occaſions; the very deſign of machines is to add weight and dignity to the ſtory, and conſequently an unworthy employment defeats the very intent of them, and debaſes the Deities by making them act in offices unworthy of the characters of divine perſonages: but then it is as true, that a Poet is at liberty to uſe them for ornament as well as neceſſity. For inſtance, both Virgil and Homer in their deſcriptions of ſtorms introduce Deities Neptune and Æolus, only to fill our minds with grandeur and terror; for in reality a ſtorm might have happened without a miracle, and Æneas and Ulyſſes both have been driven upon unknown ſhores, by a common ſtorm as well as by the immediate interpoſition of Neptune or Æolus. But machines have a very happy effect; the Poet ſeems to converſe with Gods, gives ſigns of a divine tranſport, and diſtinguiſhes his poem in all parts from an hiſtory. P.

Ver. 2.] This leſs uſual interpretation of the original *epithet*, and, in my opinion, the leſs proper interpretation, our Poet took moſt probably from Chapman, who, however, like Pope, preſerves both ſenſes:

In Lacedæmon, *large* and *apt for dances.*

Ver. 5. *Beneath the royal portico*, &c.] Minerva here finds Telemachus in bed: it is neceſſary to remember that Ulyſſes landed in Ithaca in the morning of the thirty-fifth day; and when Mi-

In ſleep profound the ſon of Neſtor lies;
Not thine, Ulyſſes! Care unſeal'd his eyes:
Reſtleſs he griev'd, with various fears oppreſt,
And all thy fortunes roll'd within his breaſt.
When, O Telemachus! (the Goddeſs ſaid)
Too long in vain, too widely haſt thou ſtray'd.
Thus leaving careleſs thy paternal right
The robbers prize, the prey to lawleſs might.
On fond purſuits neglectful while you roam,
Ev'n now, the hand of Rapine ſacks the dome.
Hence to Atrides; and his leave implore
To launch thy veſſel for thy natal ſhore:

---

nerva left him, ſhe went to the Spartan court to Telemachus; this viſion therefore appears to that hero in the night following the thirty-fifth day. On the thirty-ſixth he departs from Menelaus, and lodges that night with Diocles; on the thirty-ſeventh he embarks towards the evening, ſails all night, and lands on the thirty-eighth in the morning in his own country. From this obſervation it is likewiſe evident, that Ulyſſes paſſes two days in diſcourſe with Eumæus, though the Poet only diſtinguiſhes the time by the voyage of Telemachus; for the preceding book concludes with the thirty-fifth day, and Telemachus ſpends the thirty-ſixth and thirty-ſeventh and the following night in his return, and meets Ulyſſes in the morning of the thirty-eighth day. This remark is neceſſary to avoid confuſion, and to make the two ſtories of Ulyſſes and Telemachus coincide, in this and the next book of the Odyſſey. P.

Ver. 9.] Or rather,

Reſtleſs, *all night* he griev'd, with fears *oppreſs'd*.

Chapman is good and full:

Sleepe could not enter: cares did ſo excite,
His ſoule, through all the ſolitary night,
For his lov'd father.

Fly, whilſt thy mother virtuous yet withſtands
Her kindred's wiſhes, and her ſire's commands;
Thro' both, Eurymachus purſues the dame,
And with the nobleſt gifts aſſerts his claim.
Hence therefore, while thy ſtores thy own remain,
Thou know'ſt the practice of the female train,

Ver. 16. *Her kindred's wiſhes, and her ſire's commands.*] Ovid had theſe lines in his view in his epiſtle of Penelope to Ulyſſes.

" Me pater Icarius viduo decedere lecto
" Cogit, & immenſas increpat uſque moras."

But why ſhould Minerva make uſe of theſe arguments, to perſuade Telemachus to return immediately; and give him no information concerning the ſafety of Ulyſſes, who was now actually landed in his own country? The Poet reſerves this diſcovery to be made in the future part of the ſtory: if Telemachus had known of his father's being already returned, there could have been no room for the beautiful interview between the father and the ſon; for the doubts and fears, the ſurpriſe and filial tenderneſs, on the part of Telemachus; and for the paternal fondneſs, the yearnings of nature, and the tranſports of joy, on the part of Ulyſſes. Ariſtotle particularly commends this conduct of Homer with reſpect to Ulyſſes. Theſe diſguiſes and concealments, (ſays that author) perplex the fable with agreeable plots and intricacies, ſurpriſe us with a variety of incidents, and give room for the relation of many adventures; while Ulyſſes ſtill appears in aſſumed characters, and upon every occaſion recites a new hiſtory. At the ſame time the Poet excellently ſuſtains his character, which is every where diſtinguiſhed by a wiſe and ready diſſimulation. P.

Ver. 24. *Thou know'ſt the practice of the female train.*] This is not ſpoken in derogation of Penelope, nor applied to her in particular; it is laid down as an univerſal maxim, and uttered by the Goddeſs of Wiſdom: but (ſays Madam Dacier) I wiſh the Poet had told us, if the huſbands in his days had better memories towards their departed wives. But what advantage would this be to the fair ſex, if we allow that an huſband may poſſibly forget a former wife? I chuſe rather to congratulate the modern ladies,

Loſt in the children of the preſent ſpouſe.
They ſlight the pledges of their former vows;
Their love is always with the lover paſt:
Still the ſucceeding flame expells the laſt.
Let o'er thy houſe ſome chaſte maid preſide,
'Till heav'n decrees to bleſs thee in a bride.
But now thy more attentive ears incline,
Obſerve the warnings of a pow'r divine:
For thee their ſnares the ſuitor Lords ſhall lay
In Samos ſands, or ſtreights of Ithaca,
To ſeize thy life ſhall lurk the murd'rous band,
E'er yet thy footſteps preſs thy native land.

againſt whom there is not the leaſt objection of this nature. Is it not evident, that all our widows are utterly diſconſolate, appear many months in deep mourning? and whenever they are prevailed upon to a ſecond marriage, do they not chuſe out the ſtrongeſt, beſt built, and moſt vigorous youth of the nation? For what other reaſon, but that ſuch conſtitutions may be a ſecurity againſt their ever feeling the like calamity again? What I have here ſaid ſhews that the world is well changed ſince the times of Homer; and however the race of man is dwindled and decayed ſince thoſe ages, yet it is a demonſtration that the modern ladies are not to blame for it. P.

Ver. 33.] Much in the ſame manner Ogilby:

Lying to intercept thee in the way,
'Twixt *duſty* Samos, and ſteep Ithaca.

Ver. 34.] This interpretation of the Greek epithet to Samos, is probably derived from Chapman, whom Ogilby follows in the couplet juſt quoted.

Ver. 35.] Sir Gray, in his "diſtant proſpect of Eton college:"

Ah! ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand,
To ſeize their prey, *the murd'rous band!*

And the reader may turn to another tranſlation of the ſame verſes in the original, at book xiii. verſe 492.

No —— ſooner far their riot and their luſt
All cov'ring earth ſhall bury deep in duſt!
Then diſtant from the ſcatter'd iſlands ſteer,
Nor let the night retard thy full career;
Thy heav'nly guardian ſhall inſtruct the gales
To ſmooth thy paſſage, and ſupply thy ſails:
And when at Ithaca thy labour ends,
Send to the town thy veſſel with thy friends;
But ſeek thou firſt the maſter of the ſwine,
(For ſtill to thee his loyal thoughts incline)
There paſs the night: while he his courſe purſues
To bring Penelope the wiſh'd-for news,
That thou ſafe ſailing from the Pylian ſtrand
Art come to bleſs her in thy native land.

Thus ſpoke the Goddeſs, and reſum'd her flight
To the pure regions of eternal light.
Meanwhile Piſiſtratus he gently ſhakes,
And with theſe words the ſlumb'ring youth awakes.

Riſe, ſon of Neſtor! for the road prepare,
And join the harneſs'd courſers to the car.

Ver. 41.] His author rather dictates,

Some heav'nly guardian —.

Ver. 51.] He might with eaſe have adhered to his author's language:

To high Olympus then the blue-ey'd maid
Her awful preſence, with theſe words, convey'd.

Ver. 56.] Or thus? on account of the rhyme:

To *ſee* the courſers harneſs'd *be thy care.*

What cauſe, he cry'd, can juſtify our flight,
To tempt the dangers of forbidding night?
Here wait we rather, till approaching day
Shall prompt our ſpeed, and point the ready way.
Nor think of flight before the Spartan king
Shall bid farewel, and bounteous preſents bring;
Gifts, which to diſtant ages ſafely ſtor'd,
The ſacred act of friendſhip ſhall record.
Thus he. But when the dawn beſtreak'd the Eaſt,
The king from Helen roſe, and ſought his gueſt.
As ſoon as his approach the hero knew,
The ſplendid mantle round him firſt he threw,

Ver. 58.] Dryden in his "character of a good parſon:"

Tempting on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempeſtuous *night*.

Ver. 62.] The word, which is taken up by the following verſe, ſhould have appeared in this:

— — — — and *gifts abundant* bring.

Ver. 65.] A bad rhyme. Rather:

Thus he; and Morn, on throne of gold, aroſe:
Then to his gueſt the king from Helen goes.

Ver. 67.] There is a proſaic languor in the verſe, as it ſtands at preſent. Better, perhaps, ſo:

When his approach the *youthful* heroe knew —.

Ogilby renders:

Of which, ſoon as Ulyſſes offspring *knew*
He ſlipt on's coat, and ore his ſhoulders *threw*
His upper weed.

Then o'er his ample ſhoulders whirl'd the cloak,
Reſpectful met the monarch, and beſpoke.
Hail, great Amides, favour'd of high Jove!
Let not thy friends in vain for licence move.
Swift let us meaſure back the wat'ry way,
Nor check our ſpeed, impatient of delay.
If with deſire ſo ſtrong thy boſom glows,
Ill, ſaid the king, ſhou'd I thy will oppoſe;
For oft in others freely I reprove
The ill-tim'd efforts of officious love;
Who love too much, hate in the like extream,
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
Alike he thwarts the hoſpitable end,
Who drives the free, or ſtays the haſty friend;
True friendſhip's laws are by this rule expreſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the parting gueſt.

Ver. 72.] A word in this verſe diſpleaſes me; which our tranſlator ſeems to have fetched from Ogilby:

Your *licence* grant, that home I may depart.

Ver. 79.] No rhymes at all. Thus?

Who love too much, hate in the *ſame exceſs*;
And both the golden mean alike *tranſgreſs*.

Ver. 84. *Welcome the coming, ſpeed the parting gueſt.*] Homer has here laid together admirable precepts for ſocial life: the paſſage was much admired; Herodotus borrowed it, as we are informed by Euſtathius.

——— τραπέζῃ
Μιλίξαντ' ἀπόπεμψαι ἰὼν ἰθίλοντι νέεσθαι.

But perhaps Euſtathius quoted by memory, or through inadvertency wrote down Herodotus for Theocritus, in whom theſe lines are to be found:

Yet ſtay, my friends, and in your chariot take
The nobleſt preſents that our love can make:
Meantime commit we to our women's care
Some choice domeſtick viands to prepare:
The trav'ler riſing from the banquet gay,
Eludes the labours of the tedious way.
Then if a wider courſe ſhall rather pleaſe
Thro' ſpacious Argos, and the realms of Greece,
Atrides in his chariot ſhall attend;
Himſelf thy convoy to each royal friend.
No prince will let Ulyſſes' heir remove
Without ſome pledge, ſome monument of love;
Theſe will the caldron, theſe the tripod give,
From thoſe the well-pair'd mules we ſhall receive,
Or bowl emboſs'd whoſe golden figures live.
To whom the youth, for prudence fam'd, reply'd:
O monarch, care of heav'n! thy people's pride!

Μηδὲ ξεινοδόκον καικὸν ἴμμεναι, ἀλλὰ τραπέζῃ
Μειλίξαντ' ἀνώτιμψαι, ἵκαν ἰθύλωτι νήσθαι. Pr

Ver. 91.] Theſe rhymes muſt not ſtand; but I cannot promiſe a ſatisfactory ſubſtitution:

Then, ſhould your wiſh a different courſe purſue,
Through Greece and Argos, for a wider view —.

Ver. 98.] Homer ſays only,

— — — — or golden bowl:

but Chapman had amplified with ſimilar luxuriance before our Poet:

A bowle of gold, that hath his price,
Heightn'd with emblems of ſome rare device.

No friend in Ithaca my place ſupplies,
No pow'rful hands are there, no watchful eyes:
My ſtores expos'd and fenceleſs houſe demand
The ſpeedieſt ſuccour from my guardian hand;
Leſt in a ſearch too anxious and too vain
Of one loſt joy, I loſe what yet remain.
His purpoſe when the gen'rous warriour heard,
He charg'd the houſhold cates to be prepar'd.

Ver. 103.] I ſhould prefer,

No pow'rful hands *controul*, no watchful eyes.

Ver. 108.] Theſe rhymes, which I cannot admire, ſeem to be brought from Chapman:

When this the ſhrill-voic't Menelaus *heard*;
He charg'd his queene and maids, to ſee *prepar'd*
Breakfaſt.

Ver. 109. *He charg'd the houſhold cates to be prepar'd.*] It is in the original, *He commanded Helen and her maids* to do it. The moderns have blamed Menelaus for want of delicacy in commanding his queen to perform ſuch houſhold offices. I read ſuch paſſages with pleaſure, becauſe they are exact pictures of ancient life: we may as well condemn the firſt inhabitants of the world for want of politeneſs, in living in tents and bowers, and not in palaces. This command of Menelaus agrees with thoſe manners, and with the patriarchal life. Gen. xviii. 6. *Abraham haſtened into his tent, and ſaid unto Sarah his wife, Make ready quickly three meaſures of fine meal: knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth.*

I doubt not but the continual deſcriptions of entertainments have likewiſe given offence to many; but we may be in ſome degree reconciled to them, if we conſider they are not only inſtances of the hoſpitality of the antients, but of their piety and religion: every meal was a religious act, a ſacrifice, or a feaſt of thankſgiving: libations of wine, and offerings of part of the fleſh, were conſtantly made at every entertainment. This gives a dignity to the deſcription, and when we read it, we are not to conſider it as an act merely of eating or drinking, but as an office of worſhip to the Gods.

Now with the dawn, from his adjoining home,
Was Boëthoides Eteonus come;
Swift as the word he forms the riſing blaze,
And o'er the coals the ſmoaking fragments lays.
Meantime the king, his ſon, and Helen, went
Where the rich wardrobe breath'd a coſtly ſcent.
The king ſelected from the glitt'ring rows
A bowl; the prince a ſilver beaker choſe.
The beauteous queen revolv'd with careful eyes
Her various textures of unnumber'd dies,
And choſe the largeſt; with no vulgar art
Her own fair hands embroider'd ev'ry part:
Beneath the reſt it lay divinely bright,
Like radiant Heſper o'er the gems of night.

This is a note of the criticks; but perhaps the ſame thing might as well be ſaid of our modern entertainments, wherever the good practice of ſaying *grace* before and after meat is not yet laid aſide. P.

Ver. 115.] The reader will be pleaſed with comparing the tranſlation of a ſimilar paſſage to this before us, by our Poet, in Iliad vi. verſe 358. to which I refer.

Ver. 123. *Like radiant Heſper o'er the gems of night.*] If this paſſage were tranſlated literally, it would ſtand thus, *Helen choſe a veſture of moſt beautiful embroidery, and of the largeſt extent, a veſture that lay beneath the reſt.* We are to underſtand by the laſt circumſtance, that this veſture was the choiceſt of her wardrobe, it being repoſited with the greateſt care, or κάτω ἄλλων. The verſes are taken from *lib.* vi. of the Iliad. This robe was the work of Helen's own hands; an inſtance that in thoſe days a great lady, or a great beauty, might be a good workwoman: and ſhe here ſeems to take particular care to obviate an opinion one might

Then with each gift they haſten'd to their gueſt,
And thus the king Ulyſſes' heir addreſt.
Since fix'd are thy reſolves, may thund'ring Jove
With happieſt omens thy deſires approve!
This ſilver bowl, whoſe coſtly margins ſhine
Enchas'd with gold, this valu'd gift be thine;
To me this preſent, of Vulcanian frame,
From Sidon's hoſpitable monarch came;
To thee we now conſign the precious load,
The pride of kings, and labour of a God.
Then gave the cup; while Megapenthe brought
The ſilver vaſe with living ſculpture wrought.
The beauteous queen advancing next, diſplay'd
The ſhining veil, and thus endearing ſaid.
Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,
Long ſince, in better days, by Helen wove:

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otherwiſe have, that ſhe did not apply herſelf to thoſe works till her beſt days were paſt. We are told in the Iliad,

Her in the palace, at her loom ſhe found,
The golden web her own ſad ſtory crown'd:
The Trojan wars ſhe weav'd, herſelf the prize,
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes. P.

Ver. 132.] The rhymes might be mended thus:

This bowl of *work celeſtial,* precious load!
And pride of kings, *be* now *on* thee *beſtow'd.*

Ver. 134.] Homer ſays, Megapenthes; but our Poet took his erroneous termination from Chapman. He ſhould have followed Ogilby; who yet ſeems to have been conſulted:

Whilſt Megapenthes him the charger *brought.*

Ver. 139.] The grammatical impropriety I would thus remove:

Which once, in better days, *thy* Helen wove.

Safe in thy mother's care the veſture lay,
To deck thy bride, and grace thy nuptial day.
Meantime may'ſt thou with happieſt ſpeed regain
Thy ſtately palace, and thy wide domain.
She ſaid, and gave the veil; with grateful look
The prince the variegated preſent took.
And now, when thro' the royal dome they paſs'd,
High on a throne the king each ſtranger plac'd.
A golden ew'r th' attendant damſel brings,
Replete with water from the cryſtal ſprings;
With copious ſtreams the ſhining vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize.
They waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
The glitt'ring caniſters are crown'd with bread;
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour; rich repaſt!
Whilſt Eteonus portions out the ſhares,
Atrides' ſon the purple draught prepares.
And now (each ſeated with the genial feaſt,
And the ſhort rage of thirſt and hunger ceaſt)

Ver. 145.] By ſome unaccountable miſtake, our tranſlator has paſſed over *two* verſes of his author, faithfully exhibited by his predeceſſors, to the following purport:

This in the chariotz ſeat Piſiſtrate laid,
And the rich gift with wond'ring eyes ſurvey'd.

Ver. 152.] So Chapman:

— — — A bright board then ſhe *ſpread*;
On which another reverend dame ſet *bread*:

and the reader will recollect to have read this paſſage more than once before.

Ulyſſes' ſon, with his illuſtrious friend,
The horſes join, the poliſh'd car aſcend.
Along the court the fiery ſteeds rebound,
And the wide portal echoes to the ſound.
The king precedes; a bowl with fragrant wine
(Libation deſtin'd to the pow'rs divine)
His right-hand held: before the ſteeds he ſtands,
Then, mix'd with pray'rs, he utters theſe commands.

Farewell and proſper, youths! let Neſtor know
What grateful thoughts ſtill in this boſom glow,
For all the proofs of his paternal care,
Thro' the long dangers of the ten-years war.
Ah! doubt not our report (the prince rejoin'd)
Of all the virtues of thy generous mind.
And oh! return'd might we Ulyſſes meet!
To him thy preſents ſhew, thy words repeat:

Ver. 164.] Thus Ogilby:

And favour beg from all *the powers divine*,
The king preſents them with *a bowl of wine*.

Ver. 170.] Theſe vicious rhymes might be ſuggeſted by Chapman:

That I profeſſe in all our Ilion *warres*
He ſtood a careful father to my *cares*.

Ver. 174. *And oh! return'd might we Ulyſſes meet!* &c.] It is not impoſſible but a falſe reading may have crept into the text in this verſe. In the preſent edition it ſtands thus.

— — — — αἴ γὰρ ἐγὼν ὡς
Νεστόρας, Ἰθάκην δὲ κιὼν, Ὀδυσῆϊ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ
Εἴποιμ'. ——

The ſenſe will be leſs intricate, and the conſtruction more

How will each ſpeech his grateful wonder raiſe?
How will each gift indulge us in thy praiſe?
  Scarce ended thus the prince, when on the right
Advanc'd the bird of Jove: auſpicious ſight!
A milk-white fowl his clinching talons bore,
With care domeſtic pamper'd at the floor.
Peaſants in vain with threat'ning cries purſue,
In ſolemn ſpeed the bird majeſtick flew
Full dexter to the car: the proſp'rous ſight
Fill'd ev'ry breaſt with wonder and delight.
  But Neſtor's ſon the chearful ſilence broke,
And in theſe words the Spartan chief beſpoke.
Say if to us the Gods theſe omens ſend,
Or fates peculiar to thyſelf portend?
  Whilſt yet the monarch paus'd, with doubts oppreſt,
The beauteous queen reliev'd his lab'ring breaſt.

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eaſy, if inſtead of κίων we inſert κίχων, and read the line thus pointed.

Νοστήσας Ἰθάκην δε, κιχὼν Ὀδυσῆι ἐνὶ οἴκῳ
Εἴποιμ'.

Then the verſe will have this import, "O may I, upon my "return to Ithaca, finding Ulyſſes in his palace, give him an "account of your friendſhip!" whereas in the common editions there is a tautology, and either κίων or νοστήσας muſt be allowed to be a ſuperfluity. P.

Ver. 176.] The diffuſion of our verſion will appear from Ogilby, who is faithfully expreſſive of his original:

——— Ah! could I as well
Return'd to Ithaca my father tell
Of all your kindneſs, and rich preſents ſhew,
Which you on me are pleaſed to beſtow.

Hear me, ſhe cry'd, to whom the Gods have giv'n
To read this ſign, and myſtick ſenſe of heav'n.
As thus the plumy ſov'reign of the air
Left on the mountain's brow his callow care,

Ver. 192. *Hear me, ſhe cry'd,* &c.] It is not clear why the Poet aſcribes a greater quickneſs and penetration to Helen in the ſolution of this prodigy, than to Menelaus. Is it, as Euſtathius aſſerts, from a ſuperiour acuteneſs of nature and preſence of mind in the fair ſex? Or is it, that Helen in this reſembles ſome modern beauties, who (though their huſbands be aſked the queſtion) will make the anſwer themſelves? I would willingly believe that Helen might happen to ſtand in ſuch a poſition, as to be able to make more minute obſervation upon the flight of the eagle, than Menelaus; and being more circumſtantial in the obſervation, ſhe might for that reaſon be more ready and circumſtantial in the interpretation. But Homer himſelf tells us, that ſhe received it from the Gods. This is a pious leſſon, to teach us in general, that all knowledge is the gift of God, and perhaps here particularly inſerted to raiſe the character of Helen, and make us leſs ſurpriſed to ſee her forgiven by Menelaus, when ſhe is not only pardoned, but favoured thus with inſpiration. And indeed it was neceſſary to reconcile us to this fatal beauty; at whom the reader is naturally enough offended: ſhe is an actreſs in many of the ſcenes of the Odyſſey, and conſequently to be redeemed from contempt: this is done by degrees; the Poet ſteals away the adultreſs from our view, to ſet before us the amiable penitent. P.

Ver. 194. *As thus the plumy ſov'reign,* &c.] Ulyſſes is the eagle, the bird repreſents the Suitors: the cries of the men and women when the eagle ſeized his prey, denote the lamentations of the relations of the Suitors, who are ſlain by Ulyſſes. The circumſtance of the flight of the eagle cloſe to the horſes, is added to ſhew that the prodigy had a fixed and certain reference to a perſon preſent; namely Telemachus: the eagle comes ſuddenly from a mountain; this means that Ulyſſes ſhall unexpectedly arrive from the country to the Suitors deſtruction. The fowl is ſaid to be fed by the family, this is a full deſignation of the Suitors, who feed

And wander'd thro' the wide æthereal way
To pour his wrath on yon luxurious prey;
So ſhall thy god-like father, toſs'd in vain
Thro' all the dangers of the boundleſs main,
Arrive, (or is perchance already come)
From ſlaughter'd gluttons to releaſe the dome.
Oh! if this promiſs'd bliſs by thund'ring Jove,
(The prince reply'd) ſtand fix'd in fate above;
To thee, as to ſome God, I'll temples raiſe,
And crown thy altars with the coſtly blaze.
He ſaid; and bending o'er his chariot, flung
Athwart the fiery ſteeds the ſmarting thong;
The bounding ſhafts upon the harneſs play,
'Till night deſcending intercepts the way.

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upon Ulyſſes, and prey upon his family. And as this bird is killed by the talons of the eagle, ſo the Suitors fall by the ſpear of Ulyſſes. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 198.] Or thus, with more fidelity:

So ſhall Ulyſſes, long a wanderer hurl'd,
By woes long haraſs'd, thro' the ſpacious world—.

Ver. 204.] This is much too ſtrong for his author, who is well given by Chapman:

When I arrive, I will performe to thee
My daily vowes, as to a Deity.

Thus?

To thee from grateful lips my vows ſhall riſe;
To thee, as ſome bleſs'd tenant of the ſkies.

Ver. 206.] I ſee no reaſon for diſcarding the old *participle* of the verb *fling*. A reſtoration of it in this place will be a medicine to the rhyme.

He ſaid; athwart the fiery *courſers flong*,
As o'er *the car he bends*, *reſounds* the thong,

To Diocleus, at Pheræ, they repair,
Whoſe boaſted ſire was ſacred Alpheus' heir;
With him all night the youthful ſtrangers ſtay'd,
Nor found the hoſpitable rites unpay'd.
But ſoon as Morning from her orient bed
Had ting'd the mountains with her earlieſt red,
They join'd the ſteeds, and on the chariot ſprung;
The brazen portals in their paſſage rung.
To Pylos ſoon they came; when thus begun
To Neſtor's heir Ulyſſes' god-like ſon:
Let not Piſiſtratus in vain be preſt,
Nor unconſenting hear his friend's requeſt;
His friend by long hereditary claim,
In toils his equal, and in years the ſame.
No farther from our veſſel, I implore,
The courſers drive; but laſh them to the ſhore.
Too long thy father would his friend detain;
I dread his proffer'd kindneſs, urg'd in vain.

Ver. 214.] I ſhould like better,

Soon as Aurora from her orient bed—.

Ver. 216.] I ſhould write *ſprang* and *rang*.

Ver. 222.] His original is not well repreſented here. Thus?

His friend by long hereditary claim
Of ties paternal, and in years the ſame.
Our friendſhip too this journey will improve,
Chear'd by ſweet interchange of mutual love.

Ver. 226. *Too long thy father would his friend detain.*] This has been objected againſt, as contrary to the promiſe of Telemachus, who aſſured Menelaus that he would *acquaint Neſtor with his great friendſhip and hoſpitality*: is he therefore not guilty of falſhood, by embarking immediately without fulfilling his promiſe? Euſtathius

The hero paus'd, and ponder'd this requeſt,
While love and duty warr'd within his breaſt.
At length reſolv'd, he turn'd his ready hand,
And laſh'd his panting courſers to the ſtrand.
There, while within the poop with care he ſtor'd
The regal preſents of the Spartan lord;
With ſpeed be gone, (ſaid he) call ev'ry mate,
E'er yet to Neſtor I the tale relate:
'Tis true, the fervour of his gen'rous heart
Brooks no repulſe, nor could'ſt thou ſoon depart:
Himſelf will ſeek thee here, nor wilt thou find,
In words alone, the Pylian monarch kind.

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anſwers, that the prodigy of the eagle occaſions this alteration, and that the not fulfilling his promiſe is to be aſcribed to accident and neceſſity. But the words of Telemachus ſufficiently juſtify his veracity; they are of the plural number καταλίξομεν, *I and Piſiſtratus will inform Neſtor of your hoſpitality:* this promiſe he leaves to be performed by Piſiſtratus, who returns directly to Neſtor. Others blame Telemachus as unpolite, in leaving Neſtor without any acknowledgment for his civilities. Dacier has recourſe to the command of Minerva, and to the prodigy of the eagle, for his vindication: he is commanded by the Gods to return immediately; and therefore not blameable for complying with their injunctions. But perhaps it is a better reaſon to ſay, that the nature of the poem requires ſuch a conduct; the action of the Odyſſey ſtands ſtill till the return of Telemachus, (whatever happens to him in Pyle being foreign to it) and therefore Homer ſhews his judgment, in precipitating the actions of Telemachus, rather than trifling away the time, while the ſtory ſleeps, only to ſhew a piece of complaiſance and ceremony. P.

Ver. 232.] I ſhould prefer, as more faithful, a couplet with the rhymes of Ogilby:

There, while with beauteous gifts he ſtores the hold,
The veſt refulgent, and the coſtly gold—.

But when arriv'd, he thy return ſhall know,
How will his breaſt with honeſt fury glow!
This ſaid, the ſounding ſtrokes his horſes fire,
And ſoon he reach'd the palace of his ſire.

Now, (cry'd Telemachus) with ſpeedy care
Hoiſe ev'ry ſail, and ev'ry oar prepare.
Swift as the word his willing mates obey,
And ſeize their ſeats, impatient for the ſea.

Meantime the prince with ſacrifice adores
Minerva, and her guardian aid implores;
When lo! a wretch ran breathleſs to the ſhore,
New from his crime, and reeking yet with gore.
A ſeer he was, from great Melampus ſprung,
Melampus, who in Pylos flouriſh'd long,

Ver. 247.] Or thus, on account of the rhyme:

Spring to their ſeats, *and ſpeed the deſtin'd way.*

Ver. 252. — — *From great Melampus ſprung.*] There is ſome obſcurity in this genealogical hiſtory. Melampus was a prophet, he lived in Pylos, and was a perſon of great wealth; his uncle Neleus ſeized his riches, and detained them a whole year, to oblige him to recover his herds detained by Iphyclus in Phylace; he failed in the attempt, and was kept in priſon by Iphyclus, the ſon of Phylacus. Bias, the brother of Melampus, was in love with Pero the daughter of Neleus; Neleus, to engage Melampus more ſtrongly in the enterpriſe, promiſes to give Pero in marriage to his brother Bias, upon the recovery of his herds from Iphyclus. At length Iphyclus releaſes Melampus from priſon, upon his diſcovering to him how he might have an heir to ſucceed to his dominions, and rewards him with reſtoring the herds of Neleus: then Neleus retracts his promiſe, and refuſes to give his daughter Pero to Bias the brother of Melampus; upon this Neleus and Melampus quarrel, and engaging in a ſingle combat, Neleus is

'Till urg'd by wrongs a foreign realm he choſe,
Far from the hateful cauſe of all his woes.
Neleus his treaſures one long year detains;
As long, he groan'd in Phylacus's chains:
Meantime, what anguiſh and what rage combin'd,
For lovely Pero rack'd his lab'ring mind!
Yet 'ſcap'd he death; and vengeful of his wrong
To Pylos drove the lowing herds along:
Then (Neleus vanquiſh'd, and conſign'd the fair
To Bias' arms) he ſought a foreign air;
Argos the rich for his retreat he choſe,
There form'd his empire; there his palace roſe.
From him Antiphates and Mantius came:
The firſt begot Oicleus great in fame,
And he Amphiaraus, immortal name!
The people's ſaviour, and divinely wiſe,
Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the ſkies,
Yet ſhort his date of life! by female pride he dies.

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vanquiſhed, and Melampus retires to Argos. See *lib.* xi. ver. 350, *&c.* and the annotations, note 23. P.

The rhyme would become unexceptionable by employing the old *preterite* of this *verb*; and every variety of this kind, conſiſtent with the rules of *grammar*, ſhould be preſerved for the accommodation of *Poetry* at leaſt:

A ſeer he was, *and* from Melampus *ſprang.*

Ver. 259.] More cloſely, and as well,

For *Neleus' daughter, rackt* his lab'ring mind.

Ver. 270. *Belov'd by Jove, and him who gilds the ſkies,*
Yet ſhort his date of life! by female pride he dies.]

The Poet means Eryphyle, who, being bribed with a golden

From Mantius Clitus, whom Aurora's love
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above:

bracelet by Polynices, perſuaded her huſband Amphiaraus to go to the Theban war, where he loſt his life. This is a remarkable paſſage: *Though he was loved by Jupiter and Apollo, yet he reached not to old age.* Is a ſhort life the greateſt inſtance of the love of the Gods? Plato quotes the verſe to this purpoſe. "The life of "man is ſo loaded with calamity, that it is an inſtance of the "favour of Heaven to take the burthen from us with ſpeed." The ſame author in Axiochus (if that dialogue be his) aſſerts, that the Gods, having a perfect inſight into human affairs, take ſpeedily to themſelves thoſe whom they love. Thus when Trophonius and Agamedes, had built a temple to Apollo, they prayed to receive a bleſſing the moſt beneficial to mankind: the God granted their prayers, and they were both found dead the next morning. Thus likewiſe the prieſteſs of Juno, when her two ſons had yoked themſelves to her chariot, and drawn her for the greater expedition to the temple, prayed to the Goddeſs to reward their filial piety; and they both died that night. This agrees with the expreſſion of Menander, He whom the Gods love dies young.

Ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν, ἀποθνῄσκει νέος. P.

Ver. 272. —— —— —— *Aurora's love*
Snatch'd for his beauty to the thrones above.]

There is nothing more common than ſuch accounts of men being carried away by Goddeſſes, in all the Greek Poets; and yet what offends more againſt credibility? The Poets invented theſe fables merely out of compliment to the dead. When any perſon happened to be drowned in a river; if a man, ſome water nymph ſtole him; if a woman, ſhe was ſeized to be the wife of the river God. If any were loſt at ſea, Neptune or ſome of the ſea Gods or Goddeſſes had taken them to their beds. But to ſpeak to the preſent purpoſe; if any perſon died in the fields, and his body happened not to be found, if he was murdered and buried, or devoured by wild beaſts, ſo that no account was heard of his death, he was immediately imagined to be taken from the earth by ſome Deity who was in love with his beauty. Thus Clitus being loſt in the morning ſports, like Orion while he was hunting, he was fabled to be carried to heaven by Aurora; being loſt at the time of the morning, over which that Deity preſides. P.

And Polyphides on whom Phœbus ſhone
With fulleſt rays, Amphiaraus now gone;
In Hypereſia's groves he made abode,
And taught mankind the counſels of the God.
From him ſprung Theoclymenus, who found
(The ſacred wine yet foaming on the ground)

Ver. 276.] Our Poet drops a circumſtance, which will be ſeen from Chapman:

Who, *angry with his father*, tooke his way
To Hypereſia; where making ſtay,
He propheſied to all men.

Ver. 278. *From him ſprung Theoclymenus*—] We have had a long genealogical digreſſion to introduce Theoclymenus: I fear the whole paſſage will prove diſtaſteful to an Engliſh palate, it not being capable of any ornaments of poetry. I could wiſh Homer had omitted or ſhortened ſuch paſſages, though they might be uſeful in his age; for by ſuch honourable inſertions he made his court to the beſt families then in Greece. It is true the ſtory is told conciſely, and this occaſions ſome obſcurity; diſtance of time as well as place, makes us ſee all objects ſomewhat confuſedly and indiſtinctly. In the days of Homer theſe ſtories were univerſally known, and conſequently wanted no explication; the obſcurity therefore is not to be charged upon Homer, but to time, which has defaced and worn away ſome parts of the impreſſion, and made the image leſs diſcernible.

The uſe the Poet makes of the adventure of Theoclymenus, is to give encouragement to Telemachus: he aſſiſts him with his advice, and by his gift of prophecy explains to him a prodigy in the concluſion of this book. By this method he connects it with the main action, in giving Telemachus aſſurances that his affairs haſten to a re-eſtabliſhment. Beſides theſe ſhort relations are valuable, as they convey to poſterity brief hiſtories of ancient facts and families that are extant no where elſe. P.

Ogilby corrected is but little inferiour, with more exactneſs:

From him ſprang Theoclymenus *by* name,
Who to *Ulyſſes' ſon* for refuge came;
And found him, as he *pour'd the wine and* pray'd
On the high ſtern; and thus, imploring, ſaid.

Telemachus: whom, as to heav'n he preſt
His ardent vows, the ſtranger thus addreſt.
O thou! that doſt thy happy courſe prepare
With pure libations, and with ſolemn pray'r;
By that dread pow'r to whom thy vows are paid;
By all the lives of theſe; thy own dear head,
Declare ſincerely to no foe's demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land.

Ver. 284.] The rhymes are not to be borne; but I will not affirm my ſubſtitution to be altogether preferable:

By that dread pow'r, to whom *this prayer aſcends*,
Thine own dear *life*, the lifes of *all theſe friends*—.

Ver. 287. *Declare — thy name and lineage*, &c.] Theſe queſtions may be thought ſomewhat extraordinary; for what apparent reaſon is there for this fugitive to be told the name of the parents of Telemachus? But the interrogations are very material; he makes them to learn if Telemachus or his father are friends to the perſon ſlain by his hand? if they were, inſtead of ſailing with him, he would have reaſon to fly from him, as from a perſon who might take away his life by the laws of the country. Thus in the Hebrew law, Numb. xxxv. 19. *The revenger of blood*, (ὁ ἀγχιστεύων, or *propinquus*) *ſhall ſlay the murderer, when he meeteth him.* But the Jews had cities of refuge, to which the murderers fled as to a ſanctuary: the Greeks in like manner, if the homicide fled into a voluntary exile, permitted him to be in ſecurity till the murder was atoned, either by fulfilling a certain time of baniſhment, or by a pecuniary mulct or expiation.

I will only further remark the conciſeneſs of theſe interrogations of Theoclymenus; he aſks four queſtions in a breath, in the compaſs of one line; his apprehenſions of being purſued give him no leiſure to expatiate. Homer judiciouſly adapts his poetry to the circumſtances of the murderer, a man in fear being in great haſte to be in ſecurity. Telemachus anſwers with equal brevity, being under a neceſſity to finiſh his voyage in the night to avoid the ambuſh of the Suitors. For this reaſon Homer ſhortens the relation, and complies with the exigency of Telemachus: with

Prepare then, ſaid Telemachus, to know
A tale from falſhood free, not free from woe.
From Ithaca, of royal birth I came,
And great Ulyſſes (ever honour'd name!)
Was once my ſire: tho' now for ever loſt
In Stygian gloom he glides a penſive ghoſt!
Whoſe fate enquiring, thro' the world we rove;
The laſt, the wretched proof of filial love.
The ſtranger then. Nor ſhall I aught conceal,
But the dire ſecret of my fate reveal.
Of my own tribe an Argive wretch I ſlew;
Whoſe pow'rful friends the luckleſs deed purſue
With unrelenting rage, and force from home
The blood-ſtain'd exile, ever-doom'd to roam.
But bear, oh bear me o'er yon' azure flood;
Receive the ſuppliant! ſpare my deſtin'd blood!
Stranger (reply'd the prince) ſecurely reſt
Affianc'd in our faith; henceforth our gueſt.

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this further view; to unite the ſubordinate ſtory of Telemachus with that of Ulyſſes, it being neceſſary to haſten to the chief action, and without delay carry on the main deſign of the Odyſſey in the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 288.] Or thus, more faithfully:

Then, ſtranger! ſaid Telemachus, thine ear
The tale ſhall liſten of a heart ſincere.

or thus:

Then, ſaid Telemachus, incline thine ear
The ſimple hiſtory of truth to hear.

Ver. 303.] Or thus, with more fidelity:

From ſpeedy vengeance ſave thy ſuppliant's blood.

Thus affable, Ulyſſes' god-like heir
Takes from the ſtranger's hand the glitt'ring ſpear:
He climbs the ſhip, aſcends the ſtern with haſte,
And by his ſide the gueſt accepted plac'd.
The chief his orders gives: th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command:
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
Minerva calls; the ready gales obey
With rapid ſpeed to whirl them o'er the ſea.
Crunus they paſs'd, next Chalcis roll'd away,
When thick'ning darkneſs clos'd the doubtful day;

Ver. 306.] Thus his author:

Then from *his* hand Ulyſſes' god-like heir
Receives, and places on the deck, his ſpear.

Ver. 314.] The rhymes are bad, and the leſs excuſable, on account of the ſimilarity of thoſe that follow them. Thus I with more adherence to the original:

Minerva calls: thro' fields of æther ſweep
The fair freſh gales, and whirl them o'er the deep.

Ver. 316. *Crunus they paſs'd, next Chalcis* — &c.] This whole paſſage has been greatly corrupted; one line is omitted in all our editions of Homer, and the verſes themſelves are printed erroneouſly: for thus they ſtand, lib. viii. p. 539. of Strabo's Geography.

Βᾶν δὲ παρὰ Κρῆνυς, καὶ Χαλκίδα παλιρρόθιον,
Δύσετό τ' ἠέλιος, σκιόωντο τε πᾶσαι ἀγυιαί,
Ἡ δὲ Φιὰς ἐπίβαλλεν ἀγαλλομένη διὸς ὄρῃ.

The firſt line is added from Strabo: thus in Latin,

"Præterierunt Crunos, & Chalcida fluentis amœnam."

He writes ἀγαλλομένη, for ἐπειγομένη: and φιὰς, inſtead of φερὰς. The courſe that Telemachus ſteered is thus explained by the ſame

The ſilver Phæa's glitt'ring rills they loſt,
And ſkimm'd along by Elis' ſacred coaſt.

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author: he firſt ſailed northwardly as far as Elis, then he turned towards the eaſt, avoiding the direct courſe to Ithaca, to eſcape the ambuſh of the Suitors, who lay between Samos and Ithaca. Then he paſſed the Echinades (called Θοαὶ, that is ὀξεῖαι, or *ſharp-pointed*, by Homer. See Strabo, lib. x. They are called *Oxiæ* by Pliny) lying near the gulf of Corinth, and the mouths of Achelous; thus leaving Ithaca on the eaſt, and paſſing it, he alters his courſe again, ſails northwardly between Ithaca and Acarnania, and lands on the coaſt oppoſite to the Cephallenian ocean, where the Suitors formed their ambuſh. The places mentioned by Homer lie in this order, Cruni, Chalcis, and Phæa: and are all rivers of ſmall note, or rather brooks, as Strabo expreſſes it: ἀδόξων ποταμῶν ὀνόματα, μᾶλλον δὲ Ὀχέτων.

It is highly probable that Phæa, and not Pheræ, is the true reading, for Pheræ lay in Meſſenia, and not in Elis, as Strabo writes, and was in poſſeſſion of Agamemnon; for he mentions that city amongſt the ſeven which he promiſes Achilles, in the ninth book of the Iliad.

Sev'n ample cities ſhall confeſs thy ſway,
Thee Enope, and Pheræ thee obey.

If it had not been under his dominion, how could he transfer the right to Achilles? Beſides, it would be abſurd to join Pheræ directly with Chalcis, when the one was in Meſſenia, the other in Elis; this would make the courſe of Telemachus's navigation unintelligible, if Elis and Meſſenia were confounded in the relation, and uſed promiſcuouſly without order or regularity.

I will only add that Strabo in the xxth book of his Geography, inſtead of Καλλιρέεθρον, reads περιρροίσσας, perhaps through a ſlip of his memory. P.

Ver. 318.] Thus his author, literally:

Borne by Jove's breezes, Pheræ next ſhe made:
Then ſacred Elis, where the Epeans ſway'd:

but our Poet has explained himſelf, or I ſhould ſuſpect him to have found his *Phæa* and his *ſilver ſprings* in Dacier's tranſlation: "Le "vaiſſeau arriva à la hauteur de *Phée*, et de-là il cotoya l'Elide "*près de l'embouchure du Perée.*" Thus? for the rhyme is bad:

Then cautious thro' the rocky reaches wind,
And turning ſudden, ſhun the death deſign'd.
Meantime the king, Eumæus, and the reſt,
Sat in the cottage, at their rural feaſt:
The banquet paſt, and ſatiate ev'ry man,
To try his hoſt Ulyſſes thus began.
Yet one night more, my friends, indulge your gueſt;
The laſt I purpoſe in your walls to reſt:
To-morrow for myſelf I muſt provide,
And only aſk your counſel, and a guide:
Patient to roam the ſtreet, by hunger led,
And bleſs the friendly hand that gives me bread.
There in Ulyſſes' roof I may relate
Ulyſſes wand'rings to his royal mate;

Soon on our eyes gleam Pereus' waves no more;
Soon Pheræ ſinks and Elis' ſacred ſhore:

or thus:

The ſtreams of Pereus now no longer ſhine;
Fair Pheræ ſinks, and Elis' towers divine.

Ver. 320.] There is no reſemblance of his author here, who may be thus literally exhibited:

Then 'midſt the iſles he drives, in anxious thought,
Uncertain, death to 'ſcape, or fall a prey.

Ver. 326.] Our Poet here took a hint from Ogilby;

— — — Eumæus, and the *reſt*,
Becauſe I would not be a tedious *gueſt*—.

Ver. 330.] So Chapman:

— — — to try if any will beſtow
A diſh of drinke on me, or bit of *bread*,
Till to Ulyſſes houſe I may be *led*.

Or mingling with the Suitors haughty train,
Not undeſerving, ſome ſupport obtain.
Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,
Patron of induſtry and manual arts:
Few can with me in dext'rous works contend,
The pyre to build, the ſtubborn oak to rend;
To turn the taſteful viand o'er the flame;
Or foam the goblet with a purple ſtream.
Such are the taſks of men of mean eſtate,
Whom Fortune dooms to ſerve the rich and great.

Ver. 336. *Hermes to me his various gifts imparts,*
Patron of induſtry and manual arts.]

Mercury was the ſervant and miniſter of the Gods, and was feigned to be the patron of all perſons of the like ſtation upon earth; it was ſuppoſed to be by his favour that all ſervants and attendants were ſucceſsful in their ſeveral functions. In this view the connexion will be eaſy. "I will go (ſays Ulyſſes) and offer "my ſervice to the Suitors, and by the favour of Mercury who "gives ſucceſs to perſons of my condition, ſhall proſper; for no "man is better able to execute the offices of attendance, than "myſelf." It may be objected, that theſe functions are unworthy of the character, and beneath the dignity of an hero; but Ulyſſes is obliged to act in his aſſumed, not real character; as a beggar, not as a king. Athenæus (lib. i. p. 18.) vindicates Ulyſſes in another manner. "Men (ſays he) in former ages "performed their own offices, and gloried in their dexterity in "ſuch employments. Thus Homer deſcribes Ulyſſes as the moſt "dextrous man living, in ordering wood for the fire, and in the "arts of cookery." But it is no more derogation to him to put on the appearance of a beggar, than it was to Pallas to aſſume that of a ſwain, as ſhe frequently does throughout the Odyſſey. P.

Ver. 340.] Vicious rhymes! Thus? with more exactneſs:

To roaſt the taſteful viands, and divide;
At the full feaſt to ſerve the purple tide.

Alas! (Eumeus with a ſigh rejoin'd)
How ſprung a thought ſo monſtrous in thy mind?
If on that god-leſs race thou wouldſt attend,
Fate owes thee ſure a miſerable end!
Their wrongs and blaſphemies aſcend the ſky,
And pull deſcending vengeance from on high.
Not ſuch, my friend, the ſervants of their feaſt;
A blooming train in rich embroid'ry dreſt,
With earth's whole tribute the bright table bends,
And ſmiling round celeſtial Youth attends.
Stay then: no eye aſkance beholds thee here;
Sweet is thy converſe to each ſocial ear;

Ver. 344.] With trivial alteration, for the ſake of accuracy, Chapman is pleaſing:

Eumæus then, with ſighs: Alaſs! poor gueſt;
Why did this counſel ever touch thy breaſt?

Ver. 348. *Their wrongs and blaſphemies aſcend the ſky.*] The ſenſe of this paſſage appears to me very obvious; Dacier renders it, *whoſe violence and inſolence is ſo great that they regard not the Gods, and that they attack even the heavens.* I ſhould rather chuſe to underſtand the words in the more plain and eaſy conſtruction: Grotius is of this judgment, and thinks they bear the ſame import as thoſe in Gen. xviii. 21. *I will go down and ſee if they have done according to the cry which is come unto heaven*; and indeed there is a great ſimilitude between the expreſſions. P.

Ver. 349.] This inefficient inſipid line is an interpolation from our tranſlator.

Ver. 350.] Thus, more faithfully, and with proper rhymes:

Gay are their ſervants: unguents rich their face,
Their hair, bedew; and odorous tunics grace.

Ver. 354.] Paradiſe Loſt, iv. 504.

Well pleas'd, and pleaſing, in our cottage reſt,
'Till good Telemachus accepts his gueſt
With genial gifts, and change of fair attires,
And ſafe conveys thee where thy ſoul deſires.
To him the man of woes. O gracious Jove!
Reward this ſtranger's hoſpitable love,
Who knows the ſon of Sorrow to relieve,
Chears the ſad heart, nor lets Affliction grieve.
Of all the ills unhappy mortals know,
A life of wand'rings is the greateſt woe:
On all their weary ways wait Care and Pain,
And Pine and Penury, a meagre train.
To ſuch a man ſince harbour you afford,
Relate the farther fortunes of your lord;
What cares his mother's tender breaſt engage,
And ſire, forſaken on the verge of age;

— — — aſide the devil turn'd
For envy, yet with jealous leer malign
Ey'd them aſkance:

who copied from the ancients. Thus Horace, epiſt. i. 14. 37.

Theſe ſhades attract not Envy's baneful leer,
And ranc'rous Hatred ſheds no venom here.
Mr. Neville's Imitation.

Ver. 361.] Thus, more faithfully:
Reward, *with zeal like mine*, this ſtranger's love:
or with an alteration of the former verſe:
Then be: With zeal like mine, O gracious Jove!

Ver. 364.] I ſhould prefer, for an obvious reaſon:
Of all *thoſe* ills—.

Ver. 370. *What cares his mother's tender breaſt engage,*
And ſire, forſaken on the verge of age.]

Theſe queſtions may ſeem to be needleſs, becauſe Ulyſſes had

Beneath the ſun prolong they yet their breath,
Or range the houſe of darkneſs and of death?

To whom the ſwain: Attend what you enquire,
Laertes lives, the miſerable ſire,
Lives, but implores of ev'ry pow'r to lay
The burden down, and wiſhes for the day.

been fully acquainted with the ſtory of Laertes, and the death of his mother Anticlea, by the ſhade of Tireſias; but Ulyſſes perſonates a ſtranger, and to carry on that character, pretends to be unacquainted with all the affairs of his own family. I cannot affirm that ſuch frequent repetitions of the ſame circumſtances are beautiful in Homer; the retirement of Laertes has been frequently mentioned, and the death of Anticlea related in other parts of the Odyſſey; however neceſſary ſuch reiterated accounts may be, I much queſtion whether they will prove entertaining; Homer himſelf in this place ſeems to apprehend it, for Eumæus paſſes over the queſtions made by Ulyſſes with a very ſhort anſwer, and enlarges upon other circumſtances, relating to his family and affairs, to give (as Euſtathius obſerves) variety to his poetry. But this conduct is very judicious upon another account: it lets Ulyſſes into the knowledge of his condition, and by it he is able to take his meaſures with the greater certainty, in order to bring about his own re-eſtabliſhment. This is a demonſtration that the objection of Rapin is without foundation; he calls theſe interviews between Ulyſſes and Eumæus mere idle fables, invented ſolely for amuſement, and contributing nothing to the action of the Odyſſey; but the contrary is true, for Ulyſſes directs his courſe according to theſe informations. P.

Ver. 372.] Or thus?

If yet they live, and eye the ſolar light,
Or roam Death's regions in eternal night?

Our tranſlator might caſt his eye on Ogilby:

— — — if yet they *breath*,
Or elſe deſcended to the houſe of *death*.

Ver. 377.] There is an obſcurity, which is not agreeable, in the latter clauſe of this verſe. Thus?

The burden down, and *breathe his life away*;

Torn from his offspring in the eve of life,
Torn from th' embraces of his tender wife,
Sole, and all comfortleſs, he waſtes away;
Old age untimely poſting ere his day.
She too, ſad mother! for Ulyſſes loſt
Pin'd out her bloom, and vaniſh'd to a ghoſt.
(So dire a fate, ye righteous Gods! avert,
From ev'ry friendly, ev'ry feeling heart!)
While yet ſhe was, tho' clouded o'er with grief,
Her pleaſing converſe miniſter'd relief:
With Climene, her youngeſt daughter, bred,
One roof contain'd us, and one table fed.
But when the ſoftly-ſtealing ſpace of time
Crept on from childhood into youthful prime,

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or rather, as the ſame rhymes have too quick a recurrence in this paſſage, I would thus adjuſt the couplet:

Lives, but implores of every *pitying* power
To cloſe his grief, and *ſpeed the fatal hour.*

Ver. 378.] I ſhould baniſh this open vowel:

— — — *on* the *verge* of life.

And Ogilby has the ſame rhymes:

Much grieving for his abſent ſon, and *wife*,
Who pining for Ulyſſes loſt her *life.*

Ver. 382.] Or thus?

She too, ſad mother! *ſoon her courſe was run*;
And pin'd her bloom *with ſorrow for her ſon.*

Ver. 384.] Neither is the rhyme correct, nor the ſenſe true to the original. I could wiſh a better couplet for the reader:

No fate ſo dire, ye righteous Gods! decree
For Virtue's votaries, or one friend to me!

To Samos' iſle ſhe ſent the wedded fair;
Me to the fields, to tend the rural care;
Array'd in garments her own hands had wove,
Nor leſs the darling object of her love.
Her hapleſs death my brighter days o'ercaſt,
Yet Providence deſerts me not at laſt;
My preſent labours food and drink procure,
And more, the pleaſure to relieve the poor.
Small is the comfort from the queen to hear
Unwelcome news, or vex the royal ear;
Blank and diſcountenanc'd the ſervants ſtand,
Nor dare to queſtion where the proud command:
No profit ſprings beneath uſurping pow'rs;
Want feeds not there, where Luxury devours,

Ver. 398.] Or thus? as the rhyme is incorrect:

I from my *ſervice* food and drink *receive*;
The *bliſs*, *beſides*, the *wretched* to relieve.

Ver. 399. *And more, the pleaſure to relieve the poor.*] This verſe

Τῶν ἰφαγόντ', ἐπιόντε, καὶ αἰδοίοισιν ἔδωκα.

has been traduced into the utmoſt obſcenity; Euſtathius vindicates the expreſſion: it means, "I have ſuſtained myſelf with meat and "drink by an honeſt induſtry, and have got wherewithal to "relieve virtue that wants." He interprets αἰδοίοισιν, by ἀνθρώποις αἰδοῦς ἀξίοις, or, *men worthy of regard and honour: ξένοις καὶ ἱκέταις.* The following words,

—— Οὐ μείλιχόν ἐστιν ἀκοῦσαι
Οὔτ' ἴκος, εἴτέ τι ἔργον——

are capable of a double conſtruction, and imply either that *I take no delight in hearing of Penelope, ſhe being in diſtreſs, and in the power of the Suitors*; or that the Suitors ſo beſiege the palace, that *it is impoſſible for me to hear one gentle word from Penelope, or receive one obliging action from her hand.* The preference is ſubmitted to the reader's judgment; they both contain images of tenderneſs and humanity. P.

Nor harbours Charity where Riot reigns:
Proud are the lords, and wretched are the ſwains.
The ſuff'ring chief at this began to melt;
And, oh Eumæus! thou (he cries) haſt felt
The ſpite of fortune too! her cruel hand
Snatch'd thee an infant from thy native land!
Snatch'd from thy parents arms, thy parents eyes,
To early wants! a man of miſeries!
Thy whole ſad ſtory, from its firſt, declare:
Sunk the fair city by the rage of war,
Where once thy parents dwelt? or did they keep,
In humbler life, the lowing herds and ſheep?
So left perhaps to tend the fleecy train,
Rude pirates ſeiz'd, and ſhipp'd thee o'er the main?
Doom'd a fair prize to grace ſome prince's board,
The worthy purchaſe of a foreign lord.
If then my fortunes can delight my friend,
A ſtory fruitful of events, attend:

Ver. 408.] I cannot admire this amplification and diſguiſe. The following attempt repreſents that portion of Homer, to which theſe *three* couplets of the tranſlation correſpond:

Alaſs! replied in turn th' experienc'd ſage;
So then Eumæus! in thy morn of age,
Thou, from thy country and thy parents torn,
To a long toilſome pilgrimage wert borne!

Ver. 415.] The rhymes may be mended thus:

Give me thy whole ſad *hiſtory to know*:
Sank the fair city by the *vengeful foe*—.

Ver. 420.] For this diſtich, his author has the line that follows:

To this man's houſe, who gave a worthy price.

Ver. 422.] Or thus?

Another's ſorrow may thy ear enjoy,
And wine the lengthen'd intervals employ.
Long nights the now declining year beſtows;
A part we conſecrate to ſoft repoſe,
A part in pleaſing talk we entertain;
For too much reſt itſelf becomes a pain.
Let thoſe, whom ſleep invites, the call obey,
Their cares reſuming with the dawning day:
Here let us feaſt, and to the feaſt be join'd
Diſcourſe, the ſweeter banquet of the mind;

If then my fortunes can thy ſoul delight,
Attend, whilſt I th' eventful tale recite.

Ver. 426. *Long nights the now declining year beſtows*, &c.] From hence we may conclude, that the return of Ulyſſes was probably in the decline of the year, in the latter part of the autumn, and not in the ſummer; the nights then being ſhort cannot be called Νύκτες ἀθήσφατοι. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 429. ——— *Too much reſt itſelf becomes a pain.*] This aphoriſm is agreeable to nature and experience; the ſame thing is aſſerted by Hippocrates, *Sleep or watchfulneſs, when exceſſive, become diſeaſes*; too much ſleep occaſions an exceſs of perſpiration, and conſequently weakens and diſſipates the animal ſpirits. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 432.] I wiſh the rhymes of this paſſage had been more correct; for the *four* verſes of the original, which correſpond to theſe *three* couplets of the verſion, pleaſe me beyond any thing in Homer. I ſhall hazard a literal tranſlation:

We in the tent, with wine and food regal'd,
Wiſl ſoothe Remembrance with our tales of woe,
Tales ſadly-pleaſing: for e'en woes delight
Him, who has ſuffer'd much, and wander'd far.

A tender paſſage in the Fair Penitent recurs to memory:

——— Oh my brother!
Think not but we will ſhare in all thy woes:

Review the ſeries of our lives, and taſte
The melancholy joy of evils paſt:
For he who much has ſuffer'd, much will know;
And pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
Above Ortygia lies an iſle of fame,
Far hence remote, and Syria is the name;
(There curious eyes inſcrib'd with wonder trace
The ſun's diurnal, and his annual race)

We'll ſit all day, and tell ſad tales of love;
And when we light upon ſome faithleſs woman,
Some beauty, like Caliſta, falſe and fair,
We'll fix our grief and our complaining there;
We'll curſe the nymph that drew the ruin on,
And mourn the youth that was like thee undone.

Ver. 434. — — — — — *and taſte*
The melancholy joy of evils paſt.]

There is undoubtedly a great pleaſure in the remembrance of paſt ſufferings; nay, calamity has this advantage over proſperity; an evil when paſt turns into a comfort; but a paſt pleaſure though innocent, leaves in its room an anxiety for the want of it, and if it be a guilty pleaſure, a remorſe. The reaſon (obſerves Euſtathius) why paſt evils delight, is from the conſciouſneſs of the praiſe due to our prudence, and patience under them, from the ſenſe of our felicity in being delivered from them, and from gratitude to divine providence, which has delivered us. It is the joy of good men to believe themſelves the favourites of Heaven. P.

Ver. 438. *Ortygia.*] This is an ancient name of *Delos*, ſo called from ὄρτυξ, a *quail*, from the great numbers of thoſe birds found upon that iſland. Lycophron, in his obſcure way of writing, calls it ὄρτυξ πτερόεσσα or the *winged quail*; perhaps from the fable of Aſteria being turned into that bird in her flight from Jupiter, and giving name to the iſland from the tranſformation ſhe ſuffered upon it. It is one of the Cyclades, and lies in the Ægean ocean. Syria, or Syros, is another ſmall iſland lying eaſtward of Ithaca, according to true geography. P.

Ver. 440. *There curious eyes inſcrib'd with wonder trace*
The ſun's diurnal and his annual race.]

Not large, but fruitful; ſtor'd with graſs to keep
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating ſheep;

The words in Homer are τροπαὶ ἠελίοιο, or *ſolis converſiones*. Monſieur Perault inſults the Poet as ignorant of geography, for placing Syros under the Tropick; an errour (ſays he) which commentators in vain have laboured to defend, by having recourſe to a ſun-dial of Pherecydes on which the motions of the ſun (the τροπαὶ ἠελίοιο) were deſigned. The laſt defence would indeed be ridiculous, ſince Pherecydes flouriſhed three hundred years after the time of Homer: no one (replies Monſieur Boileau) was ever at any difficulty about the ſenſe of this paſſage; Euſtathius proves that τρέπεσθαι ſignifies the ſame as δύνειν, and denotes the ſetting of the ſun; ſo that the words mean, that Syros is ſituate above Ortygia, on that ſide where the ſun ſets, or weſterly, πρὸς τὰ δυτικὰ μέρη τῆς Ὀρτυγίας. It is true, Euſtathius mentions a bower, Σκήλαιον, in which the converſions of the ſun were figured. This indeed would fully vindicate Homer; but Bochart and others affirm, that Euſtathius is in an errour, and that Syros is ſo far from lying to the weſt, or πρὸς τροπὰς ἠελίοιο, that it bears an eaſtern poſition both with reſpect to Ithaca and Delos: how is this objection to be anſwered? Bochart, p. 411. of his Geographia ſacra, explains it by having recourſe to the bower mentioned by Euſtathius, in which the motions of the ſun were drawn. Pherecydes (ſays Heſychius Mileſius) having collected the writings of the Phœnicians, from the uſe of them alone without any inſtructor, became famous in the world by the ſtrength of his own genius: and Laertius writes, that an Heliotrope made by him was preſerved in the iſland of Syros. Thus it is evident, that he borrowed his knowledge from the Phœnicians, and probably his ſkill in aſtronomy, they being very expert in that ſcience, by reaſon of its uſe in their navigation. Why then might there not be a machine which exhibited the motions of the ſun, made by the Phœnicians, and why might not Homer be acquainted with it? It is probable that Pherecydes took his pattern from this Heliotrope, which being one of the greateſt rarities of antiquity, might give a great reputation to Syros, and conſequently was worthy to be celebrated by Homer, the great preſerver of antiquities. *Fallitur igitur*, (ſays Bochart) *Euſtathius, cum vult intelligi, quaſi ſita ſit Syrus ad occiduas partes Deli; cum contra Deli ad ortum ſit*

Her ſloping hills the mantling vines adorn,
And her rich valleys wave with golden corn.
No want, no famine the glad natives know,
Nor ſink by ſickneſs to the ſhades below;

Syrus, non ad occaſum; & rem ſic ſe habere ex ipſo Homero patet, apud quem Eumæus in Ithacâ, Syriam aſſerit eſſe trans Delum, quo nihil dici potuit falſius, ſi Syrus ſit ad occaſum Deli. If this anſwer appears to any perſon too ſtudied and abſtruſe, the difficulty may be ſolved, by ſuppoſing Eumæus ſpeaking of Delos, as it lay with reſpect to Syrus, before he was carried from it; for inſtance, if Syrus lies on the eaſt of Delos to a man in Ithaca, both Ithaca and Delos will lie on the weſt of Syrus to one of that iſland; I would therefore imagine that Eumæus ſpeaks as a native of Syrus, and not as a ſojourner in Ithaca, and then Delos will lie towards the ſun-ſetting, or πρὸς ἠλίου τροπάς: but this laſt I only propoſe as a conjecture, not preſuming to offer it as a deciſion. P.

Ver. 442. *Not large, but fruitful; ſtor'd with graſs to keep*
The bellowing oxen, and the bleating ſheep.]

It is probable that Homer was well acquainted with the nature of this iſland, and that it really enjoyed an admirable temperature of air; and therefore was exceedingly healthful; the fertility of the ſoil proves the happineſs of the air, which would naturally free the inhabitants from the maladies ariſing from a leſs ſalubrious ſituation. It is for this reaſon that they are to be ſlain by Diana and Apollo. All deaths that were ſudden, and without ſickneſs, were aſcribed to thoſe Deities. Bochart (p. 410.) tells us, that the name of Syros was given to the iſland by the Phœnicians; Aſira or Sira, ſignifying *rich*, in their language; or rather it was ſo called from Sura, or Aſura, ſignifying *happy*; either of theſe derivations fully denote the excellence both of the ſoil and air: and that this name is of Phœnician extract is probable from the words of Homer, who aſſures us that they ſtayed a whole year upon this iſland, and conſequently had opportunity to know the healthfulneſs and fertility of it. P.

Ver. 445.] I ſhould like better,
Her *fertile* vallies—.

Ver. 446.] Delightful verſe! upon the ſame conſtruction with one no leſs delightful in his Meſſiah:

No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear.

But when a length of years unnerves the ſtrong,
Apollo comes, and Cynthia comes along.
They bend the ſilver bow with tender ſkill,
And void of pain, the ſilent arrows kill.
Two equal tribes this fertile land divide,
Where two fair cities riſe with equal pride.
But both in conſtant peace one prince obey,
And Cteſius there, my father, holds the ſway.
Freighted, it ſeems, with toys of ev'ry ſort
A ſhip of Sidon anchor'd in our port;

Ver. 449.] I cannot reliſh this line; but who ſhall mend it?

When Toil unſtrings their nerves, and Time has ſhed
His hoary honours on the drooping head,
Phœbus and Cynthia ſend the ſilver dart,
Painleſs and ſilent, to th' unconſcious heart.

Ver. 455.] Thus his author dictates:

My *godlike* father Cteſius *held* the ſway.

Ver. 457. *A ſhip of Sidon* ——] Here is a full teſtimony, that the Phœnicians were remarkable for arts and navigation over all the old world. They were expulſed from their country by Joſhua, (as Bochart informs us) and then ſettling along the ſea-coaſts, they ſpread over all the Mediterranean, and by degrees ſent out colonies into Europe, Aſia, and Africk; that they were in Africk appears from Procopius, where he mentions a pillar with a Phœnician inſcription. Ἡμεῖς ἐσμὲν οἱ φεύγοντες ἀπὸ προσώπου Ἰησοῦ τοῦ λῃστοῦ υἱοῦ Ναυή; that is, *We are a people that fly from Joſhua the ſon of Nun, the robber*; they gave him that title out of reſentment for their diſpoſſeſſion. The character they bear in the ſcriptures agrees with this in Homer. Iſaiah xxiii. 2. *The merchants of Sidon, that paſs over the ſeas*; and it likewiſe appears from the ſcriptures, that they excelled in all arts of embroidery, and works of curioſity. P.

What-time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land:
This nymph, where anchor'd the Phœnician train
To waſh her robes deſcending to the main,
A ſmooth-tongu'd ſailor won her to his mind;
(For Love deceives the beſt of woman-kind.)
A ſudden truſt from ſudden liking grew;
She told her name, her race, and all ſhe knew.

Ver. 458. *What-time it chanc'd the palace entertain'd,*
Skill'd in rich works, a woman of their land.]

I was ſurpriſed to find that Euſtathius miſtook this Phœnician woman for the mother of Eumæus; ſhe herſelf tells us, that ſhe was only his governeſs.

Παῖδα γὰρ ἀνδρὸς ἔθρεψ' ἐνὶ μεγάροις ἀτιτάλλω.

It is not probable that Eumæus would have painted his own mother in the dreſs of an adultreſs, and an abandoned traitreſs: nay, he directly diſtinguiſhes his mother from this Phœnician in the ſequel of the ſtory (where he calls her πότνα μήτηρ, or *his venerable mother*) and when he ſpeaks of the Phœnician, he conſtantly calls her γυνὴ, not μήτηρ. Nor indeed could he have called her πότνα at all, if ſhe had been a perſon of ſuch a deteſtable character. Spondanus adopts the miſtake of Euſtathius, and endeavours to vindicate her from the *manner* of her frailty. *Modeſte decepta donis, &c. ut eorum libidini obſecundaret,* "it was a modeſt "adultery, ſhe being deceived by bribes to yield to their ſolici-"tation." However erroneous this opinion is, yet it ſhews Spondanus to be a kind and complaiſant caſuiſt. P.

Ver. 464.] He might have ventured, I think:

A ſudden truſt from ſudden *dalliance* grew:

and in general our Poet was not immoderately tormented with delicate ſqueamiſhneſs of this nature.—Nor has he rendered the whole of this paſſage, in the colloquial parts, with accuracy: but the reader will not expect undeviating preciſion on ſuch occaſions, and will excuſe minute inveſtigation in the annotator.

I too (ſhe cry'd) from glorious Sidon came,
My father Arybas, of wealthy fame;
But ſnatch'd by pirates from my native place,
The Taphians ſold me to this man's embrace.
Haſte then (the falſe deſigning youth reply'd)
Haſte to thy country; Love ſhall be thy guide;
Haſte to thy father's houſe, thy father's breaſt,
For ſtill he lives, and lives with riches bleſt.
" Swear firſt (ſhe cry'd) ye ſailors! to reſtore
" A wretch in ſafety to her native ſhore."
Swift as ſhe aſk'd, the ready ſailors ſwore.
She then proceeds: Now let our compact made
Be nor by ſignal nor by word betray'd,
Nor near me any of your crew deſcry'd
By road frequented, or by fountain ſide.
Be Silence ſtill our guard. The monarch's ſpies
(For watchful Age is ready to ſurmiſe)
Are ſtill at hand; and this, reveal'd, muſt be
Death to yourſelves, eternal chains to me.
Your veſſel loaded, and your traffick paſt,
Diſpatch a wary meſſenger with haſte:
Then gold and coſtly treaſures will I bring,
And more, the infant-offspring of the king.
Him, child-like wand'ring forth, I'll lead away,
(A noble prize!) and to your ſhip convey.

Ver. 489.] This circumſtance is more perſpicuouſly exhibited by Chapman, who is very faithful:

Thus ſpoke the dame, and homeward took the road.
A year they traffick, and their veſſel load.
Their ſtores compleat, and ready now to weigh,
A ſpy was ſent their ſummons to convey:
An artiſt to my father's palace came,
With gold and amber chains, elab'rate frame:
Each female eye the glitt'ring links employ,
They turn, review, and cheapen ev'ry toy.
He took th' occaſion as they ſtood intent,
Gave her the ſign, and to his veſſel went.
She ſtraight purſu'd, and ſeiz'd my willing arm;
I follow'd ſmiling, innocent of harm.

— — — who will with me
Run every way along; and I will be
His leader, till your ſhip hath made him ſure:
He will an infinite great price procure,
Transfer him to what languag'd men ye may.

Ver. 502. *I follow'd ſmiling, innocent of harm.*] There is a little incredibility in this narration; for if Eumæus was ſuch an infant as he is deſcribed to be at the time when he was betrayed by his Phœnician governeſs, what probability is there that he ſhould be able to retain all theſe particulars ſo circumſtantially? He was not of an age capable of making, or remembering ſo many obſervations. The anſwer is, that he afterwards learned them from Laertes, who bought him of the Phœnicians: and no doubt they told him the quality of Eumæus, to enhance the price and make the better bargain. It is alſo natural to imagine, that Eumæus, when he grew up to manhood, would be inquiſitive after his own birth and fortunes, and therefore might probably learn theſe particulars from Laertes. *Euſtathius.* P.

Three golden goblets in the porch ſhe found,
(The gueſts not enter'd, but the table crown'd)
Hid in her fraudful boſom, theſe ſhe bore:
Now ſet the ſun, and darken'd all the ſhore.
Arriving then, where tilting on the tides
Prepar'd to launch the freighted veſſel rides;
Aboard they heave us, mount their decks, and ſweep
With level oar along the glaſſy deep.
Six calmy days and ſix ſmooth nights we ſail,
And conſtant Jove ſupply'd the gentle gale.
The ſeventh, the fraudful wretch (no cauſe deſcry'd)
Touch'd by Diana's vengeful arrow dy'd.

Ver. 504.] The tranſlator miſtakes his author here; but in a circumſtance of no moment, and a paſſage, not ſuſceptible of poetical embelliſhment, I refer to the other tranſlators, and particularly to Mr. Cowper.

Ver. 505.] Chapman is more correct:

Her theft three bowles into her *lap* convaid:

upon this point the reader may conſult my Silva Critica, part iv. page 52.

Ver. 506.] Ogilby, with ſlight caſtigation is good here, and exact:

Juſt when the ſetting ſun obſcur'd the way,
We *gain'd the harbour* where the veſſel lay:
Then, all aboard, they ſteer *the* courſe deſign'd;
Jove ſpeeds their paſſage with a favouring wind.

Ver. 511. *Six calmy days*, &c.] It is evident from this paſſage that it is above ſix days ſail from Ithaca to Syros, though carried with favourable winds. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 514. —— *Diana's vengeful arrow* ——] I would juſt obſerve the poetical juſtice of Homer, in the puniſhment of this

Down dropt the caitiff-corſe, a worthleſs load,
Down to the deep; there roll'd, the future food
Of fierce ſea-wolves, and monſters of the flood.
An helpleſs infant I remain'd behind;
Thence borne to Ithaca by wave and wind;
Sold to Laertes, by divine command,
And now adopted to a foreign land.

Phœnician. Misfortune generally purſues wickedneſs, and though we eſcape the vengeance of man, yet heaven frequently overtakes us when we think we are in ſecurity, and death calls us from our impious acquiſitions. P.

That interpretation of a ſimilar paſſage, which I have elſewhere given in theſe notes, and which explains this poetical ornament by *death* in *childbed*, will be aptly illuſtrated by a ſentence in the third book of Arnobius, p. 106. ed. Lugd. Bat. Parturire alias tractu longo, et manus obſtetricias quærere: alias, *telis* gravibus et *dolorum acuminibus fixas*, ejulare, tortari.

Ver. 515.] The rhyme is bad. Thus, more fully:

Down dropt the caitiff *carcaſe to the well*;
Dropt like a coot, and ſounded as it fell.
They leave her to the deep; the future food—,

Ver. 521. *And now adopted to a foreign land.*] Homer has here given us an hiſtory of the life of Eumæus; the epiſode contains near an hundred lines, and may ſeem entirely foreign to the action of the Odyſſey. I will not affirm that it is in every reſpect to be juſtified. The main ſtory is at a ſtand; but we are to conſider that this relation takes up but ſmall part of one leiſure evening, and that the action cannot proceed till the return of Telemachus. It is of uſe to ſet off the character of Eumæus, and ſhew him to be a perſon of quality, worthy to be an agent in an epick poem, where every character ought to be remote from meanneſs: ſo the ſtory has a diſtant relation to the Odyſſey, and perhaps is not to be looked upon merely as an excreſcence from the main building, but a ſmall projection to adorn it. P.

To him the king. Reciting thus thy cares,
My ſecret ſoul in all thy ſorrow ſhares;
But one choice bleſſing (ſuch is Jove's high will)
Has ſweeten'd all thy bitter draught of ill:
Torn from thy country to no hapleſs end,
The Gods have, in a maſter, giv'n a friend.
Whatever frugal nature needs is thine,
(For ſhe needs little) daily bread and wine.
While I, ſo many wand'rings paſt and woes,
Live but on what thy poverty beſtows.
So paſt in pleaſing dialogue away
The night; then down to ſhort repoſe they lay;
'Till radiant roſe the meſſenger of day.

Ver. 523.] I have reſtored the reading of the *firſt* edition, *ſorrow*, for *ſorrows* of the later; which *number* no man of any ear could have written at this place.

Ver. 526.] This, I think, is very bad. Thus?

Thy ſufferings to compenſate, gracious heaven
A maſter mild, and bountiful, has given.

Ver. 530.] There is no accuracy here. I ſhall propoſe a ſubſtitution:

Whilſt I, ſo many woes and wand'rings paſt
Thro' numerous climes, thy cot have reach'd at laſt.
In pleaſing *converſe thus* the night *they cloſe*,
Then *ſoothe the wearied ſenſe with* ſhort repoſe,
For ſoon the Morn, enthron'd in gold, aroſe.

Ver. 534. *'Till radiant roſe the meſſenger of day.*] This is the morning of the thirty-eighth day ſince the beginning of the Odyſſey. It is obſervable that Telemachus takes more time in his return from Pylos, than in ſailing thither from his own country; for in the latter end of the ſecond book he ſets ſail after ſun-ſetting, and reached Pylos in the morning: here he embarks in the afternoon, and yet arrives not at Ithaca till after break of

While in the port of Ithaca, the band
Of young Telemachus approach'd the land;
Their ſails they loos'd, they laſh'd the maſt aſide,
And caſt their anchors, and the cables ty'd:
Then on the breezy ſhore deſcending join
In grateful banquet o'er the roſy wine.
When thus the prince: Now each his courſe purſue;
I to the fields, and to the city you.
Long abſent hence, I dedicate this day
My ſwains to viſit, and the works ſurvey.
Expect me with the morn, to pay the ſkies
Our debt of ſafe return, in feaſt and ſacrifice.
Then Theoclymenus. But who ſhall lend,
Meantime, protection to thy ſtranger-friend?
Straight to the queen and palace ſhall I fly,
Or yet more diſtant, to ſome lord apply?
The prince return'd. Renown'd in days of yore
Has ſtood our father's hoſpitable door;

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day. The reaſon of it is not to be aſcribed to a leſs proſperous wind, but to the greater compaſs he was obliged to fetch, to eſcape the ambuſh of the Suitors. In the former voyage he ſteered a direct courſe; in this he ſails round about the north of Ithaca, and therefore waſtes more time in his voyage to it. P.

Ver. 539.] Vicious rhymes! The following is a moſt accurate couplet, with reſpect, I mean, to Homer's phraſeology:

Then on the ſhore, where the ſpent billows break,
The purple wine they mix, and ſupper take.

No other roof a ſtranger ſhou'd receive,
Nor other hands than ours the welcome give.
But in my abſence riot fills the place,
Nor bears the modeſt queen a ſtranger's face,
From noiſeful revel far remote ſhe flies,
But rarely ſeen, or ſeen with weeping eyes.
No —— let Eurymachus receive my gueſt,
Of nature courteous, and by far the beſt;
He wooes the queen with more reſpectful flame,
And emulates her former huſband's fame:

Ver. 554.] The rhyme may be thus conſulted:
Nor other hands than ours *his wants relieve.*

Ver. 557.] Thus his author:
Cloſe, in a room above, her web ſhe plies.

Ver. 561. *He wooes the queen with more reſpectful flame,*
And emulates her former huſband's fame.]

The words in the original are ὀδυσσῆος γίρας ἴξειν, which may either be rendered, *to obtain the honour of marrying Penelope,* agreeably to the former part of the verſe; or it means that Eurymachus has the faireſt hopes to marry Penelope, and *obtain the throne* or γίρας of Ulyſſes. Hobbs tranſlates the verſe almoſt obſcenely in the former ſenſe:

—— —— He beſt loves my mother;
And what my father did, would do the ſame.

The former in my judgment is the better conſtruction, eſpecially becauſe it avoids a tautology, and gives a new image in the ſecond part of the verſe, very different from the ſenſe expreſſed in the former part of it. But of all the meanings it is capable of I ſhould prefer this; "That he courts her upon the moſt honourable "principles, and ſeems deſirous to have the honour of Ulyſſes, "by imitating his worth:" and this is agreeable to the character of Eurymachus, which diſtinguiſhes him from all the other Suitors. P.

Ver. 562.] Ogilby is truer to the ſenſe:
And have the honour of Ulyſſes bed.

With what ſucceſs, 'tis Jove's alone to know,
And the hop'd nuptials turn to joy or woe.
Thus ſpeaking, on the right up-ſoar'd in air
The hawk, Apollo's ſwift-wing'd meſſenger:
His deathful pounces tore a trembling dove;
The clotted feathers, ſcatter'd from above,
Between the hero and the veſſel pour
Thick plumage, mingled with a ſanguine ſhow'r.

Ver. 566. *The hawk, Apollo's ſwift-wing'd meſſenger.*] The augury is thus to be interpreted: Ulyſſes is the hawk, the Suitors the pigeon; the hawk denotes the valour of Ulyſſes, being a bird of prey; the pigeon repreſents the cowardice of the Suitors, that bird being remarkable for her timorous nature. The hawk flies on the right, to denote ſucceſs to Ulyſſes.

Homer calls this bird the meſſenger of Apollo; not that this augury was ſent by that Deity, (though that be no forced interpretation) but the expreſſion implies, that the hawk was ſacred to Apollo; as the peacock was to Juno, the owl to Pallas, and the eagle to Jupiter. Thus *Ælian, anim. lib.* x. *c.* 14. Αἰγύπτιοι τὸν ἱέρακα τῷ Ἀπόλλωνι τιμᾷν ἰοικάσι, &c. and he gives the reaſon of it, for the hawk is the only bird that is capable to bear the luſtre of the ſun without inconvenience and difficulty; the ſame is ſaid of the eagle, but this hawk is reckoned to be of the aquiline kind. It was death among the Ægyptians to kill this bird, becauſe it was dedicated to Apollo.

There is another reaſon why any bird that was taken notice of by way of augury, may be ſaid to be the meſſenger of Apollo, that Deity preſiding over divination. P.

Ogilby ſeems to have ſuggeſted this aukward rhyme:

This ſaid, a falcon, Phœbus meſſenger,
Flying, a dove did in her pounces bear.

I know not, if the following ſubſtitution will paſs:

Then ſkims a dexter hawk th' aërial way;
Thy ſwift-wing'd meſſenger, O God of day!

Ver. 570.] The latter clauſe is not from Homer, but from Ogilby:

— — — feathers dropt, *and blood.*

Th' obſerving augur took the prince aſide,
Seiz'd by the hand, and thus prophetic cry'd.
Yon bird that dexter cuts th' aerial road,
Roſe ominous, nor flies without a God;
No race but thine ſhall Ithaca obey,
To thine, for ages, heav'n decrees the ſway.
Succeed the omen, Gods! (the youth rejoin'd)
Soon ſhall my bounties ſpeak a grateful mind,
And ſoon each envy'd happineſs attend
The man, who calls Telemachus his friend.
Then to Peiræus —— Thou whom time has prov'd
A faithful ſervant, by thy prince belov'd!
'Till we returning ſhall our gueſt demand,
Accept this charge with honour, at our hand.

Ver. 571. *Th' obſerving augur took the prince aſide.*] The reaſon why Theoclymenus withdraws Telemachus, while he interprets the augury, is not apparent at the firſt view, but he does it out of an apprehenſion leſt he ſhould be overheard by ſome of the company, who might diſcloſe the ſecret to the Suitors, and ſuch a diſcovery might prove fatal to his own perſon, or to the fortunes of Telemachus. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 581. *Then to Peiræus —— Thou whom time has prov'd,* &c.] We find that Telemachus intended to deliver Theoclymenus to the care of Eurymachus: what then is the reaſon why he thus ſuddenly alters that reſolution, and intruſts him to Peiræus? This is occaſioned by the diſcovery of the ſkill of Theoclymenus in augury: he fears leſt the Suitors ſhould extort ſome prediction from him that might be detrimental to his affairs, or ſhould he refuſe it, to the perſon of Theoclymenus. *Euſtathius.* P.

To this Peiræus; Joyful I obey,
Well pleas'd the hoſpitable rites to pay.
The preſence of thy gueſt ſhall beſt reward
(If long thy ſtay) the abſence of my lord.
With that, their anchors he commands to weigh,
Mount the tall bark and launch into the ſea.
All with obedient haſte forſake the ſhores,
And plac'd in order, ſpread their equal oars.
Then from the deck the prince his ſandals takes;
Pois'd in his hand the pointed jav'lin ſhakes.
They part; while leſs'ning from the hero's view,
Swift to the town the well-row'd galley flew:
The hero trod the margin of the main,
And reach'd the manſion of his faithful ſwain.

Ver. 585.] This reply is unlike the ſenſe of Homer. There is no glimpſe of elegance in Ogilby, but all fidelity:

Then he reply'd; Though long thou ſhalt remain,
He ſhall have no occaſion to complain.

Ver. 589.] Or thus?

He then commands their anchors to unty,
To mount their veſſel, and their oars to ply. Editor.

This book comprehends ſomewhat more than the ſpace of two days and one night; for the viſion appears to Telemachus a little before the dawn, in the night preceding the thirty-ſixth day, and he lands in Ithaca, on the thirty-eighth in the morning. P.

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Telemachus.

TELEMACHUS arriving at the lodge of Eumæus, ſends him to carry Penelope the news of his return. Minerva appearing to Ulyſſes, commands him to diſcover himſelf to his ſon. The princes, who had lain in ambuſh to intercept Telemachus in his way, their proſpect being ſeated, return to Ithaca. P.

THE

SIXTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

SOON as the morning bluſh'd along the plains,
Ulyſſes, and the monarch of the ſwains,

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Soon as the morning bluſh'd along the plains,* &c.] This book opens with the greateſt ſimplicity imaginable. Dionyſius Halicarnaſſus quotes the ſixteen firſt lines to this purpoſe: the Poet, ſays that author, deſcribes a low and vulgar action, yet gives it an inexpreſſible ſweetneſs; the ear is pleaſed with the harmony of the poetry, and yet there is nothing noble in the ſentiments. Whence, continues he, does this ariſe? from the choice of the words, or from the placing of them? No one will affirm that it conſiſts in the choice of the words, for the diction is entirely low and vulgar, ſo vulgar that a common artificer or peaſant, who never ſtudied elocution, would uſe it in converſation; turn the verſes into proſe, and this will appear. There are no tranſpoſitions, no figures, no variety of dialect, nor any new and ſtudied expreſſions. Where then is the beauty of the poetry? It muſt be entirely aſcribed to the harmonious juncture and poſition of the words; and he concludes that the *collocation* of words has a

Awake the ſleeping fires, their meal prepare,
And forth to paſture ſend the briſtly care.

greater efficacy both in proſe and poetry, than the *choice*. And indeed a judicious diſpoſition of them (like what is feigned of Minerva in this book) makes a mean, deformed, and vulgar period, riſe, like Ulyſſes from beggary, into pomp and dignity. This may be exemplified from the rules of mechanick arts: an architect, when he gathers his materials for a building, has theſe three things chiefly in view: firſt, with what piece of ſtone, wood, &c. a correſpondent piece will beſt agree: next he conſiders their ſeveral formations, and how it will beſt ſtand in the ſtructure; and laſtly, if any part of the materials ſuits not with the allotted place, he rejects it or new ſhapes it, till it agrees with the whole work: the ſame care is to be taken by a good writer: he is firſt to conſider what noun or verb is to be joined to other nouns or verbs ſo fitly as not poſſibly to be placed more conveniently; for a promiſcuous connecting of words indiſcriminately ſpoils both proſe and poetry; next he conſiders the frame or turn of the verb or noun, and how it will ſtand in the place he allots it; and if it ſuits not exactly, he changes it, ſometimes by varying the numbers, ſometimes the caſes, and at other times the genders: and laſtly, if a word prove ſo ſtubborn as not to bend to the level of the period, he intirely rejects it, and introduces another that preſerves a due conformity; or at leaſt, if an inharmonious word be neceſſary, he places it ſo judiciouſly between more agreeable and tuneful words, that their harmony ſteals away our imagination from obſerving the roughneſs of the others: like wiſe generals, who in ordering the ranks of their ſoldiers, ſtrengthen the weaker files by ſuſtaining them with the ſtronger; and by this method render the whole invincible. See likewiſe cap. xxxii. of Longinus, of the diſpoſition of words. P.

Ver. 3. —— *their meal prepare.*] The word in the original is ἄριστον, which here denotes very evidently the morning repaſt: it is uſed but in one other place in all Homer in this ſenſe: Iliad. lib. xxiv. ver. 124.

Ἐσσυμένως ὑπέκυρσε καὶ ὑπνόῳ ἄριστον.

But we are not therefore to imagine that this was an unuſual meal; Homer in other places expreſſes it by δεῖπνον, as is obſerved by Athenæus, lib. i.

Οἳ δ' ἄρα δεῖπνον ἕλοντ', ἀπὸ δ' αὐτῶν δαῖτα πάσαντο.

The prince's near approach the dogs deſcry,
And fawning round his feet confeſs their joy.

" At the dawn of the day they took repaſt and armed themſelves " for battle." The Greeks had three cuſtomary meals, which are diſtinctly mentioned by Palamedes in Æſchylus,

Ἄριστα, δεῖπνα, δόρπα θ' αἱρεῖσθαι τρίτα.

Homer, adds Athenæus, mentions a fourth repaſt, *lib.* xvii. of the Odyſſey:

σὺ δ' ἴρχεο δειλιήσας.

This the Romans called *commeſſationem*, we a collation, a repaſt taken, as the ſame author explains it, between dinner and ſupper; the word is derived ἀπὸ τῆς δείλης ὥρας, or *the evening twilight*. But Athenæus refutes himſelf, lib. v. p. 193. I have already (ſays he) obſerved that the antients eat thrice a day; and it is ridiculous to imagine that they eat four times from theſe words of Homer,

σὺ δ' ἴρχεο δειλιήσας.

For that expreſſion meant only that Eumæus ſhould return in the evening, δείλης διατρίψας χρόνον. But this is not the full import of the word δειλιήσας, for it undoubtedly means, to take the evening repaſt or ſupper, as is evident from the concluſion of the ſeventeenth book of the Odyſſey: *Return, ſays Telemachus to Eumæus, but firſt take refreſhment*; and Eumæus accordingly eats, and the Poet immediately adds, *becauſe the evening was come*, or ἐπῆλυθε δείλεον ἦμαρ. However, in no ſenſe can this word be brought to prove that the Greeks eat four times in the day: but if any perſon will imagine, that it ſignifies in that place an immediate meal, all that can be gathered from it is, that Telemachus out of kindneſs to Eumæus commands him to eat before the uſual hour of repaſt, before he leaves his palace: but Heſychius rightly interprets it by τὸ δειλινὸν λαβεῖν ἐμφορεῖα, that is, *eating his ſupper*; for as δεῖπνον and ἄριστον ſignify the dinner, ſo δόρπον and δειλινὸν denote the time of ſupper promiſcuouſly.

I will add no more, but refer the reader for a full explication of δεῖπνον, ἄριστον and δειλινὸν, to lib. viii. Queſt. 6. of Plutarch's Sympoſiacks. P.

Ver. 4.] Homer ſays:

Send *forth* the *feeders with* their briſſly care;

Their gentle blandiſhment the king ſurvey'd,
Heard his reſounding ſtep, and inſtant ſaid:
Some well-known friend (Eumæus) bends this way;
His ſteps I hear; the dogs familiar play.
While yet he ſpoke, the prince advancing drew
Nigh to the lodge, and now appear'd in view.
Tranſported from his ſeat Eumæus ſprung,
Dropp'd the full bowl, and round his boſom hung;

---

as Chapman well tranſlates:

Made fire, brake faſt, and to their paſtures ſend
The gather'd herds; on whom their ſwaines attend.

Ver. 5.] The rhymes of theſe *four* verſes are not to be indulged.

Ver. 7.] A faithful couplet may be made from the rhymes of Chapman, with an elegant turn from Ogilby:

The ſounds of dogs the liſtening monarch greet,
And nearer ſtill, and nearer, trampling feet.

Ver. 14. *Dropp'd the full bowl* ——] In the original it is, Eumæus dropped the bowl as he tempered it with water. It was cuſtomary not to drink wine unmixed with water among the antients: there was no certain proportion obſerved in the mixture, ſome to one veſſel of wine poured in two of water, others to two of wine five of water. Homer tells us that the wine of Maron was ſo ſtrong as to require twenty meaſures of water to one of wine; but perhaps this is ſpoken hyperbolically, to ſhew the uncommon ſtrength of it. The Lacedæmonians uſed to boil their wine till the fifth part was conſumed, and then keeping it four years, drank it: but ſometimes the Grecians drank it without water (but this they called reproachfully ἰνιοχυθίσαι, or to act like a Scythian, from whom they borrowed the cuſtom.) It was uſual even for children to drink wine thus tempered amongſt the Grecians; thus in this book Eurymachus,

—— ἐπίσχε δὲ οἶνον ἐυθρόν.

Kiſſing his cheek, his hand, while from his eye
The tears rain'd copious in a ſhow'r of joy.
As ſome fond ſire who ten long winters grieves,
From foreign climes an only ſon receives,
(Child of his age) with ſtrong paternal joy
Forward he ſprings, and claſps the fav'rite boy:
So round the youth his arms Eumæus ſpread,
As if the grave had giv'n him from the dead.
And is it thou? my ever dear delight!
O art thou come to bleſs my longing ſight!

And Phœnix in the ninth of the Iliads, ſpeaking of Achilles;

——— οἶνον ἐπίσχων
Πολλάκι μοι κατιδύσας.

At Athens there was an altar erected to Bacchus ὀρθιος, becauſe from thus tempering the wine men returned *upright* or ſober from entertainments; and a law was enacted by Amphytryon, and afterwards revived by Solon, that no unmixed wine ſhould be drank at any entertainment. P.

Ver. 15.] The rhymes of ſo beautiful a paſſage are much to be lamented. Thus? but only with more fidelity:

His head he kiſt, his eyes, his hands; and ſhowers
From either eye in ſudden tranſport pours.

Ver. 22.] This line ſeems operoſe and heavy. Thus?

And greets, as one returning from the dead:

but there is ambiguity in this. Perhaps, however, Eumæus only has in view the plot of the Suitors, and Ogilby's mode of expreſſion, as admitting this acceptation, is to be preferred:

And oft, *as if eſcap'd from death*, imbrac'd.

Ver. 23.] Thus Ogilby:

Be pleas'd to enter, that I may *delight*
In thy glad preſence, and thy joyful ſight.

Never, I never hop'd to view this day,
When o'er the waves you plough'd the deſperate way.
Enter, my child! beyond my hopes reſtor'd,
O give theſe eyes to feaſt upon their lord.
Enter, oh ſeldom ſeen! for lawleſs pow'rs
Too much detain thee from theſe ſilvan bow'rs.
The prince reply'd; Eumæus I obey;
To ſeek thee, friend, I hither took my way.
But ſay, if in the court the queen reſide
Severely chaſte, or if commenc'd a bride?

Ver. 33. ——— *if in the court the queen reſide*
Severely chaſte, or if commenc'd a bride?]

Homer here makes uſe of a proverbial expreſſion. It may thus be literally tranſlated,

Or ſay if obſtinate no more to wed,
She dooms to ſpiders nets th' imperial bed?

Telemachus means by this queſtion, if Penelope be determined no more to marry; for the marriage bed was eſteemed ſo ſacred, that upon the deceaſe or abſence of the huſband, it remained unuſed.

Euſtathius quotes the ſame expreſſion from other authors of antiquity; thus Heſiod,

Ἐκ δ' ἀράχνια πάντα κελαινεφὲς ἀρδχνια.

"You ſhall clear the veſſels from ſpiders webs;" meaning that *you ſhall have ſo full employment for your veſſels, that the ſpiders ſhall no more ſpread their looms there.* And another Poet praying for peace, wiſhes ſpiders may weave their nets upon the ſoldiers arms; ἄλλος ποιητὴς εἰρήνην εὔχεσθαι, ἀράχνας ἐπὶ τοῖς ὅπλοις ὑφανθῆναι. Thus we find among the Greeks it was an expreſſion of dignity, and applied to great and ſerious occaſions; I am not certain that it is ſo uſed by the Romans. Catullus uſes it jocoſely, ſpeaking of his empty purſe.

——— "nam tui Catulli
"Plenus ſacculus eſt aranearum."

Thus he: and thus the monarch of the
swains;
Severely chaſte Penelope remains,
But loſt to ev'ry joy, ſhe waſtes the day
In tedious cares, and weeps the night away.
He ended, and (receiving as they paſs
The jav'lin, pointed with a ſtar of braſs)
They reach'd the dome; the dome with marble
ſhin'd.
His ſeat Ulyſſes to the prince reſign'd.
Not ſo — (exclaims the prince with decent grace)
For me, this houſe ſhall find an humbler place:
T' uſurp the honours due to ſilver hairs
And rev'rend ſtrangers, modeſt youth forbears.

Plautus does the ſame in his Aulularia:

— — — "anne quis ædes auferat?
"Nam hic apud nos nihil eſt aliud quæſti furibus,
"Ita inanis ſunt oppletæ, atque araneis."

I am doubtful if it be not too mean an image for Engliſh poetry. P.

Ver. 43. *Not ſo* —— (*exclaims the prince* ——] Nothing can more ſtrongly repreſent the reſpect which antiquity paid to ſtrangers, than this conduct of Telemachus: Ulyſſes is in rags, in the diſguiſe of a beggar, and yet a prince refuſes to take his ſeat. I doubt not but every good man will be pleaſed with ſuch inſtances of benevolence and humanity to his fellow-creatures; one well-natured action is preferable to a thouſand great ones, and Telemachus appears with more advantage upon this heap of hides and oſiers, than a tyrant upon his throne. P.

Ver. 45.] This couplet is an addition from the tranſlator: but accuracy and elegance are of very difficult combination in theſe ſhort dialogues. The ſpeech is faithfully given by Hobbes:

Inſtant the ſwain the ſpoils of beaſts ſupplies,
And bids the rural throne with oſiers riſe.
There ſat the prince: the feaſt Eumæus ſpread,
And heap'd the ſhining caniſters with bread.
Thick o'er the board the plenteous viands lay.
The frugal remnants of the former day.
Then in a bowl he tempers gen'rous wines,
Around whoſe verge a mimick ivy twines.

Sit ſtill, ſaid he, I'll find a ſeat elſewhere
In my own houſe. This man will one provide.

Ver. 48.] Here our Poet was indebted to Chapman for his embelliſhment of an humble paſſage:

——— downe againe
His father ſate; and to his ſonne his ſwaine
Strew'd faire greene oſiers; and impos'd thereon
A good ſoft ſheepeſkin, which made him *a throne*.

Ver. 52. *The frugal remnants of the former day.*] This entertainment is neither to be aſcribed to parſimony nor poverty, but to the cuſtom and hoſpitality of former ages. It was a common expreſſion among the Greeks at table, *leave ſomething for the Medes*; intimating that ſomething ought to be left for a gueſt that might come accidentally. Plutarch in his ſeventh book of the Sympoſ. Queſtion 3. commends this conduct. Eumæus (ſays that author) a wiſe ſcholar of a wiſe maſter, is no way diſcompoſed, when Telemachus pays him a viſit, he immediately ſets before him

The frugal remnants of the former day.

Beſides, the table was accounted ſacred to the Gods, and nothing that was ſacred was permitted to be empty; this was another reaſon why the antients always reſerved part of their proviſions, not ſolely out of hoſpitality to men, but piety to the Gods. P.

Ver. 54.] A verſe omitted by our tranſlator, after Ogilby, might have been thus comprized in a couplet here:

Then in a bowl he tempers gen'rous *wine*,
Whoſe verge a mimic ivy's *leaves intwine*:
Himſelf ſits oppoſite the chief divine.

And now, the rage of thirſt and hunger fled,
Thus young Ulyſſes to Eumæus ſaid.
Whence father, from what ſhore this ſtranger, ſay?
What veſſel bore him o'er the wat'ry way?
To human ſtep our land impervious lies,
And round the coaſt circumfluent oceans riſe.
The ſwain returns. A tale of ſorrows hear;
In ſpacious Crete he drew his natal air:
Long doom'd to wander o'er the land and main,
For heav'n has wove his thread of life with pain.
Half-breathleſs 'ſcaping to the land he flew
From Theſprot mariners, a murd'rous crew.
To thee my ſon the ſuppliant I reſign,
I gave him my protection, grant him thine.

Ver. 57.] So Chapman:

— — — The prince ſaid, Pray thee *ſay*,
Whence comes this gueſt? what ſeaman gave him *way*
To this our iſle?

Ver. 61.] Even theſe rhymes, in my opinion, ſhould not be allowed. Thus, more correctly in this reſpect, and more cloſely to his author:

The ſwain returns: A *woful* tale, *but true*
Attend. In Crete his natal air he drew:

and then, where the ſame rhymes recur too quickly below, I would provide the following ſubſtitution, by the means of tranſpoſition chiefly:

He flew, half-breathleſs 'ſcaping to the land
From Theſprot mariners, a murd'rous *band!*

Hard taſk, he cries, thy virtue gives thy friend,
Willing to aid, unable to defend. 70

Ver. 70. *Willing to aid,* ——] It has been obſerved that Homer intended to give us the picture of a complete hero in his two poems, drawn from the characters of Achilles and Ulyſſes: Achilles has conſummate valour, but wants the wiſdom of Ulyſſes: Ulyſſes has courage, but courage inclining to caution and ſtratagem, as much as that of Achilles to raſhneſs. Virgil endeavoured to form a compleat hero in Æneas, by joining in his perſon the forward courage of Achilles, with the wiſdom of Ulyſſes, and by this conduct give us a perfect character. The ſame obſervation holds good with reſpect to the ſubordinate characters introduced into the two poems of the Iliad and Odyſſey; and makes an eſſential difference between them: thus the Iliad exhibiting an example of heroick valour, almoſt all the characters are violent and heroick. Diomed, Ajax, Hector, *&c.* are all chiefly remarkable for courage: but the Odyſſey being intended to repreſent the patience and wiſdom of an hero, almoſt all the characters are diſtinguiſhed by benevolence and humanity. Telemachus and Eumæus, Alcinous, Neſtor and Menelaus are every where repreſented in the mild light of wiſdom and hoſpitality. This makes a continued difference of ſtyle in the poetry of the two poems, and the characters of the agones in the Odyſſey neceſſarily exhibit lectures of piety and morality. The reader ſhould keep this in his view. In reading Homer, the Odyſſey is to be looked upon as a ſequel of the Iliad, and then he will find in the two poems the perfection of human nature, conſummate courage joined with conſummate piety. He muſt be an unobſerving reader, who has not taken notice of that *vein of humanity* that runs through the whole Odyſſey; and a bad man, that has not been pleaſed with it. In my opinion, Eumæus tending his herds is more amiable than Achilles in all his deſtructive glory. There is ſcarce a ſpeech made in the Odyſſey by Eumæus, Telemachus or Ulyſſes, but what tends to the improvement of mankind: it was this that endeared the Odyſſey to the antients, and Homer's ſentences of morality were in every mouth, and introduced in all converſations for the better conduct of human life. This verſe was thus applied by ſome of the antients; a perſon being aſked what was the duty of an orator, or pleader, anſwered from Homer,

Can ſtrangers ſafely in the court reſide,
Midſt the ſwill'd inſolence of luſt and pride?
Ev'n I unſafe: the queen in doubt to wed,
Or pay due honours to the nuptial bed?
Perhaps ſhe weds regardleſs of her fame,
Deaf to the mighty Ulyſſæan name.
However, ſtranger! from our grace receive
Such honours as befit a prince to give;

Αὐτὰρ ἀπαμύνασθαι ὅτι τις πρότερος χαλεπήνῃ.

In ſhort, I will not deny but that the Iliad is by far the nobler poem, with reſpect to the poetry; it is fit to be read by kings and heroes; but the Odyſſey is of uſe to all mankind, as it teaches us to be good men rather than great, and to prefer morality to glory. P.

Ver. 71.] The tranſlator is lazy, and curtails his author. The ſubjoined effort is faithful:

How ſhall the ſtranger in our court reſide?
Young as I am, that inſolence and pride,
Thoſe rude aggreſſions of our lawleſs train,
The wiſh to check my weakneſs renders vain.
My mother wavers ſtill, in doubt to wed—.

But our Poet took Chapman for his guide:

For how ſhall I receive him to my houſe
With any ſafety; that ſuſpitious
Of my young forces (ſhould I be aſſaide
With any ſodaine violence) may want aide
To ſhield my ſelfe?

Ver. 72.] I have reſtored *ſwill'd* of the *firſt* edition; a word elſewhere uſed in this tranſlation: the *ſwell'd* of ſubſequent editions is the correction forſooth! of ſome meddling ſuperintendent of the preſs. The expreſſion indeed is borrowed from Miltons Comus, ver. 178.

—— —— I ſhould be loath
To ſeem the rudeneſs and *ſwill'd inſolence*
Of ſuch late waſſailers.

Ver. 77.] Theſe rhymes are bad; and the next couplet is ſtrange indeed. Thus?

Sandals, a ſword, and robes, reſpect to prove,
And ſafe to ſail with ornaments of love.
'Till then, thy gueſt amid the rural train
Far from the court, from danger far, detain.
'Tis mine with food the hungry to ſupply,
And cloath the naked from th' inclement ſky.
Here dwell in ſafety from the Suitors wrongs,
And the rude inſults of ungovern'd tongues.
For ſhould'ſt thou ſuffer, pow'rleſs to relieve
I muſt behold it, and can only grieve.
The brave encompaſs'd by an hoſtile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.
To whom, while anger in his boſom glows,
With warmth replies the man of mighty woes.

But, ſince thy cot contains this ſon of woe,
A cloak and veſt my bounty ſhall beſtow;
Sandals his feet, his ſide a ſword ſhall grace:
With ſafe conveyance to the wiſh'd-for place.

The reſt of the ſpeech is very excellently tranſlated.

Ver. 92. *With warmth replies the man of mighty woes*] There is not a more ſpirited ſpeech in all the Odyſſey than this of Ulyſſes; his reſentment ariſes from the laſt words of Telemachus, obſerves Euſtathius:

The brave encompaſs'd by an hoſtile train,
O'erpower'd by numbers, is but brave in vain.

He is preparing his ſon for the deſtruction of the Suitors, and animating him againſt deſpair by reaſon of their numbers. This he brings about, by repreſenting that a brave man in a good cauſe prefers death to diſhonour. By the ſame method Homer exalts the character of Ulyſſes: Telemachus thinks it impoſſible to reſiſt the Suitors, Ulyſſes not only reſiſts them, but almoſt without aſſiſt-

Since audience mild is deign'd, permit my tongue
At once to pity and reſent thy wrong.
My heart weeps blood, to ſee a ſoul ſo brave
Live to baſe inſolence of pow'r a ſlave.
But tell me, doſt thou prince, doſt thou behold,
And hear their midnight revels uncontroll'd?
Say, do thy ſubjects in bold faction riſe,
Or prieſts in fabled oracles adviſe?
Or are thy brothers, who ſhould aid thy pow'r,
Turn'd mean deſerters in the needful hour?
O that I were from great Ulyſſes ſprung,
Or that theſe wither'd nerves like thine were ſtrung;
Or, heav'ns! might he return! (and ſoon appear
He ſhall, I truſt; a hero ſcorns deſpair)

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ance works their deſtruction. There is a fine contraſt between the tried courage of Ulyſſes, and the inexperience of Telemachus. P.

Ver. 105. — — — (*And ſoon appear*
He ſhall, I truſt; a hero ſcorns deſpair.)

Some antient criticks, as Euſtathius informs us, rejected this verſe, and thus read the paſſage:

Ἦ παῖς ἐξ Ὀδυσῆος ἀμύμονος, ἠὲ καὶ αὐτὸς;
Αὐτίκ' ἔπειτ' ἀπ' ἐμεῖο κάρη τάμοι ἀλλότριος φώς.

Then the ſenſe will be, *Oh that I were the ſon of* Ulyſſes, *or* Ulyſſes *himſelf*, &c.

For, add they, if this verſe be admitted, it breaks the tranſport of Ulyſſes's reſentment, and cools the warmth of the expreſſion; Euſtathius confeſſes that he was once of the ſame opinion, but afterwards ſeems dubious; for, continues he, Ulyſſes by ſaying, *Oh that I were the ſon of Ulyſſes, or Ulyſſes himſelf*, gave room to ſuſpect that he was himſelf Ulyſſes; and therefore to efface this impreſſion, he adds with great addreſs,

Might he return, I yield my life a prey
To my worſt foe, if that avenging day
Be not their laſt: but ſhould I loſe my life
Oppreſs'd by numbers in the glorious ſtrife,
I chuſe the nobler part, and yield my breath,
Rather than bear diſhonour, worſe than death;
Than ſee the hand of violence invade
The reverend ſtranger, and the ſpotleſs maid;
Than ſee the wealth of kings conſum'd in waſte,
The drunkards revel, and the gluttons feaſt.

Thus he, with anger flaſhing from his eye;
Sincere the youthful hero made reply.

— — — (And ſoon appear
He ſhall, I truſt; a hero ſcorns deſpair)

And by this method removes all jealouſy that might ariſe from his former expreſſion. Dacier miſrepreſents Euſtathius; ſhe ſays, *Il avoit donné lieu à quelque ſubçon qu'il ne fuſt veritablement Ulyſſe*; whereas he directly ſays μὴ ὑποπτευθῇ ὅτι Ὀδυσσεύς ἐστιν ὁ λαλῶν, that is, "he uſes this expreſſion, that it may not be ſuſpected that he is Ulyſſes who ſpeaks:" in reality he inſerts theſe words ſolely to avoid diſcovery, not judging it yet reaſonable to reveal himſelf to Telemachus, much leſs to Eumæus. P.

Theſe cannot be deemed rhymes. The following attempt comes nearer to the ſenſe of Homer:

Might he return, his tedious wand'rings o'er,
(Still Hope has reaſon) to his native ſhore —

Ver. 108. *To my worſt foe.*] The words in Greek are ἀλλοδαπὸς φώς, or, *may I fall by the hand of a ſtranger*: that is, by the worſt of enemies, foreigners being uſually the moſt barbarous enemies. This circumſtance therefore aggravates the calamity. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 115.] Unlawful rhymes! Thus? with more fidelity:

Than ſee the reveller licentious reign,
The ſquander'd corn, the wine conſum'd in vain.

Nor leagu'd in factious arms my ſubjects riſe,
Nor prieſts in fabled oracles adviſe;
Nor are my brothers who ſhould aid my pow'r
Turn'd mean deſerters in the needful hour.
Ah me! I boaſt no brother; heav'n's dread king
Gives from our ſtock an only branch to ſpring:
Alone Laertes reign'd Arceſius' heir,
Alone Ulyſſes drew the vital air,
And I alone the bed connubial grac'd,
An unbleſt offspring of a ſire unbleſt!
Each neighb'ring realm, conducive to our woe,
Sends forth her peers, and ev'ry peer a foe:
The court proud Samos and Dulichium fills,
And lofty Zacinth crown'd with ſhady hills.
Ev'n Ithaca and all her lords invade
Th' imperial ſcepter, and the regal bed:

Ver. 127. *And I alone the bed connubial grac'd*] Homer mentions but one ſon of Ulyſſes; other authors name another, Archeſilaus and Sophocles, Eurylaus ſlain by Telemachus; but perhaps theſe deſcended not from Penelope, but concubines. *Euſtathius.* P.

Chapman gives his author's ſentiment more cloſely:

——— whom he left ſo yong,
That from me to him never comfort ſprong.

But what ear, attuned to poetry, can endure the rhymes of our tranſlator? I would propoſe with confidence this correction:

And I alone the bed connubial *grace*;
Of ſire *unhappy* an *unhappy race!*

Ver. 133.] His original preſcribes,

Rough Ithaca.

But what muſt become of the rhymes? I ſhall give a much more faithful ſubſtitution:

The queen averſe to love, yet aw'd by power,
Seems half to yield, yet flies the bridal hour:
Meantime their licence uncontroll'd, I bear;
Ev'n now they envy me the vital air:
But heav'n will ſure revenge, and Gods there are.
But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart
Our ſafe return, and eaſe a mother's heart.
Yet ſecret go; for num'rous are my foes,
And here at leaſt I may in peace repoſe.

Rough Ithaca, with all her lordly powers,
My parent wooes, and all my wealth devours:
Nor yet her fluctuating will complies,
Nor yet, reſolv'd, their odious ſuit denies.

Ver. 139.] This is neither rhyme, nor the ſenſe of his author. Thus?

But this the Gods muſt hinder, or fulfill,
As beſt approves their all-controlling will.

Ver. 140. *But go, Eumæus! to the queen impart.*] There is nothing more wonderful in Homer, than the diſtribution of his incidents; and how fully muſt he be poſſeſſed of his whole ſubject, and take it in all at one view, to bring about the ſeveral parts of it naturally? Minerva in the beginning of the fifteenth book commanded Telemachus to diſpatch Eumæus to Penelope, to inform her of his return. Here this command is executed: but is this all the uſe the Poet makes of that errand? It is evident it is not: this command furniſhes him with a natural occaſion for the removal of Eumæus while Ulyſſes diſcovers himſelf to Telemachus. But why might not the diſcovery have been made before Eumæus? It was ſuitable to the cautious character of Ulyſſes not to truſt the knowledge of his perſon to too many people: beſides, if he had here revealed himſelf to Eumæus, there would not have been room for the diſcovery which is made in the future parts of the Odyſſey, and conſequently the reader had been robbed of the pleaſure of it: and it muſt be allowed, that the ſeveral concealments and diſcoveries of Ulyſſes through the Odyſſey add no ſmall pleaſure and beauty to it. P.

To whom the ſwain. I hear, and I obey:
But old Laertes weeps his life away.
And deems thee loſt: ſhall I my ſpeed employ
To bleſs his age, a meſſenger of joy?
The mournful hour that tore his ſon away
Sent the ſad ſire in ſolitude to ſtray;
Yet buſied with his ſlaves, to eaſe his woe,
He dreſt the vine, and bade the garden blow,
Nor food nor wine refus'd: but ſince the day
That you to Pylos plough'd the wat'ry way,
Nor wine nor food he taſtes; but ſunk in woes,
Wild ſprings the vine, no more the garden blows.
Shut from the walks of men, to pleaſure loſt,
Penſive and pale he wanders, half a ghoſt.
Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)
Yet ceaſe to go — what man ſo bleſt but mourns?

Ver. 152.] Rhymes, ſimilar to thoſe of this couplet, have recurred too often in this ſpeech; which is otherwiſe finely done. Chapman is faithful, and for the time very tolerable:

— — — But ſince you tooke
Your ſhip for Pylos, he would never brooke
Or wine, or food, they ſay; nor caſt an eye
On any labour, but ſits weeping by;
And ſighing out his ſorrowes, ceaſſeleſs mones,
Waſting his body, turn'd all ſkin and bones.

Ver. 159. *Yet ceaſe to go — what man ſo bleſt but mourns?*] Euſtathius reads the words differently, either ἀχνύμενον φὴς, or ἀχνύμενος φὴς. If we uſe the former reading, it will be underſtood according to the recited tranſlation; if the latter, it muſt then be

Were every wiſh indulg'd by fav'ring ſkies,
This hour ſhould give Ulyſſes to my eyes.
But to the queen with ſpeed diſpatchful bear
Our ſafe return, and back with ſpeed repair:
And let ſome handmaid of her train reſort
To good Laertes in his rural court.

While yet he ſpoke, impatient of delay
He brac'd his ſandals on, and ſtrode away:

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referred to Telemachus, and imply, *let us ceaſe to inform Laertes, though we grieve for him.* I ſuppoſe ſome criticks were ſhocked at the words in the former ſenſe, and thought it cruel in Telemachus not to relieve the ſorrows of Laertes, which were occaſioned chiefly through fondneſs to his perſon: Dacier is fully of this opinion: Euſtathius prefers neither of the lections; I doubt not but Homer wrote ἀχνύμενον αὖε; this agrees with the whole context.

Wretched old man! (with tears the prince returns)
Yet ceaſe to go — what man ſo bleſt but mourns?
Were every wiſh indulg'd by fav'ring ſkies,
This hour ſhould give Ulyſſes to my eyes.

And as for the cruelty of Telemachus, in forbidding Eumæus to go to Laertes, there is no room for this objection: he guards againſt it, by requeſting Penelope to give him immediate information; which might be done almoſt as ſoon by a meſſenger from her, as by Eumæus. Beſides, ſuch a meſſenger to Laertes would be entirely foreign to the poem; for his knowledge of the return of Telemachus could contribute nothing to the deſign of the Odyſſey: whereas the information given to Penelope has this effect; it puts the Suitors upon new meaſures, and inſtructs her how to regulate her own conduct with regard to them; and therefore the Poet judiciouſly dwells upon this, and paſſes over the other. P.

Ver. 167.] An ambiguity of conſtruction, common alſo to the verſions of Chapman and Ogilby, may be thus removed:

Thus ſpake the prince: impatient of delay,
His ſandals brac'd, Eumæus ſtrode away.

Then from the heav'ns the martial Goddeſs flies
Thro' the wide fields of air, and cleaves the ſkies;
In form, a virgin in ſoft beauty's bloom,
Skill'd in th' illuſtrious labours of the loom.

Ver. 170. *In form, a virgin* —] Some of the antient Philoſophers thought the Poets guilty of impiety, in repreſenting the Gods aſſuming human appearances; Plato in particular (lib. ii. de Repub.) ſpeaks with great ſeverity. "If a God (ſays that "author) changes his own ſhape, muſt he aſſume a more or leſs "perfect form? undoubtedly a ſhape leſs perfect; for a Deity, "as a Deity, can want no perfection; therefore all change muſt "be for the worſe: now it is abſurd to imagine that a Deity can "be willing to aſſume imperfection, for this would be a degrada-"tion unworthy of a divine power, and conſequently it is abſurd "to imagine that a Deity can be willing to change the form of a "Deity; it therefore follows, that the Gods enjoying a perfection "of nature, muſt eternally and unchangeably appear in it. Let "no Poet therefore (meaning Homer) perſuade you that the "Gods aſſume the form of ſtrangers, and are viſible in ſuch "appearances." It muſt be confeſſed, that if Plato had thus ſpoken only to refute the abſurd opinions of antiquity, which imagined the Gods to aſſume unworthy ſhapes of bulls, dragons, ſwans, *&c.* only to perform ſome rape, or action unbecoming a Deity, reaſon would have been on his ſide: but the argument proves too much; it ſuppoſes that a Deity muſt loſe his perfections by any appearance, but of a Deity; which is an errour: if a God acts ſuitably to the character of a God, where is the degradation? Ariſtotle was of this judgment, in oppoſition to his maſter Plato; and thought it no diminution to a God to appear in the ſhape of man, the glory of the creation: in reality, it is a great honour to Homer, that his opinions agree with the verity of the ſcriptures, rather than the conjectures of philoſophers; nay, it is not impoſſible but theſe relations might be borrowed from the ſacred hiſtory: it being manifeſt that Homer had been in Ægypt, the native country of Moſes, in whoſe writings there are frequent inſtances of this nature. P.

Thus, exactly:

In form, a virgin *tall* in beauty's bloom.

Alone to Ithacus ſhe ſtood diſplay'd,
But unapparent as a viewleſs ſhade
Eſcap'd Telemachus: (the pow'rs above
Seen or unſeen, o'er earth at pleaſure move)
The dogs intelligent confeſs'd the tread
Of pow'r divine, and howling, trembling fled.
The Goddeſs, beck'ning, waves her deathleſs hands;
Dauntleſs the king before the Goddeſs ſtands.

Ver. 176. *The dogs intelligent confeſs'd the tread*
Of pow'r divine ——]

This may ſeem a circumſtance unworthy of poetry, and ridiculous to aſcribe a greater ſagacity to the brute creation, than to man; but it may be anſwered, that it was the deſign of the Goddeſs to be inviſible only to Telemachus, and conſequently ſhe was viſible to the dogs. But I am willing to believe that there is a deeper meaning, and a beautiful moral couched under this ſtory: and perhaps Homer ſpeaks thus, to give us to underſtand, that the brute creation itſelf confeſſes the divinity. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 177.] This is too ſtrongly put. Rather:

—— —— —— and *whining*, trembling fled:

which word I find in Chapman.

Ver. 178. *The Goddeſs, beck'ning, waves her deathleſs hands.*] The Goddeſs evidently acts thus, that Telemachus might not hear her ſpeak to Ulyſſes; for this would have made the diſcovery, and precluded that beautiful interview between Ulyſſes and Telemachus that immediately follows. It is for the ſame reaſon that ſhe conceals herſelf from Telemachus, for the diſcovery muſt have been fully and convincingly made by the appearance and veracity of a Deity; and then there could have been no room for all thoſe doubts and fears of Telemachus, that enliven and beautify the manner of the diſcovery. The whole relation is indeed an allegory: the wiſdom of Ulyſſes (in poetry, Minerva) ſuggeſts to him, that this is a proper time to reveal himſelf to Telemachus; the ſame wiſdom (or Minerva) inſtructs him to diſcloſe himſelf like

Then why (ſhe ſaid) O favour'd of the ſkies!
Why to thy god-like ſon this long diſguiſe?
Stand forth reveal'd: with him thy cares employ
Againſt thy foes; be valiant, and deſtroy!
Lo I deſcend in that avenging hour,
To combat by thy ſide, thy guardian pow'r.
She ſaid, and o'er him waves her wand of gold;
Imperial robes his manly limbs infold:
At once with grace divine his frame improves;
At once with majeſty enlarg'd he moves:
Youth fluſh'd his red'ning cheek, and from his brows
A length of hair in ſabled ringlets flows;
His black'ning chin receives a deeper ſhade;
Then from his eyes upſprung the warriour-maid.

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a king, that he may find the readier credit with his ſon: in this dreſs he appears a new man, young and beautiful, which gives occaſion to Telemachus to imagine him a Deity, eſpecially becauſe he was an infant when his father ſailed to Troy, and therefore though he now appears like Ulyſſes, Telemachus does not know him to be his father. This is the naked ſtory, when ſtript of its poetical ornaments. P.

Ver. 184.] Or thus, with greater accuracy to his author:

I ſtay not abſent long, thy guardian pow'r,
Eager to combat in that vengeful hour.

Ver. 190.] His author dictates,

Youth fluſht his *riſing* cheek.

Ver. 192.] This expreſſion ſeems not ſufficiently correct: the *ſhade* of a body, that is more *black*, is *deeper* of courſe. Perhaps, we might ſubſtitute:

His *freſh'ning* chin —.

The hero re-aſcends: the prince o'eraw'd
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God. 195

Ver. 194. —— *The prince o'eraw'd*
Scarce lifts his eyes, and bows as to a God.]

I muſt offer a remark in oppoſition to that of Dacier upon this place: "This fear of Telemachus (ſays that author) proceeds "from the opinion of the antients when the Gods came down "viſibly; they thought themſelves ſo unworthy of ſuch a mani-"feſtation, that whenever it happened, they believed they ſhould "die, or meet with ſome great calamity:" thus the Iſraelites addreſs Moſes; *Speak thou to us, and we will hear, but let not the Lord ſpeak to us, leſt we die.* Thus alſo Gideon; *Alas! O Lord, my God, becauſe I have ſeen an angel of the Lord face to face; and the Lord ſaid to him, fear not, thou ſhalt not die.* Hence it is very evident, that this notion prevailed amongſt the Iſraelites: but how does it appear that the Greeks held the ſame opinion? The contrary is manifeſt almoſt to a demonſtration: the Gods are introduced almoſt in every book both of the Iliad and Odyſſey; and yet there is not the leaſt foundation for ſuch an aſſertion: nay, Telemachus himſelf in the ſecond book returns thanks to Minerva for appearing to him, and prays for a ſecond viſion.

O Goddeſs! who deſcending from the ſkies,
Vouchſaf'd thy preſence to my longing eyes;
Hear from thy heav'ns above, O warriour maid,
Deſcend once more propitious to my aid!

It is not to be imagined that Telemachus would have preferred this prayer, if the preſence of the Deity denoted death, or ſome great calamity; and all the heroes throughout the Iliad eſteem ſuch intercourſes as their glory, and converſe with the Gods without any apprehenſions. But whence then proceeds this fear of Telemachus? entirely from a reverential awe and his own modeſty while he ſtands in the preſence of a Deity; for ſuch he believes Ulyſſes. The words of Telemachus agree with his behaviour; he ſpeaks the language of a man in ſurpriſe: it is this ſurpriſe at the ſudden change of Ulyſſes, that firſt makes him imagine him a Deity, and upon that imagination offer him ſacrifice and prayer; the whole behaviour paints the nature of man under ſurpriſe, and which tranſports the ſpeaker into vehemence and emotion. P.

Then with ſurpriſe (ſurpriſe chaſtis'd by fears)
How art thou chang'd! (he cry'd) a God appears!
Far other veſts thy limbs majeſtic grace,
Far other glories lighten from thy face!
If heav'n be thy abode, with pious care
Lo! I the ready ſacrifice prepare:
Lo! gifts of labour'd gold adorn thy ſhrine,
To win thy grace; O ſave us pow'r divine!
Few are my days, Ulyſſes made reply,
Nor I, alas! deſcendant of the ſky.
I am thy father. O my ſon! my ſon!
That father, for whoſe ſake thy days have run
One ſcene of woe; to endleſs cares conſign'd,
And outrag'd by the wrongs of baſe mankind.
Then ruſhing to his arms, he kiſs'd his boy
With the ſtrong raptures of a parent's joy.
Tears bathe his cheek, and tears the ground bedew;
He ſtrain'd him cloſe, as to his breaſt he grew.
Ah me! (exclaims the prince with fond deſire)
Thou art not —— no, thou canſt not be my ſire.

The rhyme cannot be tolerated. Thus?

— — — The prince deſcries
The godlike form, and turns his daunted eyes.

Ver. 204.] Or thus, with more fidelity:

No God thou ſeeſt, Ulyſſes made reply:
Compare me not to natives of the ſky.

Heav'n ſuch illuſion only can impoſe,
By the falſe joy to aggravate my woes.
Who but a God can change the general doom,
And give to wither'd age a youthful bloom?
Late, worn with years, in weeds obſcene you trod;
Now, cloath'd in majeſty, you move a God!
Forbear, he cry'd; for heav'n reſerve that name,
Give to thy father but a father's claim:
Other Ulyſſes ſhalt thou never ſee,
I am Ulyſſes, I (my ſon) am he.
Twice ten ſad years o'er earth and ocean toſt,
'Tis giv'n at length to view my native coaſt.
Pallas, unconquer'd maid, my frame ſurrounds
With grace divine; her pow'r admits no bounds:
She o'er my limbs old age and wrinkles ſhed;
Now ſtrong as youth, magnificent I tread.

Ver. 221.] This grand expreſſion is not from Homer, but from Pſalm civ. 1. "O Lord my God! thou art very great: "thou art *clothed with* honour and *majeſty*."

I propoſe, not as preferable by any means, but as free from extraneous thought, the following couplet:

Late worn with years, and wrap'd in weeds obſcene;
Now like the Gods in form, and dreſs, and mien.

Ver. 226.] Theſe rhymes are not legitimately preciſe. Thus?

Twice ten ſad years o'er earth and ocean *caſt*,
Indulg'd to view my native *iſle* at *laſt*.

Ver. 231.] The latter part of this verſe is very bad, and was made merely for the rhyme. The ſubjoined ſubſtitution is more exact:

The Gods with eaſe frail man depreſs, or raiſe,
Exalt the lowly, or the proud debaſe.
He ſpoke and ſat. The prince with tranſport flew,
Hung round his neck, while tears his cheek bedew;
Nor leſs the father pour'd a ſocial flood!
They wept abundant, and they wept aloud.
As the bold eagle with fierce ſorrow ſtung,
Or parent vultur, mourns her raviſh'd young;

Now wrinkled age, now blooming youth, beſtows;
And o'er my limbs a radiant veſture throws.

Ver. 232.] Unſufferable rhymes! Thus? with more fidelity:

The Gods, who dwell in heaven ſublime, with eaſe
Exalt or humble mortals, as they pleaſe:

which, I perceive, are the rhymes of Chapman.

Ver. 236.] The rhymes cannot be admitted. Thus? though with too great concurrence of harſher conſonants:

His father's *eyes no* leſs *his ſorrows ſteep*;
They *weep* abundant, and aloud they *weep*.

And in the next line we might ſubſtitute *anguiſh* for *ſorrow*.

Ver. 238. *As the bold eagle* ——] This is a beautiful compariſon; but to take its full force, it is neceſſary to obſerve the nature of this φήνη or *vultur*: Homer does not compare Ulyſſes to that bird merely for its dignity, it being of the aquiline kind, and therefore the king of birds; but from the knowledge of the nature of it, which doubles the beauty of the alluſion: this bird is remarkable for the love it bears towards its young: *Tearing open her own thigh, ſhe feeds her young with her own blood*; thus alſo another author;

Τὸν μηρὸν ἐκλίμνοντες, ἁμαλομίνοις
Γήλακτι ὀλκοῖς ζωπύροισι τὰ βρίφη.

Fomere exſecta, ſanguineo lactis defluxu ſuos foetus refocillant. And the Ægyptians made the vultur their hieroglyphic, to repreſent a

They cry, they ſcream, their unfledg'd brood a prey
To ſome rude churl, and borne by ſtealth away;

compaſſionate nature. This gives a reaſon why this bird is introduced with peculiar propriety to repreſent the fondneſs of Ulyſſes for Telemachus. But where is the point of the ſimilitude? Ulyſſes embraces his ſon, but the vultur is ſaid to mourn the loſs of her young: Euſtathius anſwers, that the ſorrow alone, and vehemence of it, is intended to be illuſtrated by the compariſon; I think he ſhould have added the affection Ulyſſes bears to Telemachus.

It is obſervable, that Homer inſerts very few ſimilitudes in his Odyſſey, though they occur frequently almoſt in every book of the Iliad. The Odyſſey is wrote with more ſimplicity, and conſequently there is leſs room for alluſions. If we obſerve the ſimilies themſelves inſerted in each poem, we ſhall find the ſame difference: in the Iliad they are drawn from lions, ſtorms, torrents, conflagrations, thunder, &c. In the Odyſſey, from lower objects, from an heap of thorns, from a ſhipwright plying the whimble, an armourer tempering iron, a matron weeping over her dying huſband, &c. The ſimilies are likewiſe generally longer in the Iliad than the Odyſſey, and leſs reſemblance between the thing illuſtrated, and the illuſtration; the reaſon is, in the Iliad the ſimilitudes are introduced to illuſtrate ſome great and noble object, and therefore the Poet proceeds till he has raiſed ſome noble image to inflame the mind of the reader; whereas in theſe calmer ſcenes the Poet keeps cloſer to the point of alluſion, and needs only to repreſent the object, to render it entertaining: by the former conduct he raiſes our admiration above the ſubject, by adding foreign embelliſhments; in the latter he brings the copy as cloſe as poſſible to the original, to poſſeſs us with a true and equal image of it.

It has been objected by a French critick, that Homer is blameable for too great a length in his ſimilitudes; that in the heat of an action he ſtops ſhort, and turns to ſome alluſion, which calls off our attention from the main ſubject. It is true, compariſons ought not to be too long, and are not to be placed in the heat of an action, as Mr. Dryden obſerves, but when it begins to decline: thus in the firſt Æneis, when the ſtorm is in its fury, the Poet introduces no compariſon, becauſe nothing can be more impe-

So they aloud: and tears in tides had run,
Their grief unfiniſh'd with the ſetting ſun:

tuous than the ſtorm itſelf; but when the heat of the deſcription abates, then leſt we ſhould cool too ſoon, he renews it by ſome proper ſimilitude, which ſtill keeps up our attention, and fixes the whole upon our minds. The ſimilitude before us is thus placed at the concluſion of the hero's lamentation, and the Poet by this method leaves the whole deeply mixed upon the memory. Virgil has imitated this compariſon in his fourth Georgic, but very judiciouſly ſubſtituted the nightingale in the place of the vultur, that bird being introduced to repreſent the mournful muſick of Orpheus.

" Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ
" Amiſſos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
" Obſervans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
" Flet noctem, &c."

Nothing can be ſweeter than this compariſon of Virgil, but the learned Huetius thinks he has found a notorious blunder in it: this nightingale (ſays he) in the firſt line ſits in the ſhade of a poplar, and yet in the fourth ſhe mourns by night, *flet noctem*. It is evident that Monſieur Huet miſtakes the word *umbra* for the ſhade of a tree, which it caſts while the ſun ſhines upon it; whereas it only means that the bird ſings *ſub foliis*, or concealed in the leaves of it, which may be done by night as well as by day: but if it be thought that this is not a ſufficient anſwer, the paſſage may be thus underſtood: the nightingale mourning under the ſhade of a poplar, *&c.* ceaſes not all night, or *flet noctem*; that is, ſhe begins her ſong in the evening by day, but mourns all night. Either of theſe anſwers are ſufficient for Virgil's vindication. P.

Thus Ogilby:

As eagles cry, *with bitter ſorrow, ſtung*,
When ruſticks bear away their callow *young*;
So from their eyes did briny *rivers run*
In joyful ſpouts until *the ſetting ſun*.

Ver. 241.] So Dryden, in the parallel paſſage of Virgil, Geo. iv. 744.

Whoſe neſt *ſome* prying *churl* had found, and thence,
By ſtealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence:

a couplet of exquiſite delicacy and tenderneſs.

But checking the full torrent in its flow,
The prince thus interrupts the ſolemn woe.
What ſhip tranſported thee, O father ſay,
And what bleſt hands have oar'd thee on the way?
All, all (Ulyſſes inſtant made reply)
I tell thee all, my child, my only joy!
Phæacians bore me to the port aſſign'd,
A nation ever to the ſtranger kind;
Wrapt in the embrace of ſleep, the faithful train
O'er ſeas convey'd me to my native reign:

Ver. 245. *The prince thus interrupts the ſolemn woe.*] It does not appear at firſt view why the Poet makes Telemachus recover himſelf from his tranſport of ſorrow ſooner than Ulyſſes: is Telemachus a greater maſter of his paſſions? or is it to convince Ulyſſes of his ſon's wiſdom, as Euſtathius conjectures? this can ſcarce be ſuppoſed, Ulyſſes being ſuperior in wiſdom. I would chuſe rather to aſcribe it to human nature; for it has been obſerved, that affection ſeldom ſo ſtrongly aſcends, as it deſcends; the child ſeldom loves the father ſo tenderly, as the father the child: this obſervation has been made from the remoteſt antiquity. And it is wiſely deſigned by the great Author of our natures; for in the common courſe of life, the child muſt bury the parent; it is therefore a merciful diſpenſation, that the tie of blood and affection ſhould be looſened by degrees, and not torn violently aſunder in the full ſtrength of it. It is expected that aged perſons ſhould die, their loſs therefore grows more familiar to us, and it loſes much of its horrour through the long expectation of it. P.

Ver. 248.] Bad rhymes, with but little adherence to the ſenſe of his original. Thus?

Then thus the man long exercis'd by fate:
My tongue, dear ſon! ſhall all the truth relate.

Ver. 250. *Phæacians bore me to the port aſſign'd.*] Here is a repetition of what the reader knows entirely, from many parts of the preceding ſtory; but it being neceſſary in this place, the Poet judiciouſly reduces it into the compaſs of ſix lines, and by this method avoids prolixity. *Euſtathius.* P.

Embroider'd veſtures, gold, and braſs are laid
Conceal'd in caverns in the ſilvan ſhade.
Hither, intent the rival rout to ſlay
And plan the ſcene of death, I bend my way:
So Pallas wills —— but thou, my ſon, explain
The names, and numbers of th' audacious train;
'Tis mine to judge if better to employ
Aſſiſtant force, or ſingly to deſtroy.
O'er earth (returns the prince) reſounds thy name,
Thy well-try'd wiſdom, and thy martial fame,
Yet at thy words I ſtart, in wonder loſt;
Can we engage, not decads, but an hoſt?
Can we alone in furious battle ſtand,
Againſt that num'rous, and determin'd band?
Hear then their numbers: From Dulichium came
Twice twenty-ſix, all peers of mighty name,

Ver. 255] Better, perhaps, to avoid the repeated *prepoſition*: Conceal'd *by* caverns——.

Ver. 268. *Hear then their numbers* ——] According to this catalogue, the Suitors with their attendants (the two ſewers, and Medon, and Phemius) are a hundred and eighteen; but the two laſt are not to be taken for the enemies of Ulyſſes; and therefore are not involved in their puniſhment in the concluſion of the Odyſſey. *Euſtathius.*

Spondanus miſtakes this paſſage egregiouſly.

Μέδων κῆρυξ καὶ θεῖος ἀοιδός.

He underſtands it thus, "Medon who was an herald and a divine "bard." *Præco unus qui & idem Muſicus:* it is true, the conſtruction will bear this interpretation; but it is evident from the latter part of the xxiid Odyſſey, that the Κῆρυξ and the Ἀοιδὸς were two perſons, namely, Medon and Phemius: Medon acts all

Six are their menial train: twice twelve the boaſt
Of Samos; twenty from Zacynthus coaſt:
And twelve our country's pride; to theſe belong
Medon and Phemius ſkill'd in heav'nly ſong.
Two ſew'rs from day to day the revels wait,
Exact of taſte, and ſerve the feaſt in ſtate.
With ſuch a foe th' unequal fight to try,
Were by falſe courage unreveng'd to die.
Then what aſſiſtant pow'rs you boaſt, relate,
Ere yet we mingle in the ſtern debate.
Mark well my voice, Ulyſſes ſtraight replies;
What need of aids, if favour'd by the ſkies?
If ſhielded to the dreadful fight we move,
By mighty Pallas, and by thund'ring Jove.
Sufficient they (Telemachus rejoin'd)
Againſt the banded pow'rs of all mankind:

along as a friend to Penelope and Telemachus, and Phemius is affirmed to be detained by the Suitors involuntarily, and conſequently they are both guiltleſs. P.

So Chapman:

——— From Zacynthus *came*
Twice ten. Of Ithaca, the beſt of *name*,
Twice ſix.

Ver. 275.] This nicety is not only unauthorized, but unſeaſonable here. I would propoſe:

Both ſkill'd the banquet to ſerve up in ſtate.

Ver. 276.] Our Poet ſeems indebted to Ogilby:

If we ſhould charge all theſe, our ſelves then might
Fall *unreveng'd* in *the unequal fight*.

Ver. 284.] Wretched rhymes! Thus?

They, high enthron'd above the rolling clouds,
Wither the ſtrength of man, and awe the Gods.
Such aids expect, he cries, when ſtrong in might
We riſe terrific to the taſk of fight.

Sufficient they (Telemachus reply'd)
To match the powers of all mankind beſide.
Them, high 'midſt clouds enthron'd in ſovereign ſway,
The tribes of men and deathleſs Gods obey.

Ver. 288. *Such aids expect, he cries, when ſtrong in might*
We riſe terrific to the taſk of fight.]

This whole diſcourſe between Ulyſſes and Telemachus is introduced to prepare the reader for the cataſtrophe of the poem: Homer judiciouſly intereſts Heaven in the cauſe, that the reader may not be ſurpriſed at the event, when he ſees ſuch numbers fall by the hands of theſe heroes; he conſults probability, and as the poem now draws to a concluſion, ſets the aſſiſtance of Heaven full before the reader.

It is likewiſe very artful to let us into ſome knowledge of the event of the poem; all care muſt be taken that it be rather gueſſed than known. If it be entirely known, the reader finds nothing new to awaken his attention; if on the contrary it be ſo intricate, that the event cannot poſſibly be gueſſed at, we wander in the dark, and are loſt in uncertainty. The art of the Poet conſiſts not in concealing the event entirely: but when it is in ſome meaſure foreſeen, in introducing ſuch a number of incidents that now bring us almoſt into the ſight of it, then by new obſtacles perplex the ſtory to the very concluſion of the poem; every obſtacle, and every removal of it fills us with ſurpriſe, with pleaſure or pain alternately, and conſequently calls up our whole attention. This is admirably deſcribed by Vida, lib. ii.

"— — — Eventus nonnullis ſæpe canendo
"Indiciis porrò oſtendunt, in luce malignâ
"Subluſtrique; aliquid dant cernere noctis in umbrâ."

Th' event ſhould glimmer with a dubious ray,
Not hid in clouds nor glare in open day.

This rule he afterwards illuſtrates by a very happy ſimilitude.

But thou, when Morn ſalutes th' aerial plain,
The court reviſit and the lawleſs train:
Me thither in diſguiſe Eumæus leads,
An aged mendicant in tatter'd weeds.

" Haud aliter longinqua petit qui forte viator
" Mænia, ſi poſitas altis in collibus arces
" Nunc etiam dubias oculis videt, incipit ultro
" Lætior ire viam, placidumque urgere laborem,
" Quàm cùm nuſquam ullæ cernuntur quas adit arces,
" Obſcurum ſed iter tendit convallibus imis."

The conduct both of Virgil and Homer are agreeable to this obſervation; for inſtance, Anchiſes and Tireſias in the ſhades, foretel Æneas and Ulyſſes that all their troubles ſhould end proſperouſly, that the one ſhall found the Roman empire, the other regain his kingdoms; but the means being kept concealed, our appetite is rather whetted than cloyed, to know by what means theſe events are brought about: thus, as in Vida's alluſion, they ſhew us the city at a great diſtance, but how we are to arrive at it, by what roads they intend to guide us to it, this they keep concealed; the journey diſcovers itſelf, and every ſtep we advance leads us forward, and ſhews where we are to take the next: neither does the Poet directly lead us into the ſtraight path: ſometimes we are as it were in a labyrinth, and we know not how to extricate ourſelves out of it; ſometimes he carries us into by-ways, and we almoſt loſe ſight of the direct way, and then ſuddenly they open into the chief road, and convey us to the journey's end. In this conſiſts the ſkill of the Poet; he muſt form probable intricacies, and then ſolve them probably; he muſt ſet his hero in dangers, and then bring him out of them with honour. This obſervation is neceſſary to be applied to all thoſe paſſages in the Odyſſey, where the event of it is obſcurely foretold, and which ſome taſteleſs critics have blamed, as taking away the curioſity of the reader by an unſeaſonable diſcovery. P.

Ver. 292.] An excellent couplet, with the help of Ogilby:

Whilſt me Eumæus to the city *leads*,
Clad like a poor old man, *in tatter'd weeds*.

There, if baſe ſcorn inſult my rev'rend age;
Bear it my ſon! repreſs thy riſing rage:
If outrag'd, ceaſe that outrage to repel;
Bear it my ſon! howe'er thy heart rebel.
Yet ſtrive by pray'r and counſel to reſtrain
Their lawleſs inſults, tho' thou ſtrive in vain:
For wicked ears are deaf to Wiſdom's call,
And Vengeance ſtrikes whom Heav'n has doom'd to fall.
Once more attend: When * ſhe whoſe pow'r inſpires
The thinking mind, my ſoul to vengeance fires;

Ver. 294.] The circumſtantial detail of his author, which our Poet has enfolded in a veil of general elegance, may be ſeen in Chapman:

I, though they drag me by the heeles about
Mine owne free earth, and after hurle me out;
Do thou ſtill ſuffer. Nay, though with their darts
They beate and bruiſe me, beare.

Ver. 296. *If outrag'd, ceaſe that outrage to repel;*
Bear it my ſon! howe'er thy heart rebel.]

Plutarch in his treatiſe upon reading poems, obſerves the wiſdom of Ulyſſes in theſe inſtructions: he is the perſon who is more immediately injured, yet he not only reſtrains his own reſentment, but that of Telemachus: he perceives that his ſon is in danger of flying out into ſome paſſion, he therefore very wiſely arms him againſt it. Men do not put bridles upon horſes when they are already running with full ſpeed, but they bridle them before they bring them out to the race: this very well illuſtrates the conduct of Ulyſſes; he fears the youth of Telemachus may be too warm, and through an unſeaſonable ardour at the ſight of his wrongs, betray him to his enemies; he therefore perſuades him

* Minerva.

I give the ſign: that, inſtant from beneath,
Aloft convey the inſtruments of death,
Armour and arms; and if miſtruſt ariſe,
Thus veil the truth in plauſible diſguiſe.
" Theſe glitt'ring weapons, ere he ſail'd to
" Troy,
" Ulyſſes view'd with ſtern heroic joy;
" Then, beaming o'er th' illumin'd wall they
ſhone:
" Now duſt diſhonours, all their luſtre gone.
" I bear them hence (ſo Jove my ſoul inſpires)
" From the pollution of the fuming fires;
" Leſt when the bowl inflames, in vengeful mood
" Ye ruſh to arms, and ſtain the feaſt with
blood:

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to patience and calmneſs, and prediſpoſes his mind with rational conſiderations to enable him to encounter his paſſions, and govern his reſentment. P.

Ver. 304. — — — *That inſtant, from beneath,*
Aloft convey the inſtruments of death.]

Theſe ten lines occur in the beginning of the nineteenth book, and the ancients (as Euſtathius informs us) were of opinion, that they are here placed improperly; for how, ſay they, ſhould Ulyſſes know that the arms were in a lower apartment, when he was in the country, and had not yet ſeen his palace? But this is no real objection; his repoſitory of arms he knew was in the lower apartment, and therefore it was rational to conclude that the arms were in it. The verſes are proper in both places; here Ulyſſes prepares Telemachus againſt the time of the execution of his deſigns; in the nineteenth book that time is come, and therefore he repeats his inſtructions. P.

Or, as his author:
I nod the ſign—.

" Oft ready ſwords in luckleſs hour incite
" The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight."
Such be the plea, and by the plea deceive:
For Jove infatuates all, and all believe.
Yet leave for each of us a ſword to wield,
A pointed jav'lin, and a fenceful ſhield.
But by my blood that in thy boſom glows,
By that regard a ſon his father owes;
The ſecret, that thy father lives, retain
Lock'd in thy boſom from the houſhold train;

Ver. 316. *Oft ready ſwords in luckleſs hour incite*
The hand of wrath, and arm it for the fight.]

This ſeems to have been a proverbial expreſſion, at leaſt it has been ſo uſed by latter writers: the obſervation holds true to this day, and it is manifeſt that more men fall by the ſword in countries where the inhabitants daily wear ſwords, than in thoſe where a ſword is thought no part of dreſs or ornament. *Dacier.* P.

The proverbial line of the original is more conciſely given by Chapman:

Steele it ſelfe, ready, drawes a man to blowes.

Our Poet ſeems to have glanced on Ogilby:

And ſplendid banquets turn to bloody *fights*;
Arms are inticing, and dire ſteel *invites*.

Ver. 321.] We might thus come nearer to the words of Homer:

Leave, *prompt* for *our aſſault*, a ſword to wield——.

This ſpeech is executed in the true ſtile of poetry.

Ver. 324. *The ſecret, that thy father lives, retain*
Lock'd in thy boſom ——]

This injunction of ſecrecy is introduced by Ulyſſes with the utmoſt ſolemnity; and it was very neceſſary that it ſhould be ſo; the whole hopes of his re-eſtabliſhment depending upon it: beſides, this behaviour agrees with the character of Ulyſſes, which is remarkable for diſguiſe and concealment. The Poet makes a

Hide it from all; ev'n from Eumæus hide,
From my dear father, and my dearer bride.
One care remains, to note the loyal few
Whoſe faith yet laſts among the menial crew;
And noting, ere we riſe in vengeance, prove
Who loves his prince; for ſure you merit love.
To whom the youth: To emulate I aim
The brave and wiſe, and my great father's fame.
But re-conſider, ſince the wiſeſt err,
Vengeance reſolv'd, 'tis dang'rous to defer.

further uſe of it; namely, to give him an opportunity to deſcribe at large the ſeveral diſcoveries made to Penelope, Laertes, and Eumæus perſonally by Ulyſſes, in the ſequel of the Odyſſey, which are no ſmall ornaments to it; yet muſt have been omitted, or have loſt their effect, if the return of Ulyſſes had been made known by Telemachus; this would have been like diſcovering the plot before the beginning of the play. At the ſame time this direction is an excellent rule to be obſerved in management of all weighty affairs, the ſucceſs of which chiefly depends upon ſecreſy. P.

Ver. 332.] There is not ſufficient accuracy here. Thus Homer:

To him his ſon illuſtrious thus reply'd:
Henceforth, I truſt, my ſpirit thou ſhalt know;
No coward ſlackneſs, father! is my lot.
Yet I thy ſcheme not profitable judge
For thee and me; and wiſh thy further thoughts:

which correſponds with the *firſt four* verſes of the tranſlation. Chapman is ſufficiently faithful.

Ver. 334. *But re-conſider*—] The Poet here deſcribes Telemachus rectifying the judgment of Ulyſſes; is this any diſparagement to that hero? It is not; but an exact repreſentation of human nature; for the wiſeſt men may receive, in particular caſes, inſtructions from men leſs wiſe; and the eye of the underſtanding in a young man, may ſometimes ſee further than that of age; that is, in the language of the Poet, a wiſe and mature Ulyſſes may ſometimes be inſtructed by a young and unexperienced Telemachus. P.

What length of time muſt we conſume in vain,
Too curious to explore the menial train?
While the proud foes, induſtrious to deſtroy
Thy wealth in riot, the delay enjoy.
Suffice it in this exigence alone
To mark the damſels that attend the throne:
Diſpers'd the youth reſides; their faith to prove
Jove grants henceforth, if thou haſt ſpoke from Jove.

While in debate they waſte the hours away,
Th' aſſociates of the prince repaſs'd the bay;

Ver. 342.] Thus his author:

Diſpers'd the youth reſides: henceforth we prove
Their faith, if *guided* thou *by ſigns* from Jove.

Ver. 343. *If thou haſt ſpoke from Jove.*] The expreſſion in the Greek is obſcure, and it may be aſked, to what refers Διὸς τέρας? Dacier renders it, *S' il vray que vous ayez vû un Prodige*; or "if "it be true that you have ſeen a prodigy:" now there is no mention of any prodigy ſeen by Ulyſſes in all this interview, and this occaſions the obſcurity; but it is implied, for Ulyſſes directly promiſes the aſſiſtance of Jupiter; and how could he depend upon it, but by ſome prodigy from Jupiter? Euſtathius thus underſtands the words: Τέρας, ἐξ οὗ ὁρμώμενος ἴφης ἀμύνορας τὸν Διὰ ἡμῖν ἔσεσθαι. And then the meaning will be, "If the prodigy from "Jupiter be evident, there is no occaſion to concern ourſelves "about the houſhold train." But then does not that expreſſion imply doubt, and a jealouſy, that Ulyſſes might poſſibly depend too much upon ſupernatural aſſiſtance? It only inſinuates, that he ought to be certain in the interpretation of the prodigy, but Telemachus refers himſelf entirely to Ulyſſes, and acquieſces in his judgment. P.

Ver. 345. *Th' aſſociates of the prince repaſs'd the bay.*] It is manifeſt that this veſſel had ſpent the evening of the preceding day, the whole night and part of the next morning, in ſailing

With ſpeed they guide the veſſel to the ſhores;
With ſpeed debarking land the naval ſtores;
Then faithful to their charge, to Clytius bear,
And truſt the preſents to his friendly care.
Swift to the queen a herald flies t' impart
Her ſon's return, and eaſe a parent's heart;
Leſt a ſad prey to ever-muſing cares,
Pale grief deſtroy what time a-while forbears.
Th' uncautious herald with impatience burns,
And cries aloud; Thy ſon, oh queen, returns:

from the place where Telemachus embarked: for it is neceſſary to remember that Telemachus, to avoid the Suitors, had been obliged to fetch a large compaſs, and land upon the northern coaſt of Ithaca; and conſequently the veſſel was neceſſitated to double the whole iſle on the weſtern ſide to reach the Ithacan bay. This is the reaſon that it arrives not till the day afterwards, and that the herald diſpatched by the aſſociates of Telemachus, and Eumæus from the country, meet upon the road, as they go to carry the news of the return of Telemachus to Penelope. It is likewiſe evident that the lodge of Eumæus was not far diſtant from the palace; for he ſets out toward the city after eating in the morning, and paſſing ſome time in conference with Telemachus, delivers his meſſage, and returns in the evening of the ſame day. P.

Ver. 350.] This eliſion I diſlike; and his original is much fuller, as a plain tranſlation will evince:

They to the palace ſend a herald firſt,
The queen diſcreet informing, that her ſon
Was to the country gone and bade the ſhip
Sail to the city to prevent alarm,
And ſave his honour'd parent's fruitleſs tears.

Ver. 354.] This circumſtance of *impatience* is taken from Chapman:

——— The herald, he *for haſt*
Amongſt the maids beſtow'd it.

Ver. 355. *And cries aloud; Thy ſon, oh queen, returns.*]. This little circumſtance diſtinguiſhes characters, and gives variety to

Eumæus ſage approach'd th' imperial throne,
And breath'd his mandate to her ear alone,
Then meaſur'd back the way—The ſuitor band
Stung to the ſoul, abaſh'd, confounded ſtand;
And iſſuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale aſſembly ſat.

At length Eurymachus. Our hopes are vain;
Telemachus in triumph ſails the main.
Haſte, rear the maſt, the ſwelling ſhroud diſplay;
Haſte, to our ambuſh'd friends the news convey!

Scarce had he ſpoke, when turning to the ſtrand
Amphinomus ſurvey'd th' aſſociate band;
Full to the bay within the winding ſhores
With gather'd ſails they ſtood, and lifted oars.

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poetry: it is a kind of painting, which always varies its figures by ſome particular ornament, or attitude, ſo as no two figures are alike: the contrary conduct would make an equal confuſion both in poetry and painting, and an indiſtinction of perſons and characters. I will not promiſe that theſe particularities are of equal beauty, as neceſſity, eſpecially in modern languages; the Greek is always flowing, ſonorous, and harmonious; the language, like leaves, oftentimes conceals barrenneſs, and a want of fruit, and renders the ſenſe at leaſt beautiful, if not profitable; this is wanted in ſome degree in Engliſh poetry, where it is not always in our power to conceal the nakedneſs with ornaments: this particularity before us is of abſolute neceſſity, and could not well be avoided; the indiſcretion of the herald in ſpeaking aloud, diſcovers the return of Telemachus to the Suitors, and is the incident that brings about their following debates, and furniſhes out the entertainment of the ſucceeding part of this book. P.

Ver. 368.] Thus Ogilby:

O friends! he cry'd, elate with riſing joy,
See to the port ſecure the veſſel fly!
Some God has told them, or themſelves ſurvey
The bark eſcap'd; and meaſure back their way.
Swift at the word deſcending to the ſhores,
They moor the veſſel and unlade the ſtores:
Then moving from the ſtrand, apart they ſat,
And full and frequent, form'd a dire debate.
Lives then the boy? he lives, (Antinous cries)
The care of Gods and fav'rite of the ſkies.
All night we watch'd, 'till with her orient wheels
Aurora flam'd above the eaſtern hills,
And from the lofty brow of rocks by day
Took in the ocean with a broad ſurvey:
Yet ſafe he ſails! the pow'rs cœleſtial give
To ſhun the hidden ſnares of death, and live.
But die he ſhall, and thus condemn'd to bleed,
Be now the ſcene of inſtant death decreed:

Bare to the port within imbracing *ſhores*,
Furling their ſails, and *lifting up their oars*.

Ver. 370.] The rhymes may be thus corrected by tranſpoſition, and a trivial alteration of two little words:

O friends! with riſing joy elate, he *cries*;
See, to the port ſecure the veſſel *flies*.

Ver. 376.] Chapman is much more faithful:

The woo'rs themſelves to counſaile went, in throng;
And not a man beſides, or old, or yong,
Let ſit amongſt them.

Ver. 380.] The rhymes are vicious. Thus? more faithfully:

All night by ſea we watcht, 'till morning roſe;
Still here and there we ply'd, nor took repoſe.

Hope ye ſucceſs? undaunted cruſh the foe.
Is he not wiſe? know this, and ſtrike the blow.
Wait ye, 'till he to arms in council draws
The Greeks, averſe too juſtly to our cauſe?

Ver. 391. *The Greeks averſe too juſtly to our cauſe.*] This verſe is inſerted with great judgment, and gives an air of probability to the whole relation; for if it be aſked why the Suitors defer to ſeize the ſupreme power, and to murder Telemachus, they being ſo ſuperior in number? Antinous himſelf anſwers, that they fear the people, who favour the cauſe of Telemachus, and would revenge his injuries: it is for this reaſon that they formed the ambuſh by ſea; and for this reaſon Antinous propoſes to intercept him in his return from the country: they dare not offer open violence, and therefore make uſe of treachery. This ſpeech of Antinous forms a ſhort under-plot to the poem; it gives us pain (ſays Euſtathius) for Telemachus, and holds us in ſuſpenſe till the intricacy is unravelled by Amphinomus.

The whole harangue is admirable in Homer: the diction is excellently ſuited to the temper of Antinous, who ſpeaks with precipitation: his mind is in agitation and diſorder, and conſequently his language is abrupt, and not allowing himſelf time to explain his thoughts at full length, he falls into ellipſes and abbreviations. For inſtance, he is to ſpeak againſt Telemachus, but his contempt and reſentment will not permit him to mention his name, he therefore calls him τὸν ἄνδρα; thus in μήτι κακὸν ῥίζωσι, δέδοικα is underſtood, thus likewiſe in this verſe,

Ἀλλ' ἄγετε πρίν κεῖνον ἀμηγυρίσασθαι Ἀχαιὺς
Εἰς ἀγορήν ———

the word ὀλοθρεύσωμεν, or ἀνέλωμεν, muſt be underſtood, to make the ſenſe intelligible. Thus alſo after εἰ δ' ὑμῖν ὧδε μῦθος ἀφανδάνει, to make Ἀλλὰ in the next ſentence begin it ſignificantly, we muſt ſupply καὶ ὃ δοκεῖ καλὸν ὁ φάος; then the ſenſe is complete; *If this opinion diſpleaſe, and his death appear not honourable,* but you would have him live, &c. otherwiſe ἀλλὰ βέλεσθε muſt be conſtrued like βέλεσθε δή; and laſtly, to image the diſorder of Antinous more ſtrongly, Homer inſerts a falſe quantity, by making the firſt ſyllable in βέλεσθε ſhort. Antinous attends not, through the violence of his ſpirit, to the words he utters, and therefore falls into this error which excellently repreſents it. It is impoſſible to

Strike, ere, the ſtates conven'd, the foe betray
Our murd'rous ambuſh on the wat'ry way.
Or chuſe ye vagrant from their rage to fly
Outcaſts of earth, to breathe an unknown ſky?
The brave prevent misfortune; then be brave,
And bury future danger in his grave.
Returns he? ambuſh'd we'll his walk invade,
Or where he hides in ſolitude and ſhade:
And give the palace to the queen a dow'r,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal hour.
But if ſubmiſſive you reſign the ſway,
Slaves to a boy, go, flatter and obey.
Retire we inſtant to our native reign,
Nor be the wealth of kings conſum'd in vain;
Then wed whom choice approves: the queen be giv'n
To ſome bleſt prince, the prince decreed by Heav'n.
Abaſh'd, the ſuitor train his voice attends;
'Till from his throne Amphinomus aſcends,
Who o'er Dulichium ſtretch'd his ſpacious reign,
A land of plenty, bleſt with ev'ry grain:

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retain theſe ellipſes in the tranſlation, but I have endeavoured to ſhew the warmth of the ſpeaker, by putting the words into interrogations, which are always uttered with vehemence, and ſigns of hurry and precipitation. P.

Ver. 409.] One ſhould expect rather,

— — — Amphinomus *deſcends:*

Chief of the numbers who the queen addreſt,
And though diſpleaſing, yet diſpleaſing leaſt.
Soft were his words; his actions Wiſdom ſway'd;
Graceful a-while he paus'd, then mildly ſaid.
O friends forbear! and be the thought with-
ſtood;
'Tis horrible to ſhed imperial blood!
Conſult we firſt the all-ſeeing pow'rs above,
And the ſure oracles of righteous Jove.

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but even with this correction no great propriety can be diſcovered in the thought, which is wholly due to the tranſlator. Of the received reading, however, I can make no ſenſe at all.

Ver. 413. *And tho' diſpleaſing, yet diſpleaſing leaſt.*] We are not to gather from this expreſſion, that Penelope had any particular tenderneſs for Amphinomus, but it means only that he was a perſon of ſome juſtice and moderation. At firſt view, there ſeems no reaſon why the Poet ſhould diſtinguiſh Amphinomus from the reſt of the Suitors, by giving him this humane character; but in reality there is an abſolute neceſſity for it. Telemachus is doomed to die by Antinous: here is an intricacy formed, and how is that hero to be preſerved with probability? The Poet aſcribes a greater degree of tenderneſs and moderation to one of the Suitors, and by this method preſerves Telemachus. Thus we ſee the leaſt circumſtance in Homer has its uſe and effect; the art of a good painter is viſible in the ſmalleſt ſketch, as well as in the largeſt draught. P.

Ver. 414.] His original rather dictates,

— — — his actions *Virtue* ſway'd.

Ver. 419. *And the ſure oracles of righteous Jove.*] Strabo, lib. vii. quotes this verſe of Homer, and tells us that ſome criticks thus read it.

Εἴ μὲν κ' αἰνήσωσι Διὸς μεγάλοιο τομῆροι.

preferring τομῆροι to θέμιστες; for, add they, θέμιστες no where in Homer ſignifies oracles, but conſtantly laws or councils. Tmarus or Tomarus was a mountain on which the oracle of Jupiter ſtood,

If they aſſent, ev'n by this hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the ſkies.
He ſaid: The rival train his voice approv'd,
And riſing inſtant to the palace mov'd.
Arriv'd, with wild tumultuous noiſe they ſat,
Recumbent on the ſhining thrones of ſtate.
Then Medon, conſcious of their dire debates,
The murd'rous council to the queen relates.

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and in proceſs of time it was uſed to denote the oracles themſelves. Τόμαρος is formed like the word οἰκαρὸς, the former ſignifies *cuſtos Tmari*, the latter *cuſtos domûs*: in this ſenſe Amphinomus adviſes to conſult the Dodonian oracles, which were given from the mountain Tmarus: but, adds Strabo, Homer is to be underſtood more plainly: and by θέμιστες, the councils, the will and deciſions of the oracles are implied, for thoſe deciſions were held as laws; thus βουλὴ, as well as θέμιστες, ſignifies the *Dodonian* oracles.

Ἐκ δρυὸς ὑψικόμοιο Διὸς βουλὴν ἐπακουσαι.

Neither is it true (obſerves the ſcholiaſt upon Strabo) that θέμιστες never ſignifies oracles in Homer: for in the hymn to Apollo, (and Thucydides quotes that hymn as Homer's) the Poet thus uſes it,

——— αἰγίλιπας θέμιστας
Φοίβου Ἀπόλλωνος ———

Strabo himſelf uſes θεμιστεία in this ſenſe, lib. xvii. and in the oracles that are yet extant, θεμιστεύειν frequently ſignifies *oracula reddere*: and in Ælian (continues the Scholiaſt) lib. iii. chap. 43, 44. ἐ σὶ θεμιστεύσω ſignifies *non tibi oracula reddam*; and Heſychius renders θέμιστες, by μαντεῖα, χρήσμοι, prophecy or oracles. P.

Ver. 424.] The appendages of this line are unknown to the original, and were added by the tranſlator to fill up the couplet: nor is our Poet ſufficiently cloſe to his author in the following narrative.

Ver. 426. —— *Medon, conſcious of their dire debates.*] After this verſe Euſtathius recites one that is omitted in moſt of the late editions as ſpurious, at leaſt improper.

Αὐλῆς ἐκτὸς ἐὼν, ῥὶ δ' ἔνδοθι μῆτιν ὕφαινον.

Touch'd at the dreadful ſtory ſhe deſcends;
Her haſty ſteps a damſel-train attends.
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Sudden before the rival pow'rs ſhe ſtands:

That is Medon was out of the court, whereas the Suitors formed their council within it: the line is really to be ſuſpected; for a little above, Homer directly tells us, that the Suitors left the palace.

Then iſſuing from the dome, before the gate,
With clouded looks, a pale aſſembly ſat.

It is likewiſe very evident that they ſtood in the open air, for they diſcover the ſhip returning from the ambuſh, and ſailing into the bay. How then can it be ſaid of the Suitors, that they formed their aſſembly in the court, οἱ δ' ἔνδοθι μῆτιν ὕφαινον. Beſides, continues Dacier, they left the palace, and placed themſelves under the lofty wall of it.

Ἐκ δ' ἦλθον μεγάροιο, παρὲκ μέγα τειχίον αὐλῆς.

How then is it poſſible to ſee the ſhip entering the port, when this wall muſt neceſſarily obſtruct the ſight: the two verſes therefore evidently contradict themſelves, and one of them muſt conſequently be rejected: ſhe would have the line read thus;

Αὐλῆς ἐντὸς ἔων, οἱ δ' ἑζόοθε, &c.

But all the difficulty vaniſhes by taking Αὐλὴ, as it is frequently uſed, to denote any place open to the air, and conſequently not the court, but the court-yard, and this is the proper ſignification of the word. Then Medon may ſtand on the outſide of the wall of the court-yard, Αὐλῆς ἐκτὸς, and over-hear the debates of the Suitors who form their council within it, or ἔνδοθι μῆτιν ὕφαινον. And as for the wall intercepting the view of the Suitors, this is merely conjecture; and it is more rational to imagine that the court-yard was open ſea-ward, that ſo beautiful a proſpect as the ocean might not be ſhut up from the palace of a king; or at leaſt, the palace might ſtand upon ſuch an eminence as to command the ocean. P.

Ver. 428.] Thus Ogilby:

— — — chaf'd, ſhe *deſcends*,
Her comely damſels on each hand *attends*.

And veiling decent with a modeſt ſhade
Her cheek, indignant to Antinous ſaid:
O void of faith! of all bad men the worſt!
Renown'd for wiſdom, by th' abuſe accurs'd!
Miſtaking fame proclaims thy gen'rous mind;
Thy deeds denote thee of the baſeſt kind.
Wretch! to deſtroy a prince that friendſhip gives,
While in his gueſt his murd'rer he receives:
Nor dread ſuperior Jove, to whom belong
The cauſe of ſuppliants, and revenge of wrong.
Haſt thou forgot, (ingrateful as thou art)
Who ſav'd thy father with a friendly part?
Lawleſs he ravag'd with his martial pow'rs
The Taphian pirates on Theſprotia's ſhores;
Enrag'd, his life, his treaſures they demand;
Ulyſſes ſav'd him from the avenger's hand.

Ver. 444.] So Chapman underſtood the paſſage, with Dacier; of whoſe erroneous verſions the reader will excuſe the repetition. I agree with Ogilby:

When with the Taphian pyrats he engag'd
Againſt our Theſprot friends:

with whom Hobbes coincides:

Joyning with Taphian thieves to make a prey
Of Theſprote cattle:

and Mr. Cowper, with his cuſtomary rectitude.

Ver. 447. — — *From th' avenger's hand.*] This whole paſſage is thus underſtood by Euſtathius; By δημου ὑποδδήσας Homer means the Ithacans; and he likewiſe affirms that the people who demanded vengeance of Ulyſſes were alſo the Ithacans. It is not here tranſlated in this ſenſe, the conſtruction rather requires it to be underſtood of the Theſprotians, who were allies of Ulyſſes,

And would'ſt thou evil for his good repay?
His bed diſhonour, and his houſe betray?
Afflict his queen? and with a murd'rous hand
Deſtroy his heir?—but ceaſe, 'tis I command.
Far hence thoſe fears, (Eurymachus reply'd)
O prudent princeſs! bid thy ſoul confide.

and by virtue of that alliance demanded Eupithes, the father of Antinous, out of the hands of Ulyſſes. But I ſubmit to the reader's judgment. P.

Ver. 449. *His bed diſhonour, and his houſe betray?*
Afflict his queen, &c.]

It is obſervable, that Penelope in the compaſs of two lines recites four heads of her complaint; ſuch contractions of thought and expreſſion being natural to perſons in anger, as Euſtathius obſerves; ſhe ſpeaks with heat, and conſequently ſtarts from thought to thought with precipitation. The whole ſpeech is animated with a generous reſentment, and ſhe concludes at once like a mother and a queen; like a mother, with affection for Telemachus; and like a queen with authority, παύσασθαι κέλομαι. P.

Ver. 452. —— (*Eurymachus reply'd*)] This whole diſcourſe of Eurymachus is to be underſtood by way of contrariety: there is an obvious and a latent interpretation; for inſtance, when he ſays,

His blood in vengeance ſmokes upon my ſpear;

it obviouſly means the blood of the perſon who offers violence to Telemachus; but it may likewiſe mean the blood of Telemachus, and the conſtruction admits both interpretations: thus alſo when he ſays, that no perſon ſhall lay hands upon Telemachus, while he is alive, he means that he will do it himſelf: and laſtly, when he adds,

Then fear no mortal arm: if heav'n deſtroy,
We muſt reſign; for man is born to die:

the apparent ſignification is, that Telemachus has occaſion only to fear a natural death; but he means if the oracle of Jupiter commands them to deſtroy Telemachus, that then the Suitors will take away his life. He alludes to the foregoing ſpeech of Amphinomus:

Breathes there a man who dares that hero ſlay,
While I behold the golden light of day?
No: by the righteous pow'rs of heav'n I ſwear,
His blood in vengeance ſmokes upon my ſpear.
Ulyſſes, when my infant days I led,
With wine ſuffic'd me, and with dainties fed:
My gen'rous ſoul abhors th' ungrateful part,
And my friend's ſon lives deareſt to my heart.
Then fear no mortal arm: if heav'n deſtroy,
We muſt reſign: for man is born to die.
Thus ſmooth he ended, yet his death conſpir'd:
Then ſorrowing, with ſad ſtep the queen retir'd.

Conſult we firſt th' all-ſeeing pow'rs above,
And the ſure oracles of righteous Jove.
If they aſſent, ev'n by this hand he dies;
If they forbid, I war not with the ſkies.
Euſtathius. P.

Ver. 455.] Better, perhaps,
While *view theſe eyes* the golden light of day.

Ver. 456.] Thus Ogilby:
Who e're attempts, by all the Gods *I ſwear*,
Shall purple, with his reeking blood, *my ſpear*.

Compare Iliad i. verſe 398.

Ver. 462.] We muſt not indulge ſuch rhymes as theſe. Thus?
No Suitors fear: if Heaven his death decree,
Submit: no power eludes mortality.

Or thus:
No Suitors dread; but yield to Heaven. What Power,
What Wiſdom, 'ſcapes th' inevitable hour?

Ver. 464.] Ogilby had rendered:
Thus he perſuades, and yet his death *conſpires*.
Thence to her chamber the chaſte queen *retires*.

With ſtreaming eyes all comfortleſs deplor'd,
Touch'd with the dear remembrance of her lord;
Nor ceas'd, 'till Pallas bid her ſorrows fly,
And in ſoft ſlumber ſeal'd her flowing eye.
And now Eumæus, at the ev'ning hour,
Came late returning to his ſilvan bow'r.
Ulyſſes and his ſon had dreſt with art
A yearling boar, and gave the Gods their part,
Holy repaſt! That inſtant from the ſkies
The martial Goddeſs to Ulyſſes flies:
She waves her golden wand, and reaſſumes
From ev'ry feature every grace that blooms;
At once his veſtures change; at once ſhe ſheds
Age o'er his limbs, that tremble as he treads.
Leſt to the queen the ſwain with tranſport fly,
Unable to contain th' unruly joy.
When near he drew, the prince breaks forth; Proclaim
What tidings, friend? what ſpeaks the voice of fame?
Say, if the Suitors meaſure back the main,
Or ſtill in ambuſh thirſt for blood in vain?

Ver. 476.] There is not ſufficient conformity even in theſe rhymes for correcter poetry. Thus?

She ſtrikes him with her wand: at once recedes
Each youthful grace; the wrinkled form ſucceeds.

Ver. 485.] Pope's Windſor Foreſt, verſe 420.

And gaſping Furies *thirſt for blood in vain.*

Whether, he cries, they meaſure back the flood,
Or ſtill in ambuſh thirſt in vain for blood,
Eſcap'd my care: where lawleſs Suitors ſway,
Thy mandate born, my ſoul diſdain'd to ſtay.
But from th' Hermæan height I caſt a view,
Where to the port a bark high bounding flew;
Her freight a ſhining band: with martial air
Each pois'd his ſhield, and each advanc'd his ſpear:
And if aright theſe ſearching eyes ſurvey,
Th' eluded Suitors ſtem the wat'ry way.

Ver. 489.] Our tranſlator takes the liberty of ſkipping over *two* verſes of his author, by Chapman repreſented thus:

——— And yet not ſo
Came my newes firſt: a herald (met with there)
Fore-ſtal'd my tale, and told how ſafe you were.

Ver. 490. *From th' Hermæan height* — —] It would be ſuperfluous to tranſlate all the various interpretations of this paſſage; it will be ſufficiently intelligible to the reader, if he looks upon it only to imply that there was an hill in Ithaca called the Hermæan hill, either becauſe there was a temple, ſtatue, or altar of Mercury upon it; and ſo called from that Deity.

It has been written that Mercury being the meſſenger of the Gods, in his frequent journeys cleared the roads, and when he found any ſtones he threw them in an heap out of the way, and theſe heaps were called ἑρμαιοι, or *Mercuries*. The circumſtance of his clearing the roads is ſomewhat odd; but why might not Mercury as well as Trivia preſide over them, and have his images erected in publick ways, becauſe he was ſuppoſed to frequent them as the meſſenger of the Gods? P.

Ver. 495.] The *preſent* time is obviouſly improper here. Thus? with trivial variation:

And, if aright theſe ſearching eyes *explore*,
Th' eluded *ſuitor-train that veſſel bore*.

The prince, well pleas'd to diſappoint their wiles,
Steals on his ſire a glance, and ſecret ſmiles.
And now a ſhort repaſt prepar'd, they fed,
'Till the keen rage of craving hunger fled:
Then to repoſe withdrawn, apart they lay,
And in ſoft ſleep forgot the cares of day.

This book takes up no more time than the ſpace of the thirty-eighth day; for Telemachus reaches the lodge of Eumæus in the morning, a little after he diſpatches Eumæus to Penelope, who returns in the evening of the ſame day. The book in general is very beautiful in the original; the diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Telemachus is particularly tender and affecting: it has ſome reſemblance with that of Joſeph's diſcovery of himſelf to his brethren, and it may not perhaps be diſagreeable to ſee how two ſuch authors deſcribe the ſame paſſion,

I am Joſeph, I am your brother Joſeph.
I am Ulyſſes, I, my ſon! am he!
and he wept aloud, and he fell on his brother's neck and wept.
He wept abundant, and he wept aloud.

But it muſt be owned that Homer falls infinitely ſhort of Moſes: he muſt be a very wicked man, that can read the hiſtory of Joſeph without the utmoſt touches of compaſſion and tranſport. There is a majeſtick ſimplicity in the whole relation, and ſuch an affecting portrait of human nature, that it overwhelms us with viciſſitudes of joy and ſorrow. This is a pregnant inſtance how much the beſt of heathen writers is inferiour to the divine hiſtorian upon a parallel ſubject, where the two authors endeavour to move the ſofter paſſions. The ſame may with equal truth be ſaid in reſpect to ſublimity; not only in the inſtance produced by Longinus, viz. *Let there be light, and there was light. Let the earth be made, and the earth was made:* but in general, in the more elevated parts of ſcripture, and particularly the whole book of Job; which, with regard both to ſublimity of thought, and morality, exceeds beyond all compariſon the moſt noble parts of Homer. P.

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

TELEMACHUS returning to the city, relates to Penelope the ſum of his travels. Ulyſſes is conducted by Eumæus to the palace, where his old dog Argus acknowledges his maſter, after an abſence of twenty years, and dies with joy. Eumæus returns into the country, and Ulyſſes remains among the Suitors, whoſe behaviour is deſcribed. P.

THE

SEVENTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

SOON as Aurora, daughter of the Dawn,
Sprinkled with roſeate light the dewy lawn;
In haſte the prince aroſe, prepar'd to part;
His hand impatient graſps the pointed dart;
Fair on his feet the poliſh'd ſandals ſhine,
And thus he greets the maſter of the ſwine.
My friend adieu; let this ſhort ſtay ſuffice;
I haſte to meet my mother's longing eyes,
And end her tears, her ſorrows, and her ſighs.

NOTES.

Ver. 8. *I haſte to meet my mother's longing eyes.*] There are two reaſons for the return of Telemachus; one, the duty a ſon owes to a mother; the other, to find an opportunity to put in execution the deſigns concerted with Ulyſſes: the Poet therefore ſhifts the

But thou attentive, what we order heed;
This hapleſs ſtranger to the city lead;
By publick bounty let him there be fed,
And bleſs the hand that ſtretches forth the bread.
To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,
My will may covet, but my pow'r denies.

ſcene from the lodge to the palace. Telemachus takes not Ulyſſes along with him, for fear he ſhould raiſe ſuſpicion in the Suitors, that a perſon in a beggar's garb has ſome ſecret merit, to obtain the familiarity of a king's ſon, and this might be an occaſion of a diſcovery; whereas when Ulyſſes afterwards appears amongſt the Suitors, he is thought to be an entire ſtranger to Telemachus, which prevents all jealouſy, and gives them an opportunity to carry on their meaſures, without any particular obſervation. Beſides, Eumæus is ſtill to be kept in ignorance concerning the perſon of Ulyſſes; Telemachus therefore gives him a plauſible reaſon for his return; namely, that his mother may no longer be in pain for his ſafety: this likewiſe excellently contributes to deceive Eumæus. Now as the preſence of Ulyſſes in the palace is abſolutely neceſſary to bring about the Suitors deſtruction, Telemachus orders Eumæus to conduct him thither, and by this method he comes as the friend and gueſt of Eumæus, not of Telemachus: moreover, this injunction was neceſſary: Eumæus was a perſon of ſuch generoſity, that he would have thought himſelf obliged to detain his gueſt under his own care and inſpection: nay, before he guides him towards the palace, in the ſequel of this book, he tells Ulyſſes he does it ſolely in compliance with the order of Telemachus, and acts contrary to his own inclinations. P.

Ver. 14. *To wipe the tears from all afflicted eyes,*
My will may covet, but my pow'r denies.]

This might appear too free a declaration, if Telemachus had made it before he knew Ulyſſes; for no circumſtance could juſtify him for uſing any diſregard toward the poor and ſtranger, according to the ſtrict notions, and the ſanctity of the laws of hoſpitality amongſt the antients: but as the caſe ſtands, we are not in the leaſt ſhocked at the words of Telemachus; we know the reaſon why he thus ſpeaks; it is to conceal Ulyſſes. He is ſo far from

If this raiſe anger in the ſtranger's thought,
The pain of anger puniſhes the fault:
The very truth I undiſguis'd declare:
For what ſo eaſy as to be ſincere?
To this Ulyſſes. What the prince requires
Of ſwift removal, ſeconds my deſires.
To want like mine, the peopled town can yield
More hopes of comfort, than the lonely field.
Nor fits my age to till the labour'd lands,
Or ſtoop to taſks a rural lord demands.
Adieu! but ſince this ragged garb can bear
So ill, th' inclemencies of morning air,

ſhewing any particular regard to him, that he treats him with a ſeverity in ſome degree contrary to the laws of hoſpitality; by adding, that if he complains of this hard uſage, the complaint will not redreſs but increaſe his calamity. P.

This couplet is incomparably beautiful. Thus in his Meſſiah, from a paſſage in the Scriptures:

From ev'ry eye he wipes off ev'ry tear.

And yet Ogilby is more cloſely adherent to his author:

I am not able, thus ore powr'd with grief,
To give to every one in want, relief.

Ver. 16.] Our Poet frequently employs theſe reprehenſible rhymes; and is here feeble from diffuſion. The ſubjoined couplet compriſes the whole ſenſe of his original:

If this enrage thy gueſt, himſelf will prove
His own tormentor: truth I ſpeak, and love.

Beſides, the *ſecond* couplet is exceptionable on the ſame grounds with the former.

Ver. 22.] Chapman renders:

'Tis better beg in cities than in *fields*,
And take the worſt a beggers fortune *yields*.

A few hours ſpace permit me here to ſtay;
My ſteps Eumæus ſhall to town convey,
With riper beams when Phœbus warms the day.
Thus he: nor ought Telemachus reply'd,
But left the manſion with a lofty ſtride:
Schemes of revenge his pond'ring breaſt elate,
Revolving deep the Suitors ſudden fate.
Arriving now before th' imperial hall;
He props his ſpear againſt the pillar'd wall;
Then like a lion o'er the threſhold bounds;
The marble pavement with his ſtep reſounds:
His eye firſt glanc'd where Euryclea ſpreads
With furry ſpoils of beaſts the ſplendid beds:
She ſaw, ſhe wept, ſhe ran with eager pace,
And reach'd her maſter with a long embrace.

Ver. 32.] His author dictates,

— — — with a *rapid* ſtride:

as Chapman:

This ſaide, his ſonne went on with *ſpritely pace.*

Perhaps, the French phraſeology of Dacier's tranſlation miſled our Poet: "Il dit, et Telemaque ſort de la maiſon, et marche à "*grands* pas."

Ver. 37.] The interpolation here is ſingular, and the exaggeration, bold. This couplet is framed from the following line of Homer:

He enter'd, and o'erſtept the ſtony floor.

It ſeems not improbable to me, that Chapman ſupplied the rudiments of this ſpirited innovation; whoſe verſion is this:

Arriv'd at home, he gave his javeline ſtay
Againſt a lofty pillar; and *bold way*
Made further in.

All crouded round, the family appears
With wild entrancement, and ecſtatic tears.
Swift from above deſcends the royal fair;
(Her beauteous cheeks the bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air)

Ver. 45.] Ogilby's verſion is far from a deſpicable performance in this place, and is more cloſe than that before us:

Penelope from her appartment came,
Like bright Diana, or the Cyprian dame,
And with glad tears to his imbraces flies,
Kiſſing his roſie cheeks, and ſparkling eys.

Ver. 46. *Her beauteous cheeks the bluſh of Venus wear,*
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air.]

This deſcription preſents us with a noble idea of the beauty and chaſtity of Penelope; her *perſon reſembles Venus, but Venus with the modeſt air of Diana.* Dionyſius Halicarn. takes notice of the beauty and ſoftneſs of theſe two verſes,

Ἡ δ' ἴεν ἐκ θαλάμοιο περίφρων Πηνελόπεια
Ἀρτέμιδι ἰκέλη, ἠὲ χρυσῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ.

When Homer (remarks that author) paints a beautiful face, or an engaging object, he chuſes the ſofteſt vowels, and moſt ſmooth and flowing ſemivowels: he never clogs the pronunciation with rough ſounds, and a colliſion of untunable conſonants, but every ſyllable, every letter conſpires to exhibit the beauty of the object he endeavours to repreſent: there are no leſs than three and thirty vowels in two lines, and no more than twenty-nine conſonants, which makes the verſes flow away with an agreeable ſmoothneſs and harmony.

Penelope, we ſee, embraces her ſon with the utmoſt affection: *kiſſing the lip* was not in faſhion in the days of Homer; *No one* (remarks the biſhop) *ever kiſſes the lip or mouth.* Penelope here kiſſes her ſon's eyes, and his head; that is, his cheek, or perhaps forehead; and Eumæus, in the preceding book, embraces the hands, eyes, and head of Telemachus. But for the comfort of the ladies, I rejoice to obſerve that all theſe were ceremonious kiſſes from a mother to a ſon, or from an inferiour to a ſuperior: this therefore is no argument that lovers thus embraced, nor ought it to be

Hangs o'er her ſon; in his embraces dies;
Rains kiſſes on his neck, his face, his eyes:
Few words he ſpoke, tho' much he had to ſay,
And ſcarce thoſe few, for tears, could force their way.
Light of my eyes! he comes! unhop'd-for joy!
Has heav'n from Pylos brought my lovely boy?
So ſnatch'd from all our cares!—Tell, haſt thou known
Thy father's fate, and tell me all thy own.
Oh deareſt, moſt rever'd of womankind!
Ceaſe with thoſe tears to melt a manly mind,
(Reply'd the prince) nor be our fates deplor'd,
From death and treaſon to thy arms reſtor'd.

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brought as a reaſon why the preſent manner of ſalutation ſhould be abrogated. Madam Dacier has been ſo tender as to keep it a ſecret from the men, that there ever was a time in which the modern method of kiſſing was not in faſhion: ſhe highly deſerves their thanks and gratitude for it. P.

Ver. 48.] Theſe *four* verſes correſpond to *two* of his author, which the reader may ſee in Broome's tranſlation alſo, in verſe 15. of the preceding book. The ſubjoined attempt is literal:

His head ſhe kiſt, and both his beauteous eyes;
Whilſt words, with ſighs and tears, thus wing'd their way.

Ver. 49.] This figurative term *rains* is, perhaps, too bold for the ſimplicity of narrative: it reaches, however, the very verge of ſufferance. Chaucer ſays with equal ſprightlineſs, in his "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales:"

It *ſnewid* in his houſe of mete and drinke.

This topic were fertile of beautiful illuſtration, if the nature of my undertaking admitted expatiation into theſe elegances of poetical compoſition. See my notes on Lucretius, ii. 627.

Go bathe, and rob'd in white, aſcend the tow'rs;
With all thy handmaids thank th' immortal pow'rs;
To ev'ry God vow hecatombs to bleed,
And call Jove's vengeance on their guilty deed.
While to th' aſſembled council I repair;
A ſtranger ſent by Heav'n attends me there;
My new-accepted gueſt I haſte to find,
Now to Piræus' honour'd charge conſign'd.
The matron heard, nor was his word in vain.
She bath'd; and rob'd in white, with all her train;
To ev'ry God vow'd hecatombs to bleed,
And call'd Jove's vengeance on the guilty deed.
Arm'd with his lance the prince then paſt the gate;
Two dogs behind, a faithful guard await:

Ver. 65. *A ſtranger ſent by Heav'n attends me there.*] There is a vein of ſincere piety that runs through the words and actions of Telemachus: he has no ſooner delivered his mother from her uneaſy apprehenſions concerning his ſafety, but he proceeds to another act of virtue toward Theoclymenus, whom he had taken into his protection: he performs his duty towards men and towards the Gods. It is by his direction that Penelope offers up her devotions for ſucceſs, and thanks for his return. It is he who preſcribes the manner of it; namely, by waſhing the hands, in token of the purity of mind required by thoſe who ſupplicate the Deities; and by putting on clean garments, to ſhew the reverence and regard with which their ſouls ought to be poſſeſt when they appear before the Gods. I am not ſenſible that the laſt ceremony is often mentioned in other parts of Homer; yet I doubt not but it was practiſed upon all religious ſolemnities. The moral of the whole is, that piety is a ſure way to victory: Telemachus appears every where a good man, and for this reaſon he becomes at laſt an happy one; and his calamities contribute to his glory. P.

Pallas his form with grace divine improves:
The gazing croud admires him as he moves.
Him, gath'ring round, the haughty Suitors greet
With ſemblance fair, but inward deep deceit.
Their falſe addreſſes gen'rous he deny'd,
Paſt on, and ſat by faithful Mentor's ſide;
With Antiphus, and Halitherſes ſage,
(His father's counſellours, rever'd for age.)
Of his own fortunes, and Ulyſſes' fame,
Much aſk'd the ſeniors; 'till Piræus came.
The ſtranger-gueſt purſu'd him cloſe behind;
Whom when Telemachus beheld, he join'd.
He, (when Piræus aſk'd for ſlaves to bring
The gifts and treaſures of the Spartan king)
Thus thoughtful anſwer'd: Thoſe we ſhall not move,
Dark and unconſcious of the will of Jove:
We know not yet the full event of all:
Stabb'd in his palace if your prince muſt fall,
Us, and our houſe if treaſon muſt o'erthrow,
Better a friend poſſeſs them, than a foe:

Ver. 74.] Chapman is pleaſing:

——— Pallas put a grace
That made him ſeeme of the celeſtial race.

Ver. 76.] Ogilby exceeds his cuſtomary exertions:

Whilſt round about the Suitors, fauning, throng;
Gall in their boſoms, honey in their tongue.

Ver. 86.] Our tranſlator follows Chapman in diſcarding the formality of the ſpeech, delivered by Piræus in the original.

If death to theſe, and vengeance Heav'n decree,
Riches are welcome then, not elſe, to me.
'Till then, retain the gifts.—The hero ſaid,
And in his hand the willing ſtranger led.
Then diſ-array'd, the ſhining bath they ſought,
(With unguents ſmooth) of poliſht marble wrought;
Obedient handmaids with aſſiſtant toil
Supply the limpid wave, and fragrant oil:
Then o'er their limbs refulgent robes they threw;
And freſh from bathing to their ſeats withdrew,
The golden ew'r a nymph attendant brings,
Repleniſh'd from the pure, tranſlucent ſprings:
With copious ſtreams that golden ew'r ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize.
They waſh: the table, in fair order ſpread,
Is pil'd with viands and the ſtrength of bread.

Ver. 95.] Chapman keeps very cloſe to his author's phraſeology:

And to me joying, bring thou thoſe with joy.

Ver. 99.] The former clauſe of this verſe, is moſt unconſcionably and unſeaſonably introduced here, againſt all authority. Chapman's arrangement, I preſume, gave riſe to this impropriety:

This ſaid, he brought home his grief-practis'd gueſt;
Where both put off, *both oyl'd*, and did inveſt
Themſelves in rich robes, waſht, and ſate, and eate.

Ver. 109.] Homer ſays only *bread*, unaccompanied by an epithet; but I like this *periphraſis*, which our tranſlator borrowed from that charming paſſage in Pſalm civ. verſe 15. "And wine "that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face "to ſhine, and *bread which ſtrengtheneth man's heart.*"

Full oppoſite, before the folding gate,
The penſive mother ſits in humble ſtate;
Lowly ſhe ſat, and with dejected view
The fleecy threads her ivory fingers drew.
The prince and ſtranger ſhar'd the genial feaſt,
'Till now the rage of thirſt and hunger ceaſt.
When thus the queen. My ſon! my only friend!
Say, to my mournful couch ſhall I aſcend?
(The couch deſerted now a length of years;
The couch for ever water'd with my tears)
Say wilt thou not (ere yet the Suitor-crew
Return, and riot ſhakes our walls a-new)

Ver. 116.] The turn of this ſpeech is not accurately faithful, nor yet ſo devious, as to render ſpecification neceſſary.

Ver. 117. *Say, to my mournful couch,* &c.] Penelope had requeſted Telemachus to give her an account of his voyage to Pyle, and of what he had heard concerning Ulyſſes. He there waved the diſcourſe, becauſe the queen was in publick with her female attendants: by this conduct the Poet ſuſtains both their characters; Penelope is impatient to hear of Ulyſſes; and this agrees with the affection of a tender wife; but the diſcovery being unſeaſonable, Telemachus forbears to ſatisfy her curioſity; in which he acts like a wiſe man. Here (obſerves Euſtathius) ſhe gently reproaches him for not ſatisfying her impatience concerning her huſband; ſhe inſinuates that it is a piece of cruelty to permit her ſtill to grieve, when it is in his power to give her comfort; and this induces him to gratify her deſires. It ought to be obſerved, that Homer chuſes a proper time for this relation; it was neceſſary that the Suitors ſhould be ignorant of the ſtory of Ulyſſes; Telemachus therefore makes it when they are withdrawn to their ſports, and when none were preſent but friends. P.

Say wilt thou not the leaſt account afford?
The leaſt glad tidings of my abſent Lord?
To her the youth. We reach'd the Pylian plains,
Where Neſtor, ſhepherd of his people, reigns.
All arts of tenderneſs to him are known,
Kind to Ulyſſes' race as to his own;
No father with a fonder graſp of joy,
Strains to his boſom his long-abſent boy.
But all unknown, if yet Ulyſſes breathe,
Or glide a ſpectre in the realms beneath.
For further ſearch, his rapid ſteeds tranſport
My lengthen'd journey to the Spartan court.
There Argive Helen I beheld, whoſe charms
(So Heav'n decreed) engag'd the great in arms.

Ver. 126.] The verſion here falls ſhort of the native ſimplicity of his author, nor has it ſufficient fidelity. I ſhall ſubjoin a literal repreſentation of the paſſage:

He entertain'd me in his lofty dome
With eager fondneſs, as a ſire his ſon
Long abſent, newly come from diſtant lands;
Thus he careſt me, with his noble ſons.

Ver. 134. *There Argive Helen I beheld, whoſe charms*
(So Heav'n decreed) &c.]

Euſtathius takes notice of the candid behaviour of Telemachus with reſpect to Helen: ſhe had received him courteouſly, and he teſtifies his gratitude, by aſcribing the calamities ſhe drew upon her country to the decree of heaven, not to her immodeſty: this is particularly decent in the mouth of Telemachus, becauſe he is now acquainted with his father's return; otherwiſe he could not have mentioned her name but to her diſhonour, who had been the occaſion of his death. P.

Ver. 135.] Chapman gives a more complete exhibition of his original:

My cauſe of coming told, he thus rejoin'd;
And ſtill his words live perfect in my mind.
Heav'ns! would a ſoft, inglorious, daſtard train
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!
So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades,
A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in that fatal lair her tender fawns,
And climbs the cliff, or feeds along the lawns;
Meantime returning, with remorſeleſs ſway
The monarch ſavage rends the panting prey:
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Shall great Ulyſſes re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove! ſupreme! whom men and Gods revere;
And thou whoſe luſtre gilds the rolling ſphere!

— — — where I had the view
Of Argive Hellen, whoſe ſtrong beauties drew
(By wils of Gods) ſo many Grecian ſtates,
And Trojans, under ſuch laborious fates.

Ver. 137.] A poor ſupplement from the tranſlator, with a vicious rhyme.

Ver. 138. *Heav'ns! would a ſoft, inglorious, daſtard train*, &c.] Theſe verſes are repeated from the fourth Odyſſey; and are not without a good effect; they cannot fail of comforting Penelope, by aſſuring her that Ulyſſes is alive, and reſtrained by Calypſo involuntarily; they give her hopes of his return, and the ſatisfaction of hearing his glory from the mouth of Menelaus. The conciſeneſs of Telemachus is likewiſe remarkable; he recapitulates in thirty-eight lines the ſubject of almoſt three books, the third, the fourth, and fifth; he ſelects every circumſtance that can pleaſe Penelope, and drops thoſe that would give her pain. P.

This paſſage has occurred twice, in book iv. verſes 447 and 753 with ſome variations of tranſlation.

With pow'r congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial Maid!
uch to our wiſh the warriour ſoon reſtore,
As when, contending on the Leſbian ſhore,
His proweſs Philomelides confeſt,
And loud acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſt:
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed, and throne,
Their love preſumptuous ſhall by death atone.
Now what you queſtion of my antient friend,
With truth I anſwer; thou the truth attend.
Learn what I heard the * ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eye can pierce the dark receſs of fate.
Pole in an iſle, impriſon'd by the main,
The ſad ſurvivor of his num'rous train,
Ulyſſes lies; detain'd by magick charms,
And preſt unwilling in Calypſo's arms.
No ſailors there, no veſſels to convey,
Nor oars to cut th' immeaſurable way—
This told Atrides, and he told no more,
Then ſafe I voyag'd to my native ſhore.
He ceas'd; nor made the penſive queen reply,
But droop'd her head, and drew a ſecret ſigh.

Ver. 169.] Or thus, with greater fidelity:

With gales from heaven I *reacht* my native ſhore.

Ver. 170.] This couplet wanders from it's model. Ogilby gives a juſt likeneſs, in equal compaſs, of his author:

This new commotions in her boſom made.

* Proteus.

When Theoclymenus the ſeer began:
Oh ſuff'ring conſort of the ſuff'ring man!
What human knowledge could, thoſe kings might tell;
But I the ſecrets of high Heav'n reveal.
Before the firſt of Gods be this declar'd,
Before the board whoſe bleſſings we have ſhar'd;

Ver. 172. *When Theoclymenus the ſeer began,* &c.] It is with great judgment that the Poet here introduces Theoclymenus; he is a perſon that has no direct relation to the ſtory of the Odyſſey, yet becauſe he appears accidentally in it, Homer unites him very artificially with it, that he may not appear to no purpoſe, and as an uſeleſs ornament. He here ſpeaks as an Augur, and what he utters contributes to the perſeverance of Penelope in reſiſting the addreſſes of the Suitors, by aſſuring her of the return of Ulyſſes 3 and conſequently in ſome degree Theoclymenus promotes the principal action. But it may be ſaid, if it was neceſſary that Penelope ſhould be informed of his return, why does not Telemachus aſſure her of it, who was fully acquainted with the truth? The anſwer is, that Penelope is not to be fully informed, but only encouraged by a general hope: Theoclymenus ſpeaks from his art, which may poſſibly be liable to errour; but Telemachus muſt have ſpoken from knowledge, which would have been contrary to the injunctions of Ulyſſes, and might have proved fatal by an unſeaſonable diſcovery: it was therefore judicious in the Poet to put the aſſurance of the return of Ulyſſes into the mouth of Theoclymenus, and not of Telemachus.

There is an expreſſion in this ſpeech, which in the Greek is remarkable; literally it is to be rendered, *Ulyſſes is now ſitting or creeping in Ithaca,* ἥμενος ἢ ἕρπων; that is, Ulyſſes is returned and concealed: it is taken from the poſture of a perſon in the act of endeavouring to hide himſelf: he ſits down or creeps upon the ground. Euſtathius explains it by κρύφα καὶ ἐ κατ' ὀρθὸν βαδίζων. P.

Ver. 174.] Bad rhymes, borrowed from Ogilby:

Beſt queen, your ſon knows little, but I'll *tell,*
That am prophetick, and ſhall truth *reveal.*

The reſt of the verſion through this ſpeech is admirable.

Witneſs the genial rites, and witneſs all
This houſe holds ſacred in her ample wall!
Ev'n now this inſtant, great Ulyſſes lay'd
At reſt, or wand'ring in his country's ſhade,
Their guilty deeds, in hearing, and in view,
Secret revolves; and plans the vengeance due.
Of this ſure auguries the Gods beſtow'd,
When firſt our veſſel anchor'd in your road.
Succeed thoſe omens Heav'n! (the queen rejoin'd)
So ſhall our bounties ſpeak a grateful mind;
And ev'ry envy'd happineſs attend
The man, who calls Penelope his friend.
Thus commun'd they: while in the marble court
(Scene of their inſolence) the lords reſort;
Athwart the ſpacious ſquare each tries his art
To whirl the diſk, or aim the miſſile dart.

Ver. 186.] The ſame paſſage occurs above in book xv. verſe 577.

Ver. 190.] So Chapman:

This mutuall ſpeech paſt: all the wooers were
Hurling the ſtone, and toſſing of the ſpeare
Before the pallace, in the paved *court*;
Where, other-whiles, their *petulant reſort*
Sate plotting injuries.

Ver. 192. — — — *each tries his art*
To whirle the diſk, or aim the miſſile dart.

Euſtathius remarks that though the Suitors were abandoned to luxury, vice, and intemperance, yet they exerciſe themſelves in laudable ſports: they toſs the quoit, and throw the javelin, which are both heroick diverſions, and form the body into ſtrength and

Now did the hour of ſweet repaſt arrive,
And from the field the victim flocks they drive:
Medon the herald (one who pleas'd them beſt,
And honour'd with a portion of their feaſt)
To bid the banquet, interrupts their play.
Swift to the hall they haſte; aſide they lay
Their garments, and ſuccinct the victims ſlay.

activity. This is owing to the virtue of the age, not the perſons: ſuch ſports were faſhionable, and therefore uſed by the Suitors, and not becauſe they were heroick. However they may inſtruct us never to give ourſelves up to idleneſs and inaction; but to make our very diverſions ſubſervient to nobler views, and turn a pleaſure into a virtue. P.

Ver. 196. *Medon the herald, one who pleas'd them beſt.*] We may obſerve that the character of Medon is very particular; he is at the ſame time a favourite of the Suitors, and Telemachus, perſons entirely oppoſite in their intereſt. It ſeldom happens any man can pleaſe two parties, without acting an inſincere part: Atticus was indeed equally acceptable to the two factions of Cæſar and Pompey, but it was becauſe he ſeemed neutral, and acted as if they were both his friends; or rather he was a man of ſuch eminent virtues, that they eſteemed it an honour to have him thought their friend. Homer every where repreſents Medon as a perſon of integrity; he is artful, but not criminal: no doubt but he made all compliances, that conſiſted with probity, with the Suitors diſpoſitions; by this method he ſaved Penelope more effectually than if he had ſhewed a more rigid virtue. He made himſelf maſter of their hearts by an inſinuating behaviour, and was a ſpy upon their actions. Euſtathius compares him to a buſkin that fits both legs, οἷον τις Κόθορνος; he ſeems to have been an Anti-Cato, and practiſed a virtuous gaiety. P.

Ver. 197.] Vicious rhymes, ſuggeſted, perhaps, by Chapman:

Medon, the herald (who of all the *reſt*
Pleas'd moſt the wooers, and at every *feaſt*
Was ever neere) ſaid.

Ver. 198.] Here our Poet paſſes over a ſpeech of *three* lines in his author, to the following purport:

Then ſheep and goats and briſtly porkers bled,
And the proud ſteer was o'er the marble ſpread.
While thus the copious banquet they provide;
Along the road converſing ſide by ſide,
Proceed Ulyſſes and the faithful ſwain:
When thus Eumæus, gen'rous and humane.
To town, obſervant of our lord's beheſt,
Now let us ſpeed; my friend, no more my gueſt!
Yet like myſelf I wiſh thee here preferr'd,
Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.
But much to raiſe my maſter's wrath I fear;
The wrath of princes ever is ſevere.

Youths! ſince your minds are ſatisfied with play,
Come to the houſe, to ſee the feaſt prepar'd.
A ſeaſonable meal is no bad thing.

Ver. 204.] Not as his author, nor conſiſtently with what follows. Our tranſlator was deceived by Chapman:

And now, the king and herdſman, from the field,
In good way were to towne: 'twixt whom was held
Some *walking conference.*

Ogilby and Hobbes are not much better. Mr. Cowper is accurate:

— — — nor with leſs diſpatch
Ulyſſes and Eumæus now *prepar'd*
To ſee the town:

as Dacier alſo: "Cependant Ulyſſe et Eumée *ſe préparoient* à "prendre le chemin de la ville."

Ver. 210. *Guard of the flock, or keeper of the herd.*] Such little traits as theſe are very delightful; for the reader knowing that the perſon to whom this offer is made, is Ulyſſes, cannot fail of being diverted to ſee the honeſt and loyal Eumæus promiſing to make his maſter and king the keeper of his herds or ſtalls, ἑρδωνῦ; and this is offered as a piece of good fortune or dignity. P.

Then heed his will, and be our journey made
While the broad beams of Phœbus are diſplay'd;
Or ere brown ev'ning ſpreads her chilly ſhade.
Juſt thy advice, (the prudent chief rejoin'd)
And ſuch as ſuits the dictate of my mind.
Lead on: but help me to ſome ſtaff to ſtay
My feeble ſtep, ſince rugged is the way.
Acroſs his ſhoulders, then the ſcrip he flung,
Wide patch'd, and faſten'd by a twiſted thong.

Ver. 215. — — — *ere ev'ning ſpreads her chilly ſhade.*] Euſtathius gathers from theſe words, that the time of the action of the Odyſſey was in the end of autumn, or beginning of winter, when the mornings and evenings are cold: thus Ulyſſes, in the beginning of this book, makes the coldneſs of the morning an excuſe for not going with Telemachus; his rags being but an ill defence againſt it: and here Eumæus mentions the coldneſs of the evening as a reaſon why they ſhould begin their journey in the heat of the day; ſo that it was now probably about ten of the clock, and they arrive at Ithaca at noon: from hence we may conjecture, that the lodge of Eumæus was five or ſix miles from the city: that is, about a two hours walk. P.

Ver. 218.] So Chapman:

— — — you ſhall leade the *way*;
Affoord your ſtaff too, if it fit your *ſtay*.

Theſe rhymes recur too ſoon.

Ver. 219.] His author ſays,

— — — ſince *ſlippery* is the way:

but Ogilby,

You ſay the way is *rough*;

or Hobbes,

Only of *rugged* way I am afraid;

was his guide.

Ver. 220.] See book xiii. verſe 506. Much in the ſame manner Ogilby, but with better rhymes:

Which worn in holes, hung on a twiſted thong;
His ſtaff he lends him, and they walk along.

A ſtaff Eumæus gave. Along the way
Cheerly they fare: behind, the keepers ſtay;
Theſe with their watchful dogs (a conſtant guard)
Supply his abſence, and attend the herd.
And now his city ſtrikes the monarch's eyes,
Alas! how chang'd! a man of miſeries;
Propt on a ſtaff, a beggar old and bare,
In rags diſhoneſt flutt'ring with the air!

Ver. 224. *Theſe with their watchful dogs — —*] It is certain that if theſe little particulars had been omitted, there would have been no chaſm in the connexion; why then does Homer inſert ſuch circumſtances unneceſſarily, which it muſt be allowed are of no importance, and add nothing to the perfection of the ſtory? nay, they are ſuch as may be thought trivial, and unworthy the dignity of epick poetry. But, as Dacier very well obſerves, they are a kind of painting: were a painter to draw this ſubject, he would undoubtedly inſert into the piece theſe herdſmen and dogs after the manner of Homer; they are natural ornaments, and conſequently are no diſgrace either to the Poet or the Painter.

It is obſervable that Homer gives us an exact draught of the country; he ſets before us as in a picture, the city, the circular grove of poplars adjacent, the fountain falling from a rock, and the altar ſacred to the nymphs, erected on the point of it. We are as it were tranſported into Ithaca, and travel with Ulyſſes and Eumæus: Homer verifies the obſervation of Horace above all Poets; namely, that poetry is painting. P.

Shocking rhymes! Thus? more faithfully:

Theſe with their watchful dogs *the lodge* attend,
Supply his abſence, and the herd *defend.*

Ver. 227.] So in his Eloiſa:

Alaſs! how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!

from that well-known paſſage in the *ſecond* Æneid:

Hei mihi! qualis erat! *quantum mutatus* ab illo
Hectore—.

Now paſs'd the rugged road, they journey down
The cavern'd way deſcending to the town,
Where, from the rock, with liquid lapſe diſtills
A limpid fount; that ſpread in parting rills
Its current thence to ſerve the city brings:
An uſeful work! adorn'd by ancient kings,
Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor there
In ſculptur'd ſtone immortaliz'd their care,
In marble urns receiv'd it from above,
And ſhaded with a green ſurrounding grove;
Where ſilver alders, in high arches twin'd,
Drink the cold ſtream, and tremble to the wind.
Beneath, ſequeſter'd to the nymphs, is ſeen
A moſſy altar, deep embowr'd in green;
Where conſtant vows by travellers are paid,
And holy horrours ſolemnize the ſhade.

Ver. 236. *Neritus, Ithacus, Polyctor* — —] Publick benefactions demand publick honours and acknowledgments; for this reaſon Homer makes an honourable mention of theſe three brothers. Ithaca was a ſmall iſland, and deſtitute of plenty of freſh water; this fountain therefore was a publick good to the whole region about it; and has given immortality to the authors of it. They were the ſons of Pterelaus (as Euſtathius informs us); Ithacus gave name to the country, Neritus to a mountain, and Polyctor to a place called Polyctorium. P.

This wretched *quantity* of the *proper name* our Poet brought from Chapman:

Whoſe names Neritus and Polyctor were.

The verſion of this paſſage is ſupremely elegant. The powers of Pope were never called forth more agreeably to himſelf, and more happily for his readers, than by *paſtoral deſcription*.

Here with his goats, (not vow'd to ſacred flame,
But pamper'd luxury) Melanthius came;
Two grooms attend him. With an envious look
He ey'd the ſtranger, and imperious ſpoke.
The good old proverb how this pair fulfil!
One rogue is uſher to another ſtill.
Heav'n with a ſecret principle indu'd
Mankind, to ſeek their own ſimilitude.
Where goes the ſwine-herd with that ill-look'd gueſt?
That giant-glutton, dreadful at a feaſt!
Full many a poſt have thoſe broad ſhoulders worn,
From ev'ry great man's gate repuls'd with ſcorn;
To no brave prize aſpir'd the worthleſs ſwain,
'Twas but for ſcraps he aſk'd, and aſk'd in vain.

Ver. 246.] The latter clauſe, of which there is no veſtige in Homer, was probably ſuggeſted by one word in Chapman, equally unauthoriſed:

For all herds it excel'd and bred a feed
For wooers *onely*.

Ver. 249.] A clauſe omitted may be ſeen in Ogilby:

Whom thus he taunts; *which much the king did move.*

Ver. 250.] The humour of this ſpeech is preſerved to admiration by our Poet; whoſe dexterity of art, and verſatility of genius, were equal to all ſubjects. Ogilby does not begin amiſs, nor was unnoticed by our artiſt:

One villain leads another; 'tis Joves will,
That like to like muſt go together ſtill.

Ver. 255.] Chapman is good:

Whither doſt thou leade this ſame victles leager?
This bane of banquets, this moſt nafty begger?

Ver. 258. *To no brave prize aſpir'd the worthleſs ſwain,*
'Twas but for ſcraps he aſk'd, and aſk'd in vain.]

To beg, than work, he better underſtands;
Or we perhaps might take him off thy hands. 260

Dacier is very ſingular in her interpretation of this paſſage: ſhe imagines it has a reference to the games practiſed amongſt the Suitors, and to the rewards of the victors, which were uſually tripods and beautiful captives. "Thinkeſt thou (ſays Melanthius) "that this beggar will obtain the victory in our ſports, and that "they will give him as the reward of his valour, ſome beautiful "ſlave, or ſome precious tripod?" But in Homer there is nothing that gives the leaſt countenance to this explication: he thus literally ſpeaks: this fellow *by going from door to door will meet with correction, while he begs meanly for a few ſcraps, not for things of price, ſuch as a captive or tripod.* Euſtathius explains it as ſpoken in contempt of Ulyſſes; that he appears to be ſuch a vile perſon, as to have no ambition or hope to expect any thing better than a few ſcraps, nor to aſpire to the rewards of nobler ſtrangers, ſuch as captives or tripods. Ἄκολοι, ſays the ſame author, are the minuteſt crumbs of bread, σμικρότατοι ψωμοί. I am perſuaded that the reader will ſubſcribe to the judgment of Euſtathius, if he conſiders the conſtruction, and that ἄορας and λέβητας are governed by αἰτίζων as effectually as ἀκόλους, and therefore muſt refer to the ſame act of begging, not of claiming by victory in the games; αἰτίζων is not a word that can here expreſs a reward, but only a charity: beſides, would it not be abſurd to ſay that a beggar goes from door to door aſking alms, and not rewards beſtowed upon victors in publick exerciſes? The words πολλῆσι φλιῆσι make the ſenſe general, they denote the life of a beggar, which is to go from door to door, and conſequently they ought not to be confined ſolely to the Suitors, and if not, they can have no reference to any games, or to any rewards beſtowed upon ſuch occaſions. Beſides, it is ſcarce to be conceived that Melanthius could think this beggar capable of being admitted into the company, much leſs into the diverſion of the Suitors, who were all perſons of high birth and ſtation. It is true, lib. xxi. Ulyſſes is permitted to try the bow, but this is through the peculiar grace of Telemachus, who knew the beggar to be Ulyſſes; and entirely contrary to their injunctions.

From this paſſage we may correct an errour in Heſychius: ἄορας (ſays he) are γυναῖκας καὶ τρίποδας: the ſentence is evidently maimed,

For any office could the ſlave be good,
To cleanſe the fold, or help the kids to food,
If any labour thoſe big joints could learn;
Some whey, to waſh his bowels, he might earn.
To cringe, to whine, his idle hands to ſpread,
Is all, by which that graceleſs maw is fed.
Yet hear me! if thy impudence but dare
Approach yon walls, I prophecy thy fare:
Dearly, full dearly ſhalt thou buy thy bread,
With many a footſtool thund'ring at thy head.
He thus: nor inſolent of word alone,
Spurn'd with his ruſtick heel his king unknown;

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for Heſychius undoubtedly thus wrote it, ἄορες γυναῖκας λέγοιλας, for thus (adds he) Homer uſes it:

——— ἐκ ἄορας ἀδὲ λίσηπας.

That is (ſays Heſychius) ἐ γυναῖκας ἀδὲ τρίποδας referring to this verſe of the Odyſſey. P.

Chapman alſo is a good commentator on this paſſage:

——— and all his beggery tends
To beg baſe cruſts, but to no manly ends;
As aſking ſwords, or with activity
To get a caldron.

Ver. 270.] An expreſſion from Chapman would improve this paſſage, and render it more faithful:

Rubs on thoſe ragged ſides ſhall buy thy bread,
From many a footſtool thund'ring at thy head.

Ver. 273.] We have here, and in the original, a very elegant *periphraſis*, for "a kick on the ——:" from which the reader may learn a leſſon of decorous language for the envelopement of undignified conceits. Chapman renders,

——— his manleſſe rudeneſſe *ſpurn'd*
Divine Ulyſſes.

Spurn'd, but not mov'd: he, like a pillar ſtood,
Nor ſtirr'd an inch, contemptuous, from the road:
Doubtful, or with his ſtaff to ſtrike him dead,
Or greet the pavement with his worthleſs head.
Short was that doubt; to quell his rage inur'd,
The hero ſtood ſelf-conquer'd, and endur'd.

Ver. 274.] This *ſimile* is from the tranſlator.

Ver. 276.] So Chapman:

With theſe two thoughts; *If he ſhould ſtrike him dead*
With his beſtowed *ſtaffe*—.

Ver. 279. *The hero ſtood ſelf-conquer'd, and endur'd.*] Homer excellently ſuſtains the character of Ulyſſes; he is a man of patience, and maſter of all his paſſions; he is here miſuſed by one of his own ſervants, yet is ſo far from returning the injury, that he ſtifles the ſenſe of it, without ſpeaking one word: it is true he is deſcribed as having a conflict in his ſoul; but this is no derogation to his character: not to feel like a man is inſenſibility, not virtue; but to repreſs the emotions of the heart, and keep them within the bounds of moderation, this argues wiſdom, and turns an injury into a virtue and glory. There is an excellent contraſt between the benevolent Eumæus and the inſolent Melanthius. Eumæus reſents the outrage of Melanthius more than Ulyſſes; he is moved with indignation, but how does he expreſs it? not by railing, but by an appeal to Heaven in a prayer; a conduct worthy to be imitated in more enlightened ages. The word ἀγλαΐας here bears a peculiar ſignification; it does not imply voluptuouſneſs as uſually, but pride, and means that Ulyſſes would ſpoil his haughty airs, if he ſhould ever return: this interpretation agrees with what follows, where Eumæus reproaches him for deſpiſing his rural charge, and aſpiring to politeneſs, or, as we expreſs it, to be a man of the town. P.

The Greek word, here commented upon, is uſed as a cant term. The clauſe may be thus rendered in our language: "He would ſoon put a ſtop to their *fine goings-on*."

But hateful of the wretch, Eumæus heav'd
His hands obteſting, and this pray'r conceiv'd.
Daughters of Jove! who from th' ætherial bow'rs
Deſcend to ſwell the ſprings, and feed the flow'rs!
Nymphs of this fountain! to whoſe ſacred names
Our rural victims mount in blazing flames!
To whom Ulyſſes' piety preferr'd
The yearly firſtlings of his flock, and herd;
Succeed my wiſh; your votary reſtore:
Oh be ſome God his convoy to our ſhore!
Due pains ſhall puniſh then this ſlave's offence,
And humble all his airs of inſolence,
Who proudly ſtalking, leaves the herds at large,
Commences courtier, and neglects his charge.
What mutters he? (Melanthius ſharp rejoins)
This crafty miſcreant big with dark deſigns?
The day ſhall come; nay, 'tis already near,
When ſlave! to ſell thee at a price too dear
Muſt be my care; and hence tranſport thee o'er,
(A load and ſcandal to this happy ſhore.)
Oh! that as ſurely great Apollo's dart,
Or ſome brave Suitor's ſword, might pierce the heart
Of the proud ſon; as that we ſtand this hour
In laſting ſafety from the father's pow'r.

Ver. 293.] Ogilby is more exact:

Whilſt wicked ſwains deſtroy the numerous flock.

So ſpoke the wretch; but ſhunning farther fray,
Turn'd his proud ſtep, and left them on their way.
Straight to the feaſtful palace he repair'd,
Familiar enter'd and the banquet ſhar'd;
Beneath Eurymachus, his patron lord,
He took his place, and Plenty heap'd the board.
Meantime they heard, ſoft-circling in the ſky,
Sweet airs aſcend, and heav'nly minſtrelſie;
(For Phemius to the lyre attun'd the ſtrain.)
Ulyſſes hearken'd, then addreſt the ſwain.
Well may this palace admiration claim,
Great, and reſpondent to the maſter's fame!
Stage above ſtage th' imperial ſtructure ſtands,
Holds the chief honours and the town commands:

Ver. 308. *Beneath Eurymachus——He took his place,——*] We may gather from hence the truth of an obſervation formerly made, that Melanthius, Eumæus, &c. were perſons of diſtinction, and their offices poſts of honour: we ſee Melanthius, who had charge of the goats of Ulyſſes, is a companion for princes.

The reaſon why Melanthius in particular aſſociates himſelf with Eurymachus is an intrigue which that prince holds with Melantho his ſiſter, as appears from the following book. There is a confederacy and league between them, and we find they all ſuffer condign puniſhment in the end of the Odyſſey. P.

Ver. 310.] The paſſage is very fine. The reader will recollect a line of Milton's:

To meditate my *rural minſtrelſy*.

Chapman too, for the time, is good:

And now Ulyſſes and his ſwaine got nere;
When, round about them, viſited their eare
The hollow harpes delicious ſtricken ſtring;
To which did Phemius (neere the wooers) ſing.

High walls and battlements the courts inclose,
And the ſtrong gates defy a hoſt of foes.
Far other cares its dwellers now employ:
The throng'd aſſembly, and the feaſt of joy:
I ſee the ſmokes of ſacrifice aſpire,
And hear (what graces ev'ry feaſt) the lyre.
Then thus Eumæus. Judge we which were beſt;
Amidſt yon revellers a ſudden gueſt
Chuſe you to mingle, while behind I ſtay?
Or I firſt ent'ring introduce the way?
Wait for a ſpace without, but wait not long;
This is the houſe of violence and wrong:

Ver. 318. *High walls and battlements*, &c.] We have here a very particular draught or plan of the palace of Ulyſſes; it is a kind of caſtle, at once deſigned for ſtrength and magnificence: this we may gather from ὑπερθαλίοισιν, which Heſychius explains by ὑπερηφάνοις, ὑπερβάσιν, not eaſily to be ſurmounted, or forced by arms.

Homer artfully introduces Ulyſſes ſtruck with wonder at the beauty of the palace; this is done to confirm Eumæus in the opinion that Ulyſſes is really the beggar he appears to be, and a perfect ſtranger among the Ithacans: thus alſo when he complains of hunger, he ſpeaks the language of a beggar, as Euſtathius remarks, to perſuade Eumæus that he takes his journey to the court, ſolely out of want and hunger. P.

Ver. 324.] Here a line of his author is omitted, characteriſtic of his benevolent and courteous ſwineherd:

Thou judgeſt well: nor elſe thy judgement fails.

Ver. 326.] Thus Ogilby:

And walk up to the hall, and here I'll *ſtay*,
Or tarry here, and I will ſhew the *way*.

Ver. 328.] There is needleſs amplification and interpolation here. Thus the ſpeech concludes in his author:

Some rude inſult thy rev'rend age may bear;
For like their lawleſs lords, the ſervants are.
Juſt is, oh friend! thy caution, and addreſt
(Reply'd the chief) to no unheedful breaſt;
The wrongs and injuries of baſe mankind
Freſh to my ſenſe, and always in my mind.
The bravely-patient to no fortune yields:
On rolling oceans, and in fighting fields,
Storms have I paſt, and many a ſtern debate;
And now in humbler ſcene ſubmit to Fate.
What cannot Want? the beſt ſhe will expoſe,
And I am learn'd in all her train of woes;
She fills with navies, hoſts, and loud alarms
The ſea, the land, and ſhakes the world with arms!
Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,
Argus, the dog his antient maſter knew;

Nor ſtay thou long, leſt ſome, who ſpies thee here,
Or ſtrike, or puſh: then well conſider this.

Ver. 345. *Argus, the dog his ancient maſter knew*, &c.] This whole epiſode has fallen under the ridicule of the critics; Monſieur Perault's in particular: "The dunghill before the palace "(ſays that author) is more proper for a peaſant than a king: "and it is beneath the dignity of poetry to deſcribe the dog "Argus almoſt devoured with vermin." It muſt be allowed, that ſuch a familiar epiſode could not have been properly introduced into the Iliad: it is writ in a nobler ſtyle, and diſtinguiſhed by a boldneſs of ſentiments and diction; whereas the Odyſſey deſcends to the familiar, and is calculated more for common than heroick life. What Homer ſays of Argus is very natural, and I do not know any thing more beautiful or more affecting in the whole poem: I dare appeal to every perſon's judgment, if Argus be not as juſtly and properly repreſented, as the nobleſt figure in it. It is certain that the vermin which Homer mentions would

He, not unconſcious of the voice, and tread,
Lifts to the ſound his ear, and rears his head;
Bred by Ulyſſes, nouriſh'd at his board,
But ah! not fated long to pleaſe his lord!
To him, his ſwiftneſs and his ſtrength were vain;
The voice of Glory call'd him o'er the main.
'Till then in ev'ry ſilvan chace renown'd,
With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around;
With him the youth purſu'd the goat or fawn,
Or trac'd the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.
Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
Unhous'd, neglected in the publick way;
And where on heaps the rich manure was ſpread,
Obſcene with reptiles, took his ſordid bed.
He knew his lord; he knew, and ſtrove to meet;
In vain he ſtrove, to crawl, and kiſs his feet;

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debaſe our poetry, but in the Greek that very word is noble and ſonorous, Κυνοραϊſτὴν: but how is the objection concerning the dunghill to be anſwered? We muſt have recourſe to the ſimplicity of manners amongſt the antients, who thought nothing mean that was of uſe to life. Ithaca was a barren country, full of rocks and mountains, and owed its fertility chiefly to cultivation, and for this reaſon ſuch circumſtantial cares were neceſſary. It is true ſuch a deſcription now is more proper for a peaſant than a king, but antiently it was no diſgrace for a king to perform with his own hands, what is now left only to peaſants. We read of a dictator taken from the plough, and why may not a king as well manure his field as plough it, without receding from his dignity? Virgil has put the ſame thing into a precept:

"Ne ſaturare ſimo pingui pudeat ſola." P.

Ver. 361. *In vain he ſtrove, to crawl, and kiſs his feet.*] It may

Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
Salute his maſter, and confeſs his joys.
Soft pity touch'd the mighty maſter's ſoul;
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden ſtole,

ſeem that this circumſtance was inſerted caſually, or at leaſt only to ſhew the age and infirmity of Argus: but there is a further intent in it: if the dog had ran to Ulyſſes and fawned upon him, it would have raiſed a ſtrong ſuſpicion in Eumæus that he was not ſuch a ſtranger to the Ithacans as he pretended, but ſome perſon in diſguiſe; and this might have occaſioned an unſeaſonable diſcovery. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 362.] This couplet is a ſuperfluous amplification; and, perhaps, on account of it's incorrect rhymes alſo, would be well expunged.

As this whole ſtory concerning Argus is incomparably beautiful in the original, ſo the verſion of it by our illuſtrious artiſt ſtands, perhaps, without competition of excellence from any portion of the tranſlation in either poem. It is a noble effort of ingenuity and taſte.

Ver. 364. *Soft pity touch'd the mighty maſter's ſoul.*] I confeſs myſelf touched with the tenderneſs of theſe tears in Ulyſſes; I would willingly think that they proceeded from a better principle than the weakneſs of human nature, and are an inſtance of a really virtuous, and compaſſionate diſpoſition.

— — — ἀγαθοὶ δ' ἀριδάκρυες ἄνδρες.

Good men are eaſily moved to tears. In my judgment Ulyſſes appears more amiable while he weeps over his faithful dog, than when he drives an army of enemies before him. That ſhews him to be a great hero, This a good man. It was undoubtedly an inſtance of an excellent diſpoſition in one of the fathers who prayed for the *grace of tears.*

— — — — " molliſſima corda
" Humano generi dare ſe natura fatetur,
" Quæ lachrymas dedit; hæc noſtri pars optima ſenſus."
Juv. Sat. xv.

And Dryden,

Each gentle mind the ſoft infection felt,
For richeſt metals are moſt apt to melt. P.

Stole unperceiv'd; he turn'd his head, and dry'd
The drop humane: then thus impaſſion'd cry'd.
What noble beaſt in this abandon'd ſtate
Lies here all helpleſs at Ulyſſes' gate?
His bulk and beauty ſpeak no vulgar praiſe;
If, as he ſeems, he *was* in better days,
Some care his age deſerves: or was he priz'd
For worthleſs beauty? therefore now deſpis'd!
Such dogs, and men there are, meer things of ſtate,
And always cheriſh'd by their friends, the great.
Not Argus ſo, (Eumæus thus rejoin'd)
But ſerv'd a maſter of a nobler kind,
Who never, never ſhall behold him more!
Long, long ſince periſh'd on a diſtant ſhore!

Dryden in his St. Cecilia:

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree.

Ver. 374. *Such dogs, and men there are, meer things of ſtate,*
And always cheriſh'd by their friends, the great.]

Se is in the Greek ἄναντες, or *kings*; but the word is not to be taken in too ſtrict a ſenſe; it implies *all perſons of diſtinction*, or οἰκοδεσπόται, like the word *rex* in Horace.

"Regibus hic mos eſt ubi equos mercantur."

And *reginæ* in Terence (as Dacier obſerves) is uſed in the ſame manner.

— — "Eunuchum porrò dixti velle te:
"Quia ſolæ utuntur his reginæ." P.

Ver. 375.] This application to his own ſpecies was interwoven without authority from Homer by the ſatirical tranſlator.

Oh had you ſeen him, vig'rous, bold and young,
Swift as a ſtag, and as a lion ſtrong;
Him no fell ſavage on the plain withſtood,
None 'ſcap'd him, boſom'd in the gloomy wood;
His eye how piercing, and his ſcent how true,
To winde the vapour in the tainted dew!
Such, when Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt;
Now years un-nerve him, and his lord is loſt!
The women keep the gen'rous creature bare,
A ſleek and idle race is all their care:
The maſter gone, the ſervants what reſtrains?
Or dwells Humanity where Riot reigns?
Jove fix'd it certain, that whatever day
Makes man a ſlave, takes half his worth away.

Ver. 381.] Theſe compariſons are not in his original.

Ver. 382.] So Chapman:

Nor was there ever any ſavage *ſtood*
Amongſt the thickets of the deepeſt *wood*
Long time before him.

Ver. 385.] Thus, in his "Eſſay on Man:"

Or hound ſagacious on the *tainted green*.

Ver. 392. — — — — *Whatever day*
Makes makes a ſlave, takes half his worth away.]

This is a very remarkable ſentence, and commonly found to be true. Longinus in his enquiry into the decay of human wit, quotes it. "Servitude, be it never ſo juſtly eſtabliſhed, is a kind of "priſon, wherein the ſoul ſhrinks in ſome meaſure, and diminiſhes "by conſtraint: it has the ſame effect with the boxes in which "dwarfs are incloſed, which not only hinder the body from its "growth, but make it leſs by the conſtriction. It is obſervable "that all the great orators flouriſhed in republicks, and indeed "what is there that raiſes the ſouls of great men more than "liberty? In other governments men commonly become inſtead

This ſaid, the honeſt herdſman ſtrode before:
The muſing monarch pauſes at the door:
The dog whom Fate had granted to behold
His lord, when twenty tedious years had roll'd,
Takes a laſt look, and having ſeen him, dies;
So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!

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of orators, pompous flatterers: a man born in ſervitude may be capable of other ſciences; but no ſlave can ever be an orator; for while the mind is depreſt and broken by ſlavery, it will never dare to think or ſay any thing bold and noble; all the vigour evaporates, and it remains as it were confined in a priſon." *Etiam fera animalia, ſi clauſa teneas, virtutis oblivi-ſcuntur.* Tacit. Hiſt. lib. iv.

Theſe verſes are quoted in Plato, lib. vi. *de legibus*, but ſomewhat differently from our editions.

Ἥμισυ γάρ τε νόου ἀποαμείρεται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
Ἀνδρῶν ὧς ἄν δὴ, &c.

However this aphoriſm is to be underſtood only generally, not univerſally: Eumæus who utters it is an inſtance to the contrary, who retains his virtue in a ſtate of ſubjection; and Plato ſpeaks to the ſame purpoſe, aſſerting that ſome ſlaves have been found of ſuch virtue as to be preferred to a ſon or brother; and have often preſerved their maſters and their families. P.

A glorious ſentiment! finely tranſlated. Or thus?

Jove *fixt* it certain: That *unhappy* day
Which makes *men ſlaves*, takes half *their* worth away.

Our Poet's eye ſeems to have glanced on Chapman:

That man's halfe vertue Jove takes quite *away*,
That once is ſun-burn'd with the ſervile *day*.

Ver. 394.] The model of this couplet ſtands thus:

He ſaid, and enters ſtraight the ſumptuous dome;
Then to the Suitors through the hall repairs.

Ver. 399. *So clos'd for ever faithful Argus' eyes!*] It has been a queſtion what occaſioned the death of Argus, at the inſtant he ſaw Ulyſſes: Euſtathius imputes it to the joy he felt at the ſight

And now Telemachus, the firſt of all,
Obſerv'd Eumæus ent'ring in the hall;
Diſtant he ſaw, acroſs the ſhady dome;
Then gave a ſign, and beckon'd him to come.
There ſtood an empty ſeat, where late was plac'd
In order due, the ſteward of the feaſt,
(Who now was buſied carving round the board)
Eumæus took, and plac'd it near his lord.
Before him inſtant was the banquet ſpread,
And the bright baſket pil'd with loaves of bread.
Next came Ulyſſes, lowly at the door,
A figure deſpicable, old, and poor,
In ſqualid veſts with many a gaping rent,
Propt on a ſtaff, and trembling as he went.

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of his maſter. But there has another objection been ſtarted againſt Homer, for aſcribing ſo long a life as twenty years to Argus, and that dogs never ſurpaſs the fifteenth year; but this is an errour; Ariſtotle affirms, that ſome dogs live two and twenty, and other naturaliſts ſubſcribe to his judgment. Euſtathius tells us, that other writers agree, that ſome dogs live twenty-four years. Pliny thus writes, *Canes Laconici vivunt annis denis, fœminæ duodenis, cætera genera quindecim annos, aliquando viginti.* Madam Dacier mentions ſome of her own knowledge that lived twenty-three years; and the tranſlator, not to fall ſhort of theſe illuſtrious examples, has known that one died at twenty-two big with puppies. P.

Ver. 404.] So the reſt of the tranſlators, (but erroneouſly, in my opinion) except Ogilby, with whom I agree:

But he looking about ſtraight took his ſeat,
Neer where the cook diſtributed the meat
About the hall unto the feaſting crew.

The Latin interpreter renders very accurately and claſſically: "ubi coquus *inſidere ſolebat.*"

Then, reſting on the threſhold of the gate,
Againſt a cypreſs pillar lean'd his weight;
(Smooth'd by the workman to a poliſh'd plain)
The thoughtful ſon beheld, and call'd his ſwain:
Theſe viands, and this bread, Eumæus! bear,
And let yon mendicant our plenty ſhare:
Then let him circle round the Suitor's board,
And try the bounty of each gracious lord.
Bold let him aſk, encourag'd thus by me;
How ill, alas! do want and ſhame agree!

Ver. 417.] Ogilby gives a full exhibition of his author:

Telemachus then to Eumæus ſpoke,
And a whole manchet from the charger took,
With as much meat as both his hands could hold.

Ver. 423. *How ill, alas! do want and ſhame agree?*] We are not to imagine that Homer is here recommending immodeſty; but to underſtand him as ſpeaking of a decent aſſurance, in oppoſition to a faulty ſhame or baſhfulneſs. The verſe in the Greek is remarkable.

Αἰδὼς δ' οὐκ ἀγαθὴ κεχρημένῳ ἀνδρὶ πτωχεύειν.

A perſon of great learning has obſerved that there is a tautology in the three laſt words; in *a beggar that wants*: as if the very notion of a beggar did not imply want. Indeed Plato, who cites this verſe in his Charmides, uſes another word inſtead of πτωχεύειν, and inſerts ἀπορεῖσθαι. Heſiod likewiſe, who makes uſe of the ſame line, inſtead of πτωχὸν reads κομιδῇ, which would almoſt induce us to believe that they thought there was a tautology in Homer. It has therefore been conjectured, that the word πτωχὸς ſhould be inſerted in the place of πτωχεύειν; I am ſorry that the conſtruction will not allow it; that word is of the maſculine gender, and ἀγαθὴ which is of the feminine cannot agree with it. We may indeed ſubſtitute ἀγαθὸς, and then the ſenſe will be *baſhfulneſs is no good petitioner for a beggar*; but this muſt be done without authority. We muſt therefore thus underſtand Homer; "Too much modeſty is not "good for a poor man who lives by begging," πτωχεύειν; and this ſolution clears the verſe from the tautology, for a man may be in

His lord's command the faithful ſervant bears;
The ſeeming beggar anſwers with his pray'rs.
Bleſt be Telemachus! in ev'ry deed
Inſpire him Jove! in ev'ry wiſh ſucceed!
This ſaid, the portion from his ſon convey'd
With ſmiles receiving on his ſcrip he lay'd.
Long as the minſtrel ſwept the ſounding wire,
He fed, and ceas'd when ſilence held the lyre.
Soon as the Suitors from the banquet roſe,
Minerva prompts the man of mighty woes

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want, and not be a beggar; or (as Homer expreſſes it) κεχρημένος, and yet not πτοίηλης. P.

Ver. 424.] Chapman renders without defalcation:

He heard, and did his will: Hold gueſt (ſaide he)
Telemachus commends theſe cates to thee:
Bids thee beare up, and all theſe woo'rs implore;
Wit muſt make impudent, whom Fate makes pore.

Ver. 432.] Thus his author:

Now, from the ſuitor-train when tumult roſe——.

Ver. 433. *Minerva prompts*, &c.] This is a circumſtance that occurs almoſt in every book of the Odyſſey, and Pallas has been thought to mean no more than the inherent wiſdom of Ulyſſes, which guides all his actions upon all emergencies: it is not impoſſible but the Poet might intend to inculcate, that the wiſdom of man is the gift of Heaven, and a bleſſing from the Gods. But then is it not a derogation to Ulyſſes, to think nothing but what the Goddeſs dictates? and a reſtraint of human liberty, to act ſolely by the impulſe of a Deity? Plutarch in his life of Coriolanus excellently ſolves this difficulty; "Men (obſerves that author) "are ready to cenſure and deſpiſe the Poet, as if he deſtroyed the "uſe of reaſon, and the freedom of their choice, by continually "aſcribing every ſuggeſtion of heart to the influence of a God-"deſs: whereas he introduces a Deity not to take away the "liberty of the will, but as moving it to act with freedom; the "Deity does not work in us the inclinations, but only offers the "object to our minds, from whence we conceive the impulſe, and

To tempt their bounties with a ſuppliant's art,
And learn the gen'rous from th' ignoble heart;

" and form our reſolutions." However theſe influences do not make the action involuntary, but only give a beginning to ſpontaneous operations; for we muſt either remove God from all manner of cauſality, or confeſs that he inviſibly aſſiſts us by a ſecret co-operation. For it is abſurd to imagine that the help he lends us, conſiſts in faſhioning the poſtures of the body, or directing the corporeal motions: but in influencing our ſouls, and exciting the inward faculties into action by ſecret impulſes from above; or, on the contrary, by raiſing an averſion in the ſoul, to reſtrain us from action. It is true in ordinary affairs of life, in matters that are brought about by the ordinary way of reaſon, Homer aſcribes the execution of them to human performance, and frequently repreſents his heroes calling a council in their own breaſts, and acting according to the dictates of reaſon: but in actions unaccountably daring, of a tranſcendent nature, there they are ſaid to be carried away by a divine impulſe or enthuſiaſm, and it is no longer human reaſon, but a God that influences the ſoul.

I have already obſerved, that Homer makes uſe of machines ſometimes merely for ornament; this place is an inſtance of it: here is no action of an uncommon nature performed, and yet Pallas directs Ulyſſes: Plutarch very juſtly obſerves, that whenever the heroes of Homer execute any prodigious exploit of valour, he continually introduces a Deity, who aſſiſts in the performance of it; but it is alſo true, that to ſhew the dependance of man upon the aſſiſtance of Heaven, he frequently aſcribes the common dictates of wiſdom to the Goddeſs of it. If we take the act here inſpired by Minerva, as it lies nakedly in Homer, it is no more than a bare command to beg; an act that needs not the wiſdom of a Goddeſs to command: but we are to underſtand it as a direction to Ulyſſes how to behave before the Suitors upon his firſt appearance, how to carry on his diſguiſe ſo artfully as to prevent all ſuſpicions, and take his meaſures ſo effectually as to work his own re-eſtabliſhment: in this light, the command becomes worthy of a Goddeſs: the act of begging is only the method by which he carries on his deſign; the conſequence of it is the main point in view, namely, the Suitors deſtruction. The reſt is only the ſtratagem, by which he obtains the victory. P.

Ver. 435. *And learn the gen'rous from th' ignoble heart:*

(Not but his ſoul, reſentful as humane,
Dooms to full vengeance all th' offending train)
With ſpeaking eyes, and voice of plaintiff ſound,
Humble he moves, imploring all around.
The proud feel pity, and relief beſtow,
With ſuch an image touch'd of human woe;
Enquiring all, their wonder they confeſs,
And eye the man, majeſtick in diſtreſs.
While thus they gaze and queſtion with their eyes,
The bold Melanthius to their thought replies.
My lords! this ſtranger of gigantick port
The good Eumæus uſher'd to your court.

(*Not but his ſoul, reſentful as humane,*
Dooms to full vengeance all the offending train).]

A ſingle virtue, or act of humanity, is not a ſufficient atonement for a whole life of inſolence and oppreſſion; ſo that although ſome of the Suitors ſhould be found leſs guilty than the reſt, yet they are ſtill too guilty to deſerve impunity. P.

Ver. 438. *With ſpeaking eyes, and voice of plaintive ſound,*
Humble he moves, &c.]

Homer inſerts this particularity to ſhew the complying nature of Ulyſſes in all fortunes; he is every where πολύτροπος, it is his diſtinguiſhing character in the firſt verſe of the Odyſſey, and it is viſible in every part of it. He is an artiſt in the trade of begging, as Euſtathius obſerves, and knows how to become the loweſt, as well the higheſt ſtation.

Homer adds, that the Suitors were ſtruck with wonder at the ſight of Ulyſſes. That is (ſays Euſtathius) becauſe they never had before ſeen him in Ithaca, and concluded him to be a foreigner. But I rather think it is a compliment Homer pays to his hero to repreſent his port and figure to be ſuch, as though a beggar, ſtruck them with aſtoniſhment. P.

Ver. 446.] As the concluſion of this verſe is made ſolely for

Full well I mark'd the features of his face,
Tho' all unknown his clime, or noble race.
And is this preſent, ſwineherd! of thy hand?
Bring'ſt thou theſe vagrants to infeſt the land?
(Returns Antinous with retorted eye)
Objects uncouth! to check the genial joy.
Enough of theſe our court already grace,
Of giant ſtomach, and of famiſh'd face.
Such gueſts Eumæus to his country brings,
To ſhare our feaſt, and lead the life of kings.
To whom the hoſpitable ſwain rejoin'd:
Thy paſſion, prince, belies thy knowing mind.
Who calls, from diſtant nations to his own,
The poor, diſtinguiſh'd by their wants alone?

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the rhyme, we may ſubſtitute, perhaps, as follows; with leſs deviation certainly from the purpoſe of the author:

Hear me, ye Suitors of our noble queen!
This ſtranger good Eumæus brought, I ween.

Ver. 449.] Thus, with more fidelity:

Tho' all unknown his clime, *unknown his* race.

Ver. 454.] Ogilby is rude, but gives a truer likeneſs of his author:

Have we not yet enough of ſuch fine gueſts,
A pack of wand'ring rogues at all our feaſts?
Think'ſt thou it fit to bring one here to ſup,
Would us devour, and eat thy maſter up?

Ver. 458.] Theſe rhymes were readily ſuperſeded by more correct, with little violation to the preſent readings:

To whom the hoſpitable ſwain *replies:*
Thy paſſion, prince! thy knowing mind belies.

Round the wide world are ſought thoſe men divine
Who publick ſtructures raiſe, or who deſign;
Thoſe to whoſe eyes the Gods their ways reveal,
Or bleſs with ſalutary arts to heal;
But chief to Poets ſuch reſpect belongs,
By rival nations courted for their ſongs;
Theſe ſtates invite and mighty kings admire,
Wide as the ſun diſplays his vital fire.
It is not ſo with Want! how few that feed
A wretch unhappy, merely for his need?
Unjuſt to me and all that ſerve the ſtate,
To love Ulyſſes is to raiſe thy hate.
For me, ſuffice the approbation won
Of my great miſtreſs, and her god-like ſon.
To him Telemachus. No more incenſe
The man by nature prone to inſolence:
Injurious minds juſt anſwers but provoke—
Then turning to Antinous, thus he ſpoke.

Ver. 462. *Round the wide world are ſought thoſe men divine, &c.*] This is an evidence of the great honour antiently paid to perſons eminent in mechanick arts: the architect, and publick artiſans, δημιοεργοὶ, are joined with the Prophet, Phyſician, and Poet, who were eſteemed almoſt with a religious veneration, and looked upon as publick bleſſings. Honour was antiently given to men in proportion to the benefits they brought to ſociety: a uſeleſs great man is a burthen to the earth, while the meaneſt artiſan is beneficial to his fellow-creatures, and uſeful in his generarion. P.

Ver. 478.] I would thus remedy the ambiguity of conſtruction in this place:

Th' injurious *mind* juſt anſwers but provoke.

Thanks to thy care! whoſe abſolute command
Thus drives the ſtranger from our court and land.
Heav'n bleſs its owner with a better mind!
From envy free, to charity inclin'd.
This both Penelope and I afford:
Then, prince! be bounteous of Ulyſſes' board.
To give another's is thy hand ſo ſlow?
So much more ſweet, to ſpoil, than to beſtow?
Whence, great Telemachus! this lofty ſtrain?
(Antinous cries with inſolent diſdain)
Portions like mine if ev'ry Suitor gave,
Our walls this twelvemonth ſhould not ſee the ſlave.
He ſpoke, and lifting high above the board
His pond'rous footſtool, ſhook it at his lord.
The reſt with equal hand conferr'd the bread;
He fill'd his ſcrip, and to the threſhold ſped;
But firſt before Antinous ſtopt, and ſaid.
Beſtow my friend! thou doſt not ſeem the worſt
Of all the Greeks, but prince-like and the firſt:

Ver. 482.] Chapman is pleaſing:

But God doth not allow this: there muſt be
Some care of poore men, in humanitie.

Ver. 497. *Beſtow my friend!* &c.] Ulyſſes here acts with a prudent diſſimulation; he pretends not to have underſtood the irony of Antinous, nor to have obſerved his preparation to ſtrike him: and therefore proceeds as if he apprehended no danger. This at once ſhews the patience of Ulyſſes, who is inured to

Then as in dignity, be firſt in worth,
And I ſhall praiſe thee thro' the boundleſs earth.
Once I enjoy'd in luxury of ſtate
Whate'er gives man the envy'd name of great;
Wealth, ſervants, friends, were mine in better days;
And hoſpitality was then my praiſe:
In ev'ry ſorrowing ſoul I pour'd delight,
And Poverty ſtood ſmiling in my ſight.
But Jove, all-governing, whoſe only will
Determines Fate, and mingles good with ill,

ſufferings, and gives a foundation for the puniſhment of Antinous in the concluſion of the Odyſſey.

It is obſervable, that Ulyſſes gives his own hiſtory in the ſame words as in the fourteenth book, yet varies from it in the concluſion; he there ſpoke to Eumæus, and Eumæus is here preſent, and hears the ſtory: how is it then that he does not obſerve the falſification of Ulyſſes, and conclude him to be an impoſtor? Euſtathius labours for an anſwer; he imagines that Eumæus was inadvertent, or had forgot the former relation, and yet aſſerts that the reaſon why Ulyſſes tells the ſame hiſtory in part to Antinous, proceeds from a fear of detection in Eumæus. I would rather imagine that Ulyſſes makes the deviation, truſting to the judgment of Eumæus, who might conclude that there was ſome good reaſon why he forbears to let Antinous into the full hiſtory of his life; eſpecially, becauſe he was an enemy both to Ulyſſes and Eumæus: he might therefore eaſily reflect, that the difference of his ſtory aroſe from prudence and deſign, rather than from impoſture and falſhood. P.

Ver. 503.] So Chapman:

— — — I will ſpred your *praiſe*
Through all the wide world; that have in my *daies*
Kept houſe my ſelfe.

Ver. 506.] This verſe appeared not ſo well in the *firſt* edition:
And Poverty *look'd* ſmiling in my ſight.

Sent me (to puniſh my purſuit of gain)
With roving pirates o'er th' Ægyptian main:
By Ægypt's ſilver flood our ſhips we moor;
Our ſpies commiſſion'd ſtraight the coaſt explore:
But impotent of mind, with lawleſs will
The country ravage, and the natives kill.
The ſpreading clamour to their city flies,
And horſe and foot in mingled tumult riſe:
The red'ning dawn reveals the hoſtile fields
Horrid with briſtly ſpears, and gleaming ſhields:
Jove thunder'd on their ſide: our guilty head
We turn'd to flight; the gath'ring vengeance ſpread
On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lay dead.
Some few the foes in ſervitude detain;
Death ill exchang'd for bondage and for pain!
Unhappy me a Cyprian took a-board,
And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord;

Ver. 511.] The reader may compare the ſame paſſage in book xiv. verſe 289.

Ver. 525. *And gave to Dmetor, Cyprus' haughty lord.*] We are not to ſearch too exactly into hiſtorick truth among the fictions of poetry; but it is very probable that this Dmetor was really king of Cyprus. Euſtathius is of this opinion; but it may be objected, that Cinyras was king of Cyprus in the time of Ulyſſes. Thus lib. xi. Iliad.

The beaming cuiraſs next adorn'd his breaſt;
The fame which once king Cinyras poſſeſt;
The fame of Greece, and her aſſembled hoſt,
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coaſt.

The anſwer is, there were almoſt twenty years elapſed ſince the

Hither, to 'ſcape his chains, my courſe I ſteer;
Still curs'd by Fortune, and inſulted here!
To whom Antinous thus his rage expreſt.
What God has plagu'd us with this gormand gueſt?
Unleſs at diſtance, wretch! thou keep behind,
Another iſle, than Cyprus more unkind,
Another Ægypt, ſhalt thou quickly find.
From all thou beg'ſt, a bold audacious ſlave;
Nor all can give ſo much as thou canſt crave.
Nor wonder I, at ſuch profuſion ſhown;
Shameleſs they give, who give what's not their own.
The chief, retiring: Souls, like that in thee,
Ill ſuit ſuch forms of grace and dignity.
Nor will that hand to utmoſt need afford
The ſmalleſt portion of a waſteful board;

mention of this breaſt-plate of Cinyras; this king therefore being dead, Dmetor poſſeſt the Cyprian throne. P.

Ver. 526.] This couplet correſponds to the following verſe:

And now am hither come, enduring woes.

Our poet, I preſume, had an eye to Ogilby:

From thence I hither, as you ſee, forlorn,
Ventur'd through worlds of woes, *ſtill Fortune's ſcorn.*

Ver. 532. *Another Ægypt*, &c.] This paſſage is a full demonſtration that the country was called Ægypt in the days of Homer, as well as the river Nilus; for in the ſpeech he uſes Αἴγυπτος in the maſculine gender to denote the river, and here he calls it πατρὶς Αἴγυπτον in the feminine, to ſhew that he ſpeaks of the country: the former word agreeing with ποτάμος, the latter with γαῖα. P.

Ver. 539.] Our tranſlator has profited by Ogilby, but with leſs anxious adherence to his original:

Whoſe luxury whole patrimonies ſweeps,
Yet ſtarving Want, amidſt the riot, weeps.
The haughty Suitor with reſentment burns,
And ſow'rly ſmiling, this reply returns.
Take that, ere yet thou quit this princely throng:
And dumb for ever be thy ſland'rous tongue!
He ſaid, and high the whirling tripod flung.
His ſhoulder-blade receiv'd th' ungentle ſhock;
He ſtood, and mov'd not, like a marble rock;
But ſhook his thoughtful head, nor more complain'd,
Sedate of ſoul, his character ſuſtain'd,
And inly form'd revenge: then back withdrew;
Before his feet the well-fill'd ſcrip he threw,
And thus with ſemblance mild addreſt the crew.
May what I ſpeak your princely minds approve,
Ye peers and rivals in this noble love!
Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cauſe.
If, when the ſword our country's quarrel draws,

In your own houſe, you ſcarce would ſalt *afford*,
That art thus pinching at another's *board*.

Ver. 557. *Not for the hurt I grieve, but for the cauſe.*] The reaſoning of Ulyſſes in the original is not without ſome obſcurity: for how can it be affirmed, that it is no great affliction to have our property invaded, and to be wounded in the defence of it? The beggar who ſuffers for aſking an alms, has no injury done him, except the violence offered to his perſon; but it is a double injury, to ſuffer both in our perſons and properties. We muſt

Or if defending what is juſtly dear,
From Mars impartial ſome broad wound we bear;
The gen'rous motive dignifies the ſcar.
But for mere want, how hard to ſuffer wrong!
Want brings enough of other ills along!
Yet if injuſtice never be ſecure,
If fiends revenge, and Gods aſſert the poor,

therefore ſuppoſe that Ulyſſes means, that the importance of the cauſe, when our rights are invaded, is equal to the danger, and that we ought to ſuffer wounds, or even death, in defence of it; and that a brave man grieves not at ſuch laudable adventures. Or perhaps Ulyſſes ſpeaks only with reſpect to Antinous, and means that it is a greater injury to offer violence to the poor and the ſtranger, than to perſons of greater fortunes and ſtation.

Euſtathius gives a deeper meaning to the ſpeech of Ulyſſes; he applies it to his preſent condition, and it is the ſame as if he had ſaid openly; It would be no great matter if I had been wounded in defence of my palace, and other properties, but to ſuffer only for aſking an alms, this is a deep affliction. So that Ulyſſes ſpeaks in general, but intends his own particular condition; and the import of the whole is, I grieve to ſuffer, not upon any weighty account, but only for being poor and hungry. P.

Ver. 561.] The rhyme is unſuitable. I ſhould prefer another couplet in the ſtile of that ſubjoined, to comprehend more fully the ſenſe of the original:

Our herds, and ſheep ſnow-fleec'd, ſome *blow* we bear,
When ruffian pirates ſcour the country round;
The gen'rous motive dignifies the *wound.*

Ver. 564.] Thus his author:

If Gods and Fiends attend the poor, death's cloſe
Will reach Antinous ere his nuptial hour.

And I think it not improbable, that our tranſlator's watchful ingenuity might catch the turn of his laſt verſe from Ogilby:

But if the Gods the poor revenge, then he
May Death eſpouſe, before he married be.

Death ſhall lay low the proud aggreſſor's head,
And make the duſt Antinous' bridal bed.
Peace wretch! and eat thy bread without offence,
(The Suitor cry'd) or force ſhall drag thee hence,
Scourge thro' the publick ſtreet, and caſt thee there,
A mangled carcaſe for the hounds to tear.
His furious deed the gen'ral anger mov'd,
All, ev'n the worſt, condemn'd: and ſome reprov'd.
Was ever chief for wars like theſe renown'd?
Ill fits the ſtranger and the poor to wound.
Unbleſt thy hand! if in this low diſguiſe
Wander, perhaps, ſome inmate of the ſkies;
They (curious oft' of mortal actions) deign
In forms like theſe, to round the earth and main,

Ver. 568.] The verſion is unfaithful. I ſhall give a literal tranſlation:

Antinous then, Eupithes' ſon, replies:
Eat, ſtranger! and ſit ſtill, or go elſewhere:
Leſt ſturdy youths by hand or foot ſhould drag,
For thy foul ſpeech, and tear thee bit by bit.

Ver. 578. *They (curious oft' of human actions)* &c.] We have already obſerved that it was the opinion of the antients, that the Gods frequently aſſumed an human ſhape. Thus Ovid of Jupiter.

—— —— "Summo delabor Olympo,
"Et Deus humanâ luſtro ſub imagine terras."

I refer the reader to the objections of Plato, mentioned in the preceding book. It is obſervable, that Homer puts this remark-

Juſt and unjuſt recording in their mind,
And with ſure eyes inſpecting all mankind.
Telemachus abſorpt in thought ſevere,
Nouriſh'd deep anguiſh, tho' he ſhed no tear;
But the dark brow of ſilent ſorrow ſhook:
While thus his mother to her virgins ſpoke.
" On him and his may the bright God of day
" That baſe, inhoſpitable blow repay!"
The nurſe replies: " If Jove receives my pray'r,
" Not one ſurvives to breathe to-morrow's air."

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able truth into the mouth of the Suitors, to ſhew that it was certain and undeniable, when it is atteſted even by ſuch perſons as had no piety or religion. P.

Ver. 582. *Telemachus — —*
Nouriſh'd deep anguiſh, tho' he ſhed no tear.]
This is ſpoken with particular judgment; Telemachus is here to act the part of a wiſe man, not of a tender ſon; he reſtrains his tears leſt they ſhould betray his father, it being improbable that he ſhould weep for a vagabond and beggar. We find he has profited by the inſtructions of Ulyſſes, and practiſes the injunctions given in the former book.

— — If ſcorn inſult my reverend age,
Bear it, my ſon; repreſs thy riſing rage.
If outrag'd, ceaſe that outrage to repel;
Bear it my ſon, tho' thy brave heart rebel.

Telemachus ſtruggles againſt the yearnings of nature, and ſhews himſelf to be a maſter of his paſſions; he muſt therefore be thought to exert an act of wiſdom, not of inſenſibility. P.

Ver. 584.] The rhyme wants accuracy: otherwiſe, the original might be conſulted thus:

But the dark brow of *vengeful* ſorrow ſhook.

Ver. 586.] Or thus, with more fidelity:

On his *own head* may the bright God of day—.

All, all are foes, and miſchief is their end;
Antinous moſt to gloomy death a friend;
(Replies the queen) the ſtranger begg'd their grace,
And melting pity ſoften'd ev'ry face;
From ev'ry other hand redreſs he found,
But fell Antinous anſwer'd with a wound.
Amidſt her maids thus ſpoke the prudent queen,
Then bad Eumæus call the pilgrim in.
Much of th' experienc'd man I long to hear,
If, or his certain eye, or liſt'ning ear
Have learn'd the fortunes of my wand'ring lord?
Thus ſhe, and good Eumæus took the word.
A private audience if thy grace impart,
The ſtranger's words may eaſe the royal heart.
His ſacred eloquence in balm diſtils,
And the ſooth'd heart with ſecret pleaſure fills.

Ver. 591.] Chapman is cloſer to his author:
But this Antinous we paſt all ſhould hate,
As one reſembling blacke and cruell Fate.
Ogilby's language is very delicate for a *lady* and a *queen*:
But this Antinous plaies the devil and all.
Ver. 596.] Terrible rhymes indeed for ſuch a poet! Thus?
Her *damſels* thus the prudent queen *addreſt*;
Then bade Eumæus call the pilgrim-*gueſt*.
Ver. 602.] Chapman is exact:
O queene (ſaide he) I wiſh to heaven, your eare
Were quit of this unreverend noiſe you heare
From theſe rude wooers.

Three days have ſpent their beams, three nights have run
Their ſilent journey, ſince his tale begun,
Unfiniſh'd yet; and yet I thirſt to hear!
As when ſome heav'n-taught poet charms the ear,
(Suſpending ſorrow with celeſtial ſtrain
Breath'd from the Gods to ſoften human pain)
Time ſteals away with unregarded wing,
And the ſoul hears him, tho' he ceaſe to ſing.
Ulyſſes late he ſaw, on Cretan ground,
(His father's gueſt) for Minos' birth renown'd.
He now but waits the wind, to waft him o'er
With boundleſs treaſure, from Theſprotia's ſhore.

Ver. 609.] Thus evade this unpleaſant open vowel:

— — — charms *our* ear.

Ver. 613.] This couplet is very delightful indeed! compare the note on book xi. verſe 413.

Ver. 615. — — *for Minos' birth renown'd.*] Diodorus Siculus thus writes of Minos: "He was the ſon of Jupiter and Europa, who "was fabled to be carried by a bull, (that is, in a ſhip called the "bull, or that had the image of a bull carved upon its prow) "into Crete: here Minos reigned, and built many cities: he "eſtabliſhed many laws among the Cretans; he alſo provided a "navy, by which he ſubdued many of the adjacent iſlands. The "expreſſion in the Greek will bear a twofold ſenſe; and implies "either, where Minos *was born*, or where the *deſcendants* of Minos "*reign*; for Idomenæus, who governed Crete in the days of "Ulyſſes, was a deſcendant of Minos, from his ſon Deucalion.

Homer mentions it as an honour to Crete, to have given birth to ſo great a law-giver as Minos; and it is univerſally true, that every great man is an honour to his country: Athens did not give reputation to learned men, but learned men to Athens. P.

Ver. 616.] Our Poet curtails his author after Ogilby's example. The following attempt is literal:

To this the queen. The wand'rer let me hear,
While yon' luxurious race indulge their cheer,
Devour the grazing ox and browzing goat,
And turn my gen'rous vintage down their throat.
For where's an arm, like thine Ulyſſes! ſtrong,
To curb wild riot and to puniſh wrong?
She ſpoke. Telemachus then ſneez'd aloud;
Conſtrain'd, his noſtril echo'd thro' the crowd.

Thence came this ſtranger here, enduring woes,
A proſtrate ſuppliant: of Ulyſſes he
Heard, he aſſerts, in rich Theſprotia's land,
Alive, and bringing many a preſent home.

Ver. 618.] Our lazy tranſlator here compreſſes no leſs than *thirteen* verſes of his author into *ſix*. Some of them have occurred before, and may be ſeen in book ii. verſe 61 to 67. For accurate fidelity to his original, I refer the reader to Mr. Cowper.

Ver. 624. —— *Telemachus then ſneez'd aloud.*] Euſtathius fully explains the nature of this omen; for ſneezing was reckoned ominous both by the Greeks and Romans. While Penelope uttered theſe words, Telemachus ſneezes; Penelope accepts the omen, and expects the words to be verified. The original of the veneration paid to ſneezing is this: The head is the moſt ſacred part of the body, the ſeat of thought and reaſon: now the ſneeze coming from the head, the antients looked upon it as a ſign or omen, and believed it to be ſent by Jupiter; therefore they regarded it with a kind of adoration: the reader will have a full idea of the nature of the omen of ſneezing here mentioned, from a ſingular inſtance in lib. iii. of Xenophon, in his expedition of Cyrus. Xenophon having ended a ſhort ſpeech to his ſoldiers with theſe words, *viz.* "We have many reaſons to hope for pre-"ſervation;" they were ſcarce uttered, when a certain ſoldier ſneezed: the whole army took the omen, and at once paid adoration to the Gods; then Xenophon reſuming his diſcourſe, proceeded, "Since, my fellow-ſoldiers, at the mention of our pre-"ſervation, Jupiter has ſent this omen," *&c.* So that Xenophon fully explains Homer.

The ſmiling queen the happy omen bleſt:
" So may theſe impious fall, by fate oppreſt!"
Then to Eumæus: bring the ſtranger, fly!
And if my queſtions meet a true reply,
Grac'd with a decent robe he ſhall retire,
A gift in ſeaſon which his wants require.

Sneezing was likewiſe reckoned ominous by the Romans. Thus Catullus,

" Hoc ut dixit, Amor ſiniſtra ut ante
" Dextram ſternuit approbationem."

Thus alſo Propertius,

" Num tibi naſcenti primis, mea vita, diebus
" Aridus argutum ſternuit omen amor."

We find in all theſe inſtances that ſneezing was conſtantly received as a good omen, or a ſign of approbation from the Gods. In theſe ages we pay an idle ſuperſtition to ſneezing, but it is ever looked upon as a bad omen, and we cry *God bleſs you*, upon hearing it, as the Greeks in later times ſaid ζῆθι or Ζεῦ σῶσον. We are told this cuſtom aroſe from a mortal diſtemper that affected the head, and threw the patient into convulſive ſneezings, that occaſioned his death.

I will only add from Euſtathius, that Homer expreſſes the loudneſs of the ſneezing, to give a reaſon why Penelope heard it, ſhe being in an apartment at ſome diſtance from Telemachus.

The ſneezing likewiſe gives us the reaſon why Penelope immediately commands Eumæus to introduce the beggar into her preſence: the omen gave her hopes to hear of Ulyſſes; ſhe ſaw the beggar was a ſtranger, and a traveller, and therefore expected he might be able to give her ſome information. P.

Ver. 625.] Chapman is cloſer to his author:

This ſaid, about the houſe, in echoes, round
Her ſons ſtrange neeſings made a horrid ſound.

Ver. 627.] Our Poet indulges his own eaſe in this place alſo as one weary of his employment, and more and more indifferent to fidelity, as the concluſion of a book approaches.

Thus ſpoke Penelope. Eumæus flies
In duteous haſte, and to Ulyſſes cries.
The queen invites thee, venerable gueſt!
A ſecret inſtinct moves her troubled breaſt
Of her long abſent lord from thee to gain
Some light, and ſooth her ſoul's eternal pain.
If true, if faithful thou, her grateful mind
Of decent robes a preſent has deſign'd:
So finding favour in the royal eye,
Thy other wants her ſubjects ſhall ſupply.
Fair truth alone (the patient man reply'd)
My words ſhall dictate, and my lips ſhall guide.
To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by heav'n.
Much of his fates I know; but check'd by fear
I ſtand: the hand of violence is here:

Ver. 644. *To him, to me, one common lot was giv'n,*
In equal woes, alas! involv'd by heav'n.]

Theſe words bear a double ſenſe; one applicable to the ſpeaker, the other to the reader: the reader, who knows this beggar to be Ulyſſes, is pleaſed with the concealed meaning, and hears with pleaſure the beggar affirming that he is fully inſtructed in the misfortunes of Ulyſſes: but ſpeaking in the character of a beggar, he keeps Eumæus in ignorance, who believes he is reciting the adventures of a friend, while he really gives his own hiſtory. P.

Ver. 646.] The literal ſenſe of his author is but little ſeen through the diſguiſe of this abbreviated verſion. The following attempt is exact:

I know his fates; we jointly woes endur'd.
But this harſh ſuitor-crew I dread: their force,
And inſolence, heaven's iron vault aſcends.
But now, when that man gave a painful blow,

Here boundleſs wrongs the ſtarry ſkies invade,
And injur'd ſuppliants ſeek in vain for aid.
Let for a ſpace the penſive queen attend,
Nor claim my ſtory 'till the ſun deſcend;
Then in ſuch robes as ſuppliants may require,
Compos'd and chearful by the genial fire,
When loud uproar and lawleſs riot ceaſe,
Shall her pleas'd ear receive my words in peace.

Swift to the queen returns the gentle ſwain:
And ſay, (ſhe cries) does fear, or ſhame, detain
The cautious ſtranger? With the begging kind
Shame ſuits but ill. Eumæus thus rejoin'd:
He only aſks a more propitious hour,
And ſhuns (who wou'd not?) wicked men in pow'r;
At ev'ning mild (meet ſeaſon to confer)
By turns to queſtion, and by turns to hear.

Whoe'er this gueſt (the prudent queen replies),
His ev'ry ſtep and ev'ry thought is wiſe.
For men, like theſe, on earth he ſhall not find
In all the miſcreant race of human kind.

As through the houſe I paſt, and did no ill,
Nor could thy ſon, nor other gueſts, avail.

Ver. 655.] Another omiſſion here appears thus in Ogilby:
— — — My cloaths are of the worſt,
Which well you know, who entertain'd me firſt.

Ver. 662.] Theſe rhymes who can excuſe? Thus?
'Till the bright lamp of day, at eve, retire,
By turns to *liſten*, and by turns *enquire*.

Thus ſhe. Eumæus all her words attends,
And parting to the Suitor pow'rs deſcends:
There ſeeks Telemachus, and thus apart
In whiſpers breathes the fondneſs of his heart.
The time, my lord, invites me to repair
Hence to the lodge; my charge demands my care.
Theſe ſons of murder thirſt thy life to take;
O guard it, guard it, for thy ſervant's ſake!
Thanks to my friend, he cries; but now the hour
Of night draws on, go ſeek the rural bow'r:
But firſt refreſh: and at the dawn of day
Hither a victim to the Gods convey.
Our life to heav'n's immortal pow'rs we truſt,
Safe in their care, for heav'n protects the juſt.
Obſervant of his voice, Eumæus ſat
And fed recumbent on a chair of ſtate.
Then inſtant roſe, and as he mov'd along
'Twas riot all amid the Suitor-throng,
They feaſt, they dance, and raiſe the mirthful ſong.

Ver. 675.] Here a verſe is omitted, as follows:

May Jove deſtroy them e'er we miſchief feel!

which may be expanded to a couplet thus:

But, e'er thoſe miſchiefs ripen into birth,
May Jove in vengeance ſweep them from the earth!

Ver. 676. —— *but now the hour Of night draws on* ——] The reader may look back to the beginning of the preceding book, for the explication of δείελον ἦμαρ, here mentioned by Homer. P.

Ver. 679.] Thus more faithfully, and, perhaps, more ſmoothly:

Choice victims hither to the Gods convey.

'Till now declining tow'rd the cloſe of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhot his dewy ray.

Ver. 687.] This concluding couplet has a degree of languor, not cuſtomary to our author, nor his uſual elegance. Ogilby is not much amiſs:

Dancing, and ſinging, merry to the height,
Till bright day fled from ſable-enſign'd night.

Can the following couplet be endured?

At length the ſhades of evening, gradual, riſe,
And Twilight ſtreams her banners thro' the ſkies.

Editor.

This book does not fully comprehend the ſpace of one day: it begins with the morning, and ends before night, ſo that the time here mentioned by the Poet, is the evening of the thirty-ninth day. P.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Fight of Ulyſſes and Irus.

THE beggar Irus inſults Ulyſſes; the Suitors promote the quarrel, in which Irus is worſted, and miſerably handled. Penelope deſcends, and receives the preſents of the Suitors. The Dialogue of Ulyſſes with Eurymachus.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

HOMER has been ſeverely blamed for deſcribing Ulyſſes, a king, entering the liſts with a beggar: Rapin affirms, that he demeans himſelf by engaging with an unequal adverſary. The objection would be unanſwerable, if Ulyſſes appeared in his royal character: but it is as neceſſary in epick poetry, as on the theatre, to adopt the behaviour of every perſon to the character he is to repreſent, whether real or imaginary. Would it not have been ridiculous to have repreſented him, while he was diſguiſed in the garb of a beggar, refuſing the combat, becauſe he knew himſelf to be a king? and would not ſuch a conduct have endangered a diſcovery? Ought we not rather to look upon this epiſode as an inſtance of the greatneſs of the calamities of Ulyſſes, who is reduced to ſuch uncommon extremities as to be ſet upon a level with the meaneſt of wretches? P.

THE

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

WHILE fix'd in thought the penſive hero ſat,
A mendicant approach'd the royal gate;
A ſurly vagrant of the giant kind,
The ſtain of manhood, of a coward mind;
From feaſt to feaſt, inſatiate to devour
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.
Him on his mother's knees, when babe he lay,
She nam'd Arnæus on his natal day:

NOTES.

Ver. 7.] It ſtood in the firſt edition ungrammatically:
When on his mother's knees *a* babe he lay.

Ver. 8. *She nam'd Arnæus* ——] It ſeems probable from this paſſage, that the mother gave the name to the child in the days of Homer; though perhaps not without the concurrence of the father: thus in the ſcriptures it is ſaid of Leah, that *ſhe bare a ſon and called his name Reuben*; and again, *ſhe called his name Simeon*;

But Irus his aſſociates call'd the boy,
Practis'd, the common meſſenger to fly;
Irus, a name expreſſive of th' employ.

and the ſame is frequently repeated both of Leah and Rachel. In the age of Ariſtophanes, the giving a name to the child ſeems to have been a divided prerogative between the father and mother: for in his Νέφελαι there is a diſpute between Strepſiades and his wife, concerning the name of their ſon: the wife was of noble birth, and would therefore give him a noble name; the huſband was a plain villager, and was rather for a name that denoted frugality: but the woman not waving the leaſt branch of her prerogative, they compromiſed the affair, by giving the child a compounded name that implied both frugality and chivalry, derived from φείδω *to ſpare*, and ἵππος *an horſe*; and the young cavalier's name was Phidippides. Euſtathius affirms, that antiently the mother named the child; and the ſcholiaſt upon Ariſtophanes in *avib.* quotes a fragment from Euripides to this purpoſe from a play called Ægeus.

Τὶ σὲ μάτερ ἐν δεκάτᾳ τίκον ὠνόμασε.

What was the name given on the tenth day by the mother to thee, the child? Dacier tells us, that the name of Arnæus was prophetic ὑπὸ τῶν ἀρνῶν, *from the ſheep the glutton would devour when he came to manhood*; but this is mere fancy, and it is no reaſon, becauſe he proved a glutton, that therefore the name foretold it: one might rather think the fondneſs of the mother toward her infant, ſuggeſted a very different view: ſhe gave the name according to her wiſhes, and flattered herſelf that he would prove a very rich man, *a man of many flocks and herds:* and therefore ſhe called him Ἀρναῖος: and this is the more probable, becauſe all riches originally conſiſted in flocks and herds. P.

Ver. 10.] This rhyme has not all the correſpondence that could be wiſhed: otherwiſe, this introduction is good, and the following ſpeech in particular.

Ver. 11. *Irus a name expreſſive of th' employ.*] To underſtand this, we muſt have recourſe to the derivation of the word *Irus*; it comes from εἴρω, which ſignifies *nuncio*; Irus was therefore ſo called, becauſe he was a public meſſenger; and Iris bears that name as the meſſenger of the Gods; Ἶρος, ἀπαγγέλλων; Ἶρις, Ἄγγελος. *Heſychius.* P.

From his own roof, with meditated blows,
He ſtrove to drive the man of mighty woes.
Hence dotard, hence! and timely ſpeed thy way,
Leſt dragg'd in vengeance thou repent thy ſtay;
See how with nods aſſent yon princely train!
But honouring age, in mercy I refrain:
In peace away! leſt, if perſuaſions fail,
This arm with blows more eloquent prevail.
To whom, with ſtern regards: O inſolence,
Indecently to rail without offence!
What bounty gives, without a rival ſhare;
I aſk, what harms not thee, to breathe this air:
Alike on alms we both precarious live:
And canſt thou envy, when the great relieve?
Know from the bounteous heav'ns all riches flow,
And what man gives, the Gods by man beſtow;
Proud as thou art, henceforth no more be proud,
Leſt I imprint my vengeance in thy blood;
Old as I am, ſhould once my fury burn,
How would'ſt thou fly, nor ev'n in thought return?

Ver. 25.] Thus, with faultleſs verſification:

And canſt thou envy, when the *wealthy give?*

Ver. 28.] Rhymes inſufferable, and the ſenſe not given. The ſubjoined verſion is exact:

Be not too prompt at fiſts, nor rouſe my rage:
Old as I am, thy cheſt and lips with blood
I elſe ſhall ſtain; and thus tomorrow find
Leſs moleſtation: for Ulyſſes' houſe,
I ween, will ſee it's viſitor no more.

Mere woman-glutton! (thus the churl reply'd)
A tongue ſo flippant, with a throat ſo wide!
Why ceaſe I, Gods! to daſh thoſe teeth away,
Like ſome vile boar's, that greedy of his prey
Uproots the bearded corn? riſe, try the fight,
Gird well thy loins, approach and feel my might:
Sure of defeat before the peers engage;
Unequal fight! when youth contends with age!

Ver. 33.] Or thus?

A tongue ſo *voluble!* a throat ſo wide!

Ver. 34. — — *To daſh thoſe teeth away,*
Like ſome vile boar's.]

Theſe words refer to a cuſtom that prevailed in former ages; it was allowed to ſtrike out the teeth of any beaſt which the owner found in his grounds: Euſtathius informs us, that this was a cuſtom or law among the people of Cyprus; but from what Homer here ſpeaks, it ſeems to have been a general practice; at leaſt it was in uſe amongſt the Ithacans. P.

Ver. 37. *Gird well thy loins.*] We may gather from hence the manner of the ſingle combat; the champions fought naked, and only made uſe of a cincture round the loins out of decency. Homer directly affirms it, when Ulyſſes prepares for the fight.

Then girding his ſtrong loins, the king prepares
To cloſe in combat, and his body bares;
Broad ſpread his ſhoulders, and his nervous thighs
By juſt degrees like well turn'd columns riſe;
Ample his cheſt, his arms are round and long,
And each ſtrong joint Minerva knits more ſtrong.

Thus Diomed in the Iliad girds his friend Euryalus when he engages Epæus.

Officious with the cincture girds him round.

The ſpeeches here are ſhort, and the periods remarkably conciſe, ſuitable to the nature of anger. The reader may conſult the annotations on the xxth book, concerning the goat's entrails mentioned here by Antinous. P.

Thus in a wordy war their tongues diſplay
More fierce intents, preluding to the fray;
Antinous hears, and in a jovial vein,
Thus with loud laughter to the Suitor-train.
This happy day in mirth, my friends employ,
And lo! the Gods conſpire to crown our joy.
See ready for the fight, and hand to hand,
Yon ſurly mendicants contentious ſtand;
Why urge we not to blows? Well pleas'd they ſpring
Swift from their ſeats, and thick'ning form a ring.
To whom Antinous. Lo! enrich'd with blood,
A kid's well-fatted entrails (taſteful food)
On glowing embers lie; on him beſtow
The choiceſt portion who ſubdues his foe;
Grant him unrival'd in theſe walls to ſtay,
The ſole attendant on the genial day.
The lords applaud: Ulyſſes then with art,
And fears well-feign'd, diſguis'd his dauntleſs heart:
Worn as I am with age, decay'd with woe;
Say, is it baſeneſs, to decline the foe?
Hard conflict! when calamity and age
With vig'rous youth, unknown to cares, engage!

Ver. 60.] Thus Ogilby, not amiſs:

'Tis hard for me, conſum'd with grief and *age*,
With ſuch a ſturdy youngſter to *engage*.

Yet fearful of diſgrace, to try the day
Imperious hunger bids, and I obey;
But ſwear, impartial arbiters of right,
Swear to ſtand neutral, while we cope in fight.
The peers aſſent: when ſtraight his ſacred head
Telemachus uprais'd, and ſternly ſaid.
Stranger, if prompted to chaſtiſe the wrong
Of this bold inſolent; confide, be ſtrong!
Th' injurious Greek that dares attempt a blow,
That inſtant makes Telemachus his foe;
And theſe my friends * ſhall guard the ſacred ties
Of hoſpitality, for they are wiſe.

Ver. 64. *But ſwear, impartial arbiters of right,*
Swear to ſtand neutral, while we cope in fight.]

This is a very neceſſary precaution: Ulyſſes had reaſon to apprehend that the Suitors would intereſt themſelves in the cauſe of Irus, who was their daily attendant, rather than in that of a perfect ſtranger. Homer takes care to point out the prudence of Ulyſſes upon every emergence: beſides, he raiſes this fray between two beggars into ſome dignity, by requiring the ſanction of an oath to regulate the laws of the combat. It is the ſame ſolemnity uſed in the Iliad between Paris and Menelaus, and repreſents theſe combatants engaging with the formality of two heroes. P.

This appears more fully and faithfully in Hobbes:

But I muſt firſt intreat you all to ſwear
Not to help Irus, nor a heavy hand
To lay on me, but both of us forbear
And juſtly 'twixt us both as neutrals ſtand.

Ver. 72. *And theſe my friends ſhall guard the ſacred ties*
Of hoſpitality, for they are wiſe.]

When Telemachus ſpeaks theſe words, he is to be ſuppoſed to turn to Eurymachus and Antinous, to whom he directs his diſcourſe.

* Antinous and Eurymachus.

Then girding his ſtrong loins, the king prepares
To cloſe in combat, and his body bares;
Broad ſpread his ſhoulders, and his nervous thighs
By juſt degrees, like well-turn'd columns, riſe:
Ample his cheſt, his arms are round and long,
And each ſtrong joint Minerva knits more ſtrong,
(Attendant on her chief:) the Suitor-crowd
With wonder gaze, and gazing ſpread aloud;
Irus, alas! ſhall Irus be no more,
Black fate impends, and this th' avenging hour!
Gods! how his nerves a matchleſs ſtrength proclaim:
Swell o'er his well-ſtrung limbs, and brace his frame!
Then pale with fears, and ſick'ning at the ſight,
They dragg'd th' unwilling Irus to the fight;

It muſt be allowed that this is an artful piece of flattery in Telemachus, and he makes uſe of it to engage theſe two princes, who were the chief of the Suitors, on his ſide. P.

Ver. 77.] The *ſimile* is due to the tranſlator only.

Ver. 82. *Irus, alas! ſhall Irus be no more.*] This is literally tranſlated: I confeſs I wiſh Homer had omitted theſe little colluſions of words: he ſports with Ἶρος ἄϊρος. It is a low conceit, alluding to the derivation of *Irus*, and means that he ſhall never more be a *meſſenger*. The tranſlation, though it be verbal, yet is free from ambiguity, and the joke concealed in ἄϊρος; this will be evident if we ſubſtitute another name in the place of *Irus*; we may ſay *Achilles* ſhall be no longer *Achilles*, without deſcending from the gravity of epick poetry. P.

The rhyme is bad. I think Ogilby preferable, as he is far more cloſe to his author:

From his blank viſage fled the coward blood,
And his fleſh trembled as aghaſt he ſtood:
O that ſuch baſeneſs ſhould diſgrace the light!
O hide it, death, in everlaſting night!
(Exclaims Antinous) can a vig'rous foe
Meanly decline to combat age and woe?
But hear me, wretch! if recreant in the fray,
That huge bulk yield this ill-conteſted day,
Inſtant thou ſail'ſt, to Echetus reſign'd;
A tyrant, fierceſt of the tyrant-kind,

Irus, I doubt, will by this bargain loſe.
What thighs, his rags now off, the old man ſhews!

Ver. 88.] This line is interpolated by the tranſlator.

Ver. 90. *O! that ſuch baſeneſs ſhould diſgrace the light!*
Oh! hide it, death, &c.]

Euſtathius gives us an inſtance of the deep penetration of ſome criticks, in their comments upon theſe words; they have found in them the philoſophy of Pythagoras, and the tranſmigration of ſouls. The verſe ſtands thus in Homer;

Νῦν μὲν μήτ' εἶης βιοτᾶϊς, μήτε γένοιο;

which they imagine is to be underſtood after this manner; *I wiſh thou hadſt never been born! and mayſt thou never exiſt again, or have a ſecond being!* To recite ſuch an abſurdity, is to refute it. The verſe when literally rendered bears this import; *I wiſh thou wert now dead, or hadſt never been born!* an imprecation very natural to perſons in anger, who ſeldom give themſelves time to ſpeak with profound alluſions to philoſophy. P.

Mr. Cowper, of all the tranſlators alone, gives a juſt repreſentation of his author:

Now, wherefore liv'ſt, and why waſt ever born,
Thou mountain-maſs of earth! if ſuch diſmay
Shake thee at thought of combat with a man
Antient as he, and worn with many woes?

Ver. 96. *Inſtant thou ſail'ſt, to Echetus reſign'd;*
A tyrant, fierceſt of the tyrant-kind.]

Who caſts thy mangled ears and noſe a prey
To hungry dogs, and lops the man away.
While with indignant ſcorn he ſternly ſpoke,
In ev'ry joint the trembling Irus ſhook;
Now front to front each frowning champion ſtands,
And poiſes high in air his adverſe hands.
The chief yet doubts, or to the ſhades below
To fell the giant at one vengeful blow,

The tradition concerning Echetus ſtands thus: he was king of Epirus, the ſon of Euchenor and Phlogea; he had a daughter called Metope, or as others affirm, Amphiſſa; ſhe being corrupted by Æchmodicus, Echetus put out her eyes, and condemned her to grind pieces of iron made in the reſemblance of corn; and told her ſhe ſhould recover her ſight when ſhe had ground the iron into flour. He invited Æchmodicus to an entertainment, and cut off the extremities from all parts of his body, and caſt them to the dogs; at length being ſeized with madneſs, he fed upon his own fleſh, and dyed. This hiſtory is confirmed, lib. iv. of Apollonius,

Ἠΰρις Ἔχετος γλήναις ἔνι χάλκεα κήρα
Πέξει δυσατρὸς ἐὼν, γενέτιν δὲ κάρφεται ὄσσε,
Ὀφρα οἱ χαλκὸν ἀλετρεύσασα καλιῇ.

I wonder how this laſt quotation eſcaped the diligence of Euſtathius. Dacier affirms, that no mention is made of Echetus by any of the Greek hiſtorians, and therefore ſhe has recourſe to another tradition, preſerved by Euſtathius, who tells us, that Echetus was contemporary with Homer, that the Poet had been ill uſed by him, and therefore took this revenge for his inhumanity. P.

Ver. 99.] The tranſlation here may juſtly claim the praiſe of uncommon ſkill and delicacy.

Ver. 100.] The rhymes and tautology may be mended thus:

While with indignant ſcorn he ſternly *ſpake.*
Each limb of Irus *growing terrors ſhake.*

Or ſave his life; and ſoon his life to ſave.
The king reſolves, for mercy ſways the brave.
That inſtant Irus his huge arm extends,
Full on his ſhoulder the rude weight deſcends:
The ſage Ulyſſes, fearful to diſcloſe
The hero latent in the man of woes,
Check'd half his might; yet riſing to the ſtroke,
His jaw-bone daſh'd; the craſhing jaw-bone broke:
Down drop'd he ſtupid from the ſtunning wound;
His feet extended, quiv'ring, beat the ground;
His mouth and noſtrils ſpout a purple flood;
His teeth, all ſhatter'd, ruſh immix'd with blood.
The peers tranſported, as outſtretch'd he lies,
With burſts of laughter rend the vaulted ſkies;
Then dragg'd along, all bleeding from the wound,
His length of carcaſs trailing prints the ground;
Rais'd on his feet, again he reels, he falls,
'Till propp'd, reclining on the palace walls;

Ver. 106.] The reſemblance to the original here is none. I give a literal tranſlation:

Or tumble proſtrate with a gentler blow.
A gentler blow ſeem'd wiſer, leſt the Greeks
Be led to ſcan him with too nice ſurvey.

This ſentiment our tranſlator preſently introduces out of it's place, but very happily.

Ver. 122.] This verſe has no authority from the original.

Then to his hand a ſtaff the victor gave,
And thus with juſt reproach addreſs'd the ſlave.
There terrible affright the dogs, and reign
A dreaded tyrant o'er the beſtial train!
But mercy to the poor and ſtranger ſhow,
Leſt heav'n in vengeance ſend ſome mightier woe.
Scornful he ſpoke, and o'er his ſhoulder flung
The broad patch'd ſcrip; the ſcrip in tatters hung
Ill join'd, and knotted to a twiſted thong.
Then, turning ſhort, diſdain'd a further ſtay;
But to the palace meaſur'd back the way.
There as he reſted, gathering in a ring
The peers with ſmiles addreſt their unknown king:
Stranger, may Jove and all th' aerial pow'rs,
With ev'ry bleſſing crown thy happy hours!
Our freedom to thy proweſs'd arm we owe
From bold intruſion of thy coward foe;

Ver. 128.] Homer is miſrepreſented in this verſe, as will appear from Chapman's tranſlation, ſufficiently exact:

Where leaving him, he put into his hand
A ſtaffe, and bad him there uſe his command
On ſwine and dogs; and not preſume to be
Lord of the gueſts and of the beggery.

Ver. 140. *From bold intruſion of thy coward foe.*] The word in the Greek is ἄναλτος. Γάστρα ἄναλτος is *a voracious appetite, a ſtomach that nothing can ſatisfy:* Heſychius thus explains it: ἄναλτος ἄπαυξις, τοῦτ' ἐστὶν ἱκανὸν, ἢ ἀπλήρωτος παρὰ τὴν ἅλσιν. But there is undoubtedly an error in Heſychius; inſtead of ἱκανὸν we ſhould

Inſtant the flying ſail the ſlave ſhall wing
To Echetus, the monſter of a king.
While pleas'd he hears, Antinous bears the food,
A kid's well fatted entrails, rich with blood:
The bread from caniſters of ſhining mold
Amphinomus; and wines that laugh in gold:
And oh! (he mildly cries) may heav'n diſplay
A beam of glory o'er thy future day!
Alas, the brave too oft is doom'd to bear
The gripes of poverty, and ſtings of care.
To whom with thought mature the king replies:-
The tongue ſpeaks wiſely, when the ſoul is wiſe;
Such was thy father! in imperial ſtate,
Great without vice, that oft attends the great:
Nor from the ſire art thou, the ſon, declin'd;
Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!

---

read ἰσχνὸν, that is *meager*, or a *ſtomach that appears always unfilled.* The general moral that we are to gather from the behaviour of Ulyſſes and Irus, is that inſolence and boaſting are ſigns of cowardice. P.

Ver. 143.] The tranſlator does not appear to have diſcovered the proprieties of his author's expreſſion here, which will be more diſtinctly ſeen from a free repreſentation of the verſe:

He ſpake: divine Ulyſſes caught with joy
Theſe omen'd words of bleſſings on his life.

Ver. 154.] Thus, more faithfully:

Virtuous no leſs, than opulent and great.

Ver. 156. *Then hear my words, and grave them in thy mind!*]

Of all that breathes, or grov'ling creeps on earth,
Moſt vain is man! calamitous by birth.

There never was a finer lecture of morality read in any of the ſchools of the philoſophers, than this which Ulyſſes delivers to Amphinomus; he uſhers it in with great ſolemnity, and ſpeaks to all mankind in the perſon of Amphinomus. It is quoted by a variety of authors; Pliny in his preface to his natural Hiſtory, lib. 7. has wrote a diſſertation on this ſentence.

Of all that breathes, or grov'ling creeps on earth,
Moſt vain is man, &c.

Ariſtotle and Maximus Tyrius quote it; and Plutarch twice refers to it. Homer conſiders man both with reſpect to the errors of the mind, and the calamities incident to the body; and upon a review of all mortal creatures, he attributes to man the unhappy ſuperiority in miſeries. But indeed Homer is ſo plain that he needs no interpretation, and any words but his own muſt diſgrace him. Beſides, this ſpeech is beautiful in another view, and excellently ſets forth the forgiving temper of Ulyſſes: he ſaw that all the ſparks of virtue and humanity were not extinguiſhed in Amphinomus; he therefore warns him with great ſolemnity to forſake the Suitors; he imprints conviction upon his mind, though ineffectually, and ſhews by it that when he falls by the hand of Ulyſſes in the ſucceeding parts of the Odyſſey, his death is not a revenge but a puniſhment. P.

In the ſame manner, the author of a poetical paraphraſe from "the Proverbs of Solomon" in the Spectator, after his model:

My ſon, th' inſtruction, that my words impart,
Grave on the living tablets of *thy heart*.

Ver. 157.] So Chapman:

Of all things breathing, or that creepe on *earth*,
Nought is more wretched than a humane *birth*.

But our tranſlator has not done juſtice to Homer on this occaſion, either in verſification or in ſentiment: it remains, therefore, for me to exhibit a ſimple and perſpicuous verſion of the paſſage:

On earth no creature thrives more frail, more weak,
Than man, of all that breathe, and creep the ground.
All future ills, preſumptuous, he defies,
Whilſt Heaven ſhowers comforts, and his knees are ſtrong.

To-day with pow'r elate, in ſtrength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that pow'r preſumes:
Anon, from heav'n a ſad reverſe he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainſt heav'n the wretch rebels.
For man is changeful, as his bliſs or woe;
Too high when proſp'rous, when diſtreſt too low.

But, when the Gods a ſad reverſe beſtow,
His mind, impatient, fretful, bears it's ills.

Or thus, in rhyme:

Than man more weak what being can be found,
More frail, of all that breathe, and creep the ground?
All future ills, preſumptuous, he defies,
Whilſt Heaven ſhowers bliſs, and ſtrength his knees ſupplies.
But, when the Gods a ſad reverſe beſtow,
Frets his gall'd ſpirit with it's load of woe.

Ver. 162.] So Dacier: "Avec *un eſprit de revolte* et d'un "courage forcé."

Ver. 163. *For man is changeful, as his bliſs or woe.*] Moſt of the interpreters have greatly miſrepreſented theſe words,

Τοῖος γὰρ νόος ἐστὶν ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων
Οἷον ἐπ' ἦμαρ ἄγησι.

They thus tranſlate it, *talis mens hominum, qualem deus ſuggerit*; or, "Such is the mind of man, as Heav'n inſpires:" but this is an error, for οἷον cannot refer to νόος, but to ἦμαρ, and the ſentence is thus to be rendered, *Talis mens hominum, qualem diem deus inducit*; that is, "The mind of man changes with the complexion of the day, "as heaven ſends happineſs or miſery;" or as in the tranſlation,

For man is changeful, as his bliſs or woe;
Too high when proſp'rous, when diſtreſs'd too low.

The reader will be convinced that the conſtruction requires this ſenſe, by joining the prepoſition with the verb, ἐπὶ with ἄγησι, and rendering it, οἷον ἦμαρ ἐπάγησι; nothing being more frequent than ſuch a diviſion of the prepoſition from the verb amongſt the Greeks. It muſt be allowed, that Homer gives a very unhappy, yet too juſt a picture, of human nature: man is too apt to be proud and inſolent in proſperity, and mean and abject in adver-

There was a day, when with the ſcornful great
I ſwell'd in pomp and arrogance of ſtate;
Proud of the pow'r that to high birth belongs;
And us'd that pow'r to juſtify my wrongs.
Then let not man be proud: but firm of mind,
Bear the beſt humbly, and the worſt reſign'd;
Be dumb when heav'n afflicts! unlike yon' train
Of haughty ſpoilers, inſolently vain;
Who make their queen and all her wealth a prey:
But Vengeance and Ulyſſes wing their way.
O may'ſt thou, favour'd by ſome guardian pow'r,
Far, far be diſtant in that deathful hour!
For ſure I am, if ſtern Ulyſſes breathe,
Theſe lawleſs riots end in blood and death.
Then to the Gods the roſy juice he pours,
And the drain'd goblet to the chief reſtores.
Stung to the ſoul, o'ercaſt with holy dread,
He ſhook the graceful honours of his head;
His boding mind the future woe foreſtalls,
In vain! by great Telemachus he falls,

...ſty; and thoſe men who are moſt overbearing in an happy ſtate, ...are always moſt baſe and mean in the day of affliction. P.

Ver. 177.] The following couplet is leſs exceptionable in it's ...hyme:

For ſure, if Heaven the ſtern Ulyſſes ſend,
In blood and death theſe lawleſs riots end.

Ver. 179.] The execution of the following paragraph is very unſucceſsful; the verſification has no dignity, and half the rhymes are vicious.

For Pallas ſeals his doom: all ſad he turns
To join the peers; reſumes his throne, and mourns.

Meanwhile Minerva with inſtinctive fires
Thy ſoul, Penelope, from heav'n inſpires;
With flatt'ring hopes the Suitors to betray,
And ſeem to meet, yet fly, the bridal day,
Thy huſband's wonder, and thy ſon's, to raiſe;
And crown the mother and the wife with praiſe.

Ver. 189. *With flatt'ring hopes the Suitors to betray.*] The Greek is very conciſe, and the expreſſion uncommon, ὅπως ἀπατήσειε θυμὸν μνηστήρων; that is, Penelope thus acted that ſhe might *dilate the heart of the Suitors*; meaning (as Euſtathius obſerves) that ſhe might give them falſe hopes by appearing in their company; for the heart ſhrinks, and is contracted by ſorrow and deſpair, and is again dilated by hope or joy: this is I believe literally true, the ſpirits flow briſkly when we are in joy, and a new pulſe is given to the blood, which neceſſarily muſt dilate the heart: on the contrary, when we are in ſorrow the ſpirits are languid, and the blood moves leſs actively; and therefore the heart ſhrinks and contracts, the blood wanting vigour to dilate and expand it. P.

Ver. 191. *Thy huſband's wonder, and thy ſon's, to raiſe.*] This is ſolely the act of Minerva, for Penelope is ignorant that ſhe is to appear before her huſband. This interview is excellently managed by Homer: Ulyſſes is to be convinced of his wife's fidelity; to bring this about, he introduces her upon the publick ſtage, where her huſband ſtands as a common unconcerned ſpectator, and hears her expreſs her love for him in the warmeſt terms; here is no room for art or deſign, becauſe ſhe is ignorant that ſhe ſpeaks before Ulyſſes; and therefore her words muſt be ſuppoſed to proceed from the heart. This gives us a reaſon why Homer makes her dwell at large upon her paſſion for Ulyſſes, and paint it in the ſtrongeſt colours, *viz.* to evidence her chaſtity, and urge Ulyſſes to haſten the deſtruction of the Suitors, by convincing him that ſhe is able no longer to delude the marriage hour. But then it may be objected, if Penelope's ſole deſign was to give a falſe

Then, while the ſtreaming ſorrow dims her eyes,
Thus with a tranſient ſmile the matron cries.
Eurynomè! to go where Riot reigns
I feel an impulſe, tho' my ſoul diſdains;
To my lov'd ſon the ſnares of death to ſhow,
And in the traitor-friend unmaſk the foe;
Who ſmooth of tongue, in purpoſe inſincere,
Hides fraud in ſmiles, while death is ambuſh'd there.

---

hope to the Suitors, does ſhe not take a very wrong method, by ſpeaking ſo very tenderly of Ulyſſes? is not this a more probable reaſon for deſpair, than hope? It is true, it would have been ſo, if in the concluſion of her ſpeech ſhe had not artfully added,

But when my ſon grows man, the royal ſway
Reſign, and happy be thy bridal day!

So that Telemachus being now grown up to maturity, the Suitors concluded that the nuptial hour was at hand. If then we conſider the whole conduct of Penelope in this book, it muſt be allowed to be very refined and artful; ſhe obſerves a due regard towards Ulyſſes, by ſhewing ſhe is not to be perſuaded to marry; and yet by the ſame words ſhe gives the Suitors hopes that the day is almoſt come when ſhe intends to celebrate her nuptials; ſhe manages ſo dextrouſly, as to perſuade without a promiſe; and for this reaſon the words are put into the mouth of Ulyſſes, and it is Ulyſſes who gives the hopes, rather than Penelope. P.

Ver. 193. *Then, while the ſtreaming ſorrow dims her eyes,*
Thus with a tranſient ſmile the matron cries.]

Homer gives us a very beautiful and juſt image in theſe words. In the Iliad he uſed a ſimilar expreſſion concerning Andromache, γελάσσα; *a ſmile chaſtiſed with tears.* Ἀχνύσῃ δ' ἰγέλασσεν here bears the ſame import. P.

There is nothing of this in Homer; our tranſlator might take the hint from Dacier: "Avec un ſourire qui n' effaçoit pas *la triſteſſe peinte dans ſes yeux*—." The peculiarity of the Greek expreſſion ſeems not ill interpreted by Hobbes:

Penelope then laught not knowing why.

Go warn thy ſon, nor be the warning vain,
(Reply'd the ſageſt of the royal train)
But bath'd, anointed, and adorn'd deſcend;
Pow'rful of charms, bid ev'ry grace attend;
The tide of flowing tears a-while ſuppreſs;
Tears but indulge the ſorrow, not redreſs.
Some joy remains: to thee a ſon is giv'n,
Such as in fondneſs parents aſk of Heav'n.
Ah me! forbear, returns the queen, forbear;
Oh! talk not, talk not of vain beauty's care!
No more I bathe, ſince he no longer ſees
Thoſe charms, for whom alone I wiſh to pleaſe.

Ver. 207. — — — *To thee a ſon is giv'n,*
Such as in fondneſs parents aſk of Heav'n.]

I am not certain that this is the exact ſenſe of Homer; Dacier underſtands him very differently. Eurynomè (obſerves that author) is not endeavouring to comfort Penelope becauſe her ſon is now come to years of maturity; her purpoſe is, to ſhew the neceſſity ſhe has to have recourſe to art, to aſſiſt her beauty: for (adds ſhe) your ſon is grown a man; meaning that a lady who has a ſon twenty years old, muſt have loſt her natural beauty, and has occaſion to be obliged to art to give her an artificial one. This, I confeſs, is too true, but it ſeems a little too ludicrous for epick poetry; I have followed a different ſenſe, that gives us a far nobler image; conformable to that verſe of Horace.

"Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
"Quam ſapere, &c."

This agrees with the tenour of Euryclea's ſpeech, and is a foundation of great comfort to Penelope. P.

Or thus, more faithfully:

Now to your ſon thoſe years mature are given,
For which your fondeſt prayer was made to heaven.

The day that bore Ulyſſes from this coaſt,
Blaſted the little bloom theſe cheeks could boaſt.
But inſtant bid Autonoè deſcend,
Inſtant, Hippodamè our ſteps attend;
Ill ſuits it female virtue, to be ſeen
Alone, indecent, in the walks of men.
Then while Eurynomè the mandate bears,
From heav'n Minerva ſhoots with guardian cares;
O'er all her ſenſes, as the couch ſhe preſt,
She pours a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt,
With ev'ry beauty ev'ry feature arms,
Bids her cheeks glow, and lights up all her charms,
In her love-darting eyes awakes the fires,
(Immortal gifts! to kindle ſoft deſires)
From limb to limb an air majeſtick ſheds,
And the pure ivory o'er her boſom ſpreads.

Ver. 221. *O'er all her ſenſes, as the couch ſhe preſt,*
She pours a pleaſing, deep, and death-like reſt.]
This is an admirable ſtroke of art, to ſhew the determined reſolution of Penelope, to forbear the endeavour of making her perſon agreeable in any eyes but thoſe of Ulyſſes: a Goddeſs is obliged to caſt her into an involuntary repoſe, and to ſupply an adventitious grace while ſhe ſleeps. P.

Ver. 222.] By the help of a compound word, in which I can diſcover a want neither of propriety nor elegance, but rather a ſuitableneſs of manner to Homer's phraſeology; the ſenſe of the original may be fully comprehended:

She pours a *ſweet and limb-diſſolving* reſt;

Our tranſlator was thinking of the Eloiſa:

A *death-like* ſilence, and a dread *repoſe*,

Ver. 225.] Pope in his Elegy:

And thoſe *love-darting eyes* muſt roll no more.

Such Venus ſhines, when with a meaſur'd bound
She ſmoothly gliding ſwims th' harmonious round,
When with the Graces in the dance ſhe moves,
And fires the gazing Gods with ardent loves.
Then to the ſkies her flight Minerva bends,
And to the queen the damſel-train deſcends:
Wak'd at their ſteps, her flowing eyes uncloſe;
The tear ſhe wipes, and thus renews her woes.
Howe'er 'tis well; that ſleep a-while can free
With ſoft forgetfulneſs, a wretch like me;
Oh! were it giv'n to yield this tranſient breath,
Send, oh! Diana, ſend the ſleep of death!
Why muſt I waſte a tedious life in tears,
Nor bury in the ſilent grave my cares?

Ver. 232.] This line is from the tranſlator only.

Ver. 233. *Then to the ſkies her flight Minerva bends.*] We ſee Penelope is a woman of ſo much wiſdom, as to be the favourite of Minerva. She acts in every point with the higheſt diſcretion, and is inconſolable for her huſband; yet the Poet forbears to let her into the ſecret that Ulyſſes is returned: this is undoubtedly an intended ſatyr, and Homer means, that a woman in every point diſcreet, is ſtill to be ſuſpected of loquacity: this ſeems to have been the real ſentiment of Homer, which he more fully declares in the eleventh Odyſſey.

When earneſt to explore thy ſecret breaſt,
Unfold ſome trifle, but conceal the reſt;
For ſince of woman-kind ſo few are juſt,
Think all are falſe, nor ev'n the faithful truſt. P.

Ver. 241.] Chapman has taken a better likeneſs of his author:

— — — that no more my mone
Might waſte my blood, in weepings never done;

O my Ulyſſes! ever honour'd name!
For thee I mourn, 'till death diſſolves my frame.
Thus wailing, ſlow and ſadly ſhe deſcends,
On either hand a damſel-train attends:
Full where the dome its ſhining valves expands,
Radiant before the gazing peers ſhe ſtands;
A vail tranſlucent o'er her brow diſplay'd,
Her beauty ſeems, and only ſeems, to ſhade:
Sudden ſhe lightens in their dazzled eyes,
And ſudden flames in ev'ry boſom riſe;
They ſend their eager ſouls with ev'ry look,
'Till ſilence thus th' imperial matron broke:

For want of that accompliſht vertue ſpher'd
In my lov'd lord, to all the Greekes prefer'd.

Ver. 246.] His author ſays *two* only. Thus?
On either hand a *damſel fair* attends.

Ver. 249.] Compare a more faithful tranſlation of the original verſe in book xvi. verſe 432. Our Poet ſeems to have conſulted Chapman's verſion of the ſame paſſage in book xx. verſe 66 of our tranſlation:

— — — and kept the ray
Of her bright count'nance hid with veyles ſo thin
That though they ſeem'd t' expoſe, they let love in.

Much in the ſame manner Fairfax, in Taſſo iv. 29.

Yet never eye to Cupid's ſervice vow'd
Beheld a face of ſuch a lovely pride;
A tinſel vail her amber locks did ſhroud,
That ſtrove to cover what it could not hide.

Ver. 253.] Or thus, on account of the rhymes:
Th' enamour'd ſoul their eager looks confeſt:
When thus her ſon the matron-queen addreſt.

O why! my ſon, why now no more appears
That warmth of ſoul that urg'd thy younger years?
Thy riper days no growing worth impart,
A man in ſtature, ſtill a boy in heart!
Thy well-knit frame unprofitably ſtrong,
Speaks thee an hero from an hero ſprung:
But the juſt Gods in vain thoſe gifts beſtow,
O wiſe alone in form, and brave in ſhow!
Heav'ns! could a ſtranger feel Oppreſſions's hand
Beneath thy roof, and could'ſt thou tamely ſtand?
If thou the ſtranger's righteous cauſe decline,
His is the ſuff'rance, but the ſhame is thine.

To whom with filial awe, the prince returns:
That gen'rous ſoul with juſt reſentment burns,
Yet taught by time, my heart has learn'd to glow,
For others good, and melt at others woe:

Ver. 259.] Theſe rhymes have not that accuracy, which correct poetry demands: otherwiſe, this ſpeech is well executed, and ſome couplets are even excellent.

Ver. 269.] This couplet bears but a faint likeneſs of it's model, which may be thus exhibited:

Nor yet my mind wants prudence, but diſcerns
The good and bad, beyond my childiſh years.

But the tranſlator had Pope's Elegy in his recollection:

So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er *learn'd to glow*
For other's good, or melt at other's woe.

Hobbes is faithful:

Mother, ſaid he, you well may angry be;
And yet I better know what's good and ill
Than heretofore.

But impotent theſe riots to repel,
I bear their outrage, tho' my ſoul rebel:
Helpleſs amid the ſnares of death I tread,
And numbers leagu'd in impious union dread:
But now no crime is theirs; this wrong proceeds
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.
O would to Jove! or her whoſe arms diſplay
The ſhield of Jove, or him who rules the day!
That yon proud Suitors, who licentious tread
Theſe courts, within theſe courts like Irus bled:
Whoſe looſe head tott'ring, as with wine oppreſt,
Obliquely drops, and nodding knocks his breaſt;

Ver. 275. —— *this wrong proceeds*
From Irus, and the guilty Irus bleeds.]

Euſtathius informs us, that we are here to underſtand the fray between Irus and Ulyſſes. Penelope refers to the violence intended to be offered to Ulyſſes, when the footſtool was thrown at him by Antinous; we find that ſhe was acquainted with that aſſault from her ſpeech in the preceeding book. In reality, the queen was ignorant of the combat between Irus and Ulyſſes: but Telemachus miſunderſtands her with deſign, and makes an apology for the Suitors, fearing to raiſe a further diſorder, or provoke them to ſome more violent act of reſentment. P.

Ver. 281.] The whole of Homer's verſe may be fully given in nearly the ſame terms with Ogilby:

Nodding his head, as in a drunken fit:

but the preſent paſſage, from it's reſemblance to one in the Dunciad, ii. 397. might undergo Pope's correction:

Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but thrice, ſuppreſt
By potent Arthur, *knock'd his chin and breaſt.*

Pow'rleſs to move, his ſtagg'ring feet deny
The coward wretch the privilege to fly.
Then to the queen Eurymachus replies;
O juſtly lov'd, and not more fair than wiſe!
Should Greece thro' all her hundred ſtates ſurvey
Thy finiſh'd charms, all Greece would own thy ſway,
In rival crouds conteſt the glorious prize,
Diſpeopling realms to gaze upon thy eyes:
O woman! lovelieſt of the lovely kind,
In body perfect, and compleat in mind!

Ver. 288. — — *all Greece would own thy ſway*, &c.] Homer expreſſes Greece by Ἰάσιον Ἄργος *Iäſian Argos*. The word properly (as Euſtathius obſerves) denotes the *Morea* or *Peloponneſus*, ſo called from Iäſus the ſon of Argus, and Io king of that country; Strabo agrees with Euſtathius. Chapman wonderfully miſtakes Homer, and explains his own miſtake in a paraphraſe of ſix lines.

Moſt wiſe Icarius' daughter, if all thoſe
That did for Colchos vent'rous ſail diſpoſe,
For that rich purchaſe; had before but ſeen
Earth's richer prize, in th' Ithacenſian queen,
They had not made that voyage; but to you
Would all their virtues, all their beings vow.

I need not ſay how foreign this is to the original. In reality *Argos* with different epithets, ſignifies different countries; Ἀχαϊκὸν Ἄργος means *Theſſaly*, and Ἰάσιον Ἄργος *Peloponneſus*; but here it denotes *Greece* univerſally; for it would appear abſurd to tell Penelope, that all the Morea would admire her beauty, this would leſſen the compliment; nor is any reaſon to be aſſigned why Peloponneſus ſhould admire her more than the reſt of the Greeks. P.

Ver. 291.] So Chapman:

In ſtature, beauty, forme in every *kinde*
Of all parts outward, and for faultleſſe *minde*.

Ah me! returns the queen, when from this ſhore
Ulyſſes ſail'd, then beauty was no more!
The Gods decreed theſe eyes no more ſhould keep
Their wonted grace, but only ſerve to weep.
Should he return, whate'er my beauties prove,
My virtues laſt; my brighteſt charm is love.
Now, Grief, thou all art mine! the Gods o'ercaſt
My ſoul with woes, that long, ah long muſt laſt!
Too faithfully my heart retains the day
That ſadly tore my royal lord away:
He graſp'd my hand, and Oh my ſpouſe! I leave
Thy arms, (he cry'd) perhaps to find a grave:
Fame ſpeaks the Trojans bold; they boaſt the ſkill
To give the feather'd arrow wings to kill,

Ver. 293.] I ſhall give a literal verſion of Penelope's ſpeech, as a meaſure for the deviations of our tranſlator:

Th' immortals marr'd my charms of feature then,
And ſhape, when Greece for Ilium went on board,
And my dear ſpouſe Ulyſſes join'd the train.
Oh! ſhould he come, the guardian of my life!
Then would my fame with freſher beauties bloom.
Now grief conſumes: ſuch woes my dæmon ſends!

Ver. 297.] Ogilby is neither unfaithful, nor low:

Would he returning rule this life of mine,
My honour and my beauty more would ſhine.

Ver. 303.] Shall we thus ſubſtitute leſs exceptionable rhymes?

He *graſpt* my hand, and Oh! perhaps to find
A grave (he cry'd) I leave my ſpouſe *behind!*

Ver. 305.] Theſe *four* verſes, and particularly the latter couplet, are excellent.

To dart the ſpear, and guide the ruſhing car
With dreadful inroad thro' the walks of war.
My ſentence is gone forth, and 'tis decreed
Perhaps by righteous Heav'n that I muſt bleed!
My father, mother, all, I truſt to thee;
To them, to them transfer the love of me:
But when my ſon grows man, the royal ſway
Reſign, and happy be thy bridal day!

Ver. 312.] His author dictates thus:

To them transfer, *encreas'd*, the love of me.

Ver. 313. *But when my ſon grows man, the royal ſway*
Reſign, and happy be thy bridal day.]

The original ſays, *reſign the palace to Telemachus:* this is ſpoken according to the cuſtoms of antiquity: the wife, upon her ſecond marriage, being obliged to reſign the houſe to the heir of the family. This circumſtance is inſerted with great judgment: the Suitors were determined to ſeize it upon marriage with Penelope, as appears from the ſecond Odyſſey.

What mighty labours would he then create,
To ſeize his treaſures, and divide his ſtate,
The royal palace to the queen convey,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal day?

Penelope therefore by this declaration gives the Suitors to underſtand, that the palace belonged not to her, but Telemachus. This aſſertion has a double effect; it is intended to make the Suitors leſs warm in their addreſſes; or if they perſiſt, to ſet the injuſtice done to Telemachus in open view. The beauty of all the ſpeeches of Penelope in this book is ſo obvious that it needs no explanation; Homer gives her a very amiable character, ſhe is good in every relation of life, merciful to the poor and ſtranger, a tender mother, and an affectionate wife; every period is almoſt a lecture of morality.

My father, mother, all, I truſt to thee;
To them, to them transfer the love of me.

This ſhews the duty of the child to the parent; it may be extended to all perſons to whom we owe any duty; and humanity requires

Such were his words; and Hymen now prepares
To light his torch, and give me up to cares;
Th' afflictive hand of wrathful Jove to bear:
A wretch, the moſt compleat that breathes the air!
Fall'n ev'n below the rights to woman due!
Careleſs to pleaſe, with inſolence ye woo!
The gen'rous lovers, ſtudious to ſucceed,
Bid their whole herds and flocks in banquets bleed;
By precious gifts the vow ſincere diſplay:
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.

---

that we ſhould endeavour to eaſe the burden of our friends in proportion to their calamities; we ſhould at all times conſult their happineſs, but chiefly in the hour of adverſity. A friend ſhould be a ſupport to lean upon in all our infirmities. P.

Ver. 323. *By precious gifts the vow ſincere diſplay:*
You, only you, make her ye love your prey.]

Horace, lib. ii. Sat. 5. makes a very ſevere reflection upon Penelope, and in her perſon (I ſay not how juſtly) upon the whole ſex; he gives the avarice of the Suitors as the ſole reaſon of Penelope's chaſtity; and inſinuates that women would ſell their virtue, if men would be at the expence to buy.

"Venit enim magnum donandi parca juventus,
"Nec tantum Veneris, quantum ſtudioſa culinæ.
"Sic tibi Penelope frugi eſt: quæ ſi ſemel uno
"De ſene guſtârit, tecum partita lucellum;
"Ut canis, a corio nunquam abſterrebitur uncto."

Horace had this paſſage in view, and imputes the coldneſs of Penelope to a want of generoſity in her admirers. Diodorus aſſures us, that Venus had a temple in Ægypt dedicated to her under the title of χρυσῆ Ἀφροδίτη: or *golden Venus*; and it is her uſual epithet throughout all Homer. Near Memphis there was an allotment of ground called *the field of golden Venus*: but it ought not to be concealed, that ſome perſons believes ſhe bears that name from the golden colour of her hair. Horace, to give this

Well-pleas'd Ulyſſes hears his queen deceive
The ſuitor-train, and raiſe a thirſt to give;

ſatyr the greater ſtrength, puts the words into the mouth of the prophet Tireſias, a perſon of unerring veracity. P.

Ver. 325. *Well-pleas'd Ulyſſes hears his queen deceive*
The ſuitor-train, and raiſe a thirſt to give.]

This conduct may appear ſomewhat extraordinary both in Penelope and Ulyſſes; ſhe not only takes, but aſks preſents from perſons whom ſhe never intends to marry: is not this a ſign either of avarice or falſhood? and is not Ulyſſes equally guilty, who rejoices at it? But in reality, Penelope is no way faulty; ſhe deceives the Suitors with hopes of marriage by accepting theſe preſents, but it is for this ſole reaſon that ſhe accepts them; ſhe intends to give them falſe hopes, and by that method to defer the nuptial hour: it is not injuſtice, but an equitable repriſal; they had violently waſted her treaſures, and ſhe artfully recovers part of them by a piece of refined management. Dacier defends her after another method: ſhe believes that Penelope thus acts, not out of intereſt but honour; it was a diſgrace to ſo great a princeſs to have ſo many admirers, and never to receive from their hands ſuch preſents as cuſtom not only allows, but commands; neither is Ulyſſes blameable, who rejoices at his wife's policy. He underſtood her intent, and being artful himſelf, ſmiles to ſee her artfulneſs.

Plutarch in his treatiſe of reading poems, vindicates Ulyſſes very much in the ſame way: if (ſays that author) Ulyſſes rejoiced at Penelope's art in drawing preſents from the Suitors out of avarice, he diſcovers himſelf to be a ſordid proſtitutor of his wife; but if through a wiſe foreſight he hoped by her acceptance of the preſents, to get the Suitors more into his power, by lulling them into ſecurity, and laying all their ſuſpicions aſleep, through a ſudden proſpect of marriage; if this occaſioned his joy, this joy ariſing from her artful management, and from a full confidence in his wife, is no ways blameable, but proceeds from a ſufficient and laudable cauſe. In ſhort, the Suitors were enemies, and nothing could be practiſed diſhonourably againſt them, that either Ulyſſes or Penelope could act conſiſtently with their own honour. P.

Similar rhymes of incorrect complexion are in this paſſage of Chapman alſo, and Ogilby.

Falſe hopes ſhe kindles, but thoſe hopes betray,
And promiſe, yet elude the bridal day.
While yet ſhe ſpeaks the gay Antinous cries,
Offſpring of kings, and more than woman wiſe!
'Tis right; 'tis man's prerogative to give,
And cuſtom bids thee without ſhame receive;
Yet never, never, from thy dome we move,
'Til Hymen lights the torch of ſpouſal love.
The peers diſpatch their heralds to convey
The gifts of love; with ſpeed they take the way.
A robe Antinous gives of ſhining dyes,
The varying hues in gay confuſion riſe
Rich from the artiſt's hand! twelve claſps of gold
Cloſe to the leſſ'ning waiſt the veſt infold;

Ver. 327. *Falſe hopes ſhe kindles.*] It is certain that the words in the Greek will bear a double conſtruction, and Δόλον θυμὸν μειλιχίοις ἐπέεσσι may refer either to Penelope or Ulyſſes. Euſtathius thinks they are ſpoken of Ulyſſes; then the meaning is, that Ulyſſes comforted himſelf with her amuſing words, while he formed a deſign very different from what her words expreſſed; but Dacier refers them to Penelope, perhaps with better reaſon: Δόλον depends upon φάτο in the preceding line; and by thus underſtanding it, the conſtruction becomes eaſy and natural: and the ſentence means, that Penelope's words flattered the Suitors into hopes of marriage, while her thoughts were very diſtant from complying with their ſolicitations: this interpretation beſt agrees with the general deſign of Penelope, which was to act an artful part, and neither comply, nor abſolutely refuſe their addreſſes. P.

Ver. 338.] Philip's, in his letter from Copenhagen:

By ſnow diſguis'd in *bright confuſion* lie.

Down from the ſwelling loins, the veſt unbound
Floats in bright waves redundant o'er the ground.
A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That ſhot effulgence like the ſolar ray,
Eurymachus preſents: and ear-rings bright,
With triple ſtars, that caſt a trembling light.
Piſander bears a necklace wrought with art;
And ev'ry peer, expreſſive of his heart,
A gift beſtows: this done, the queen aſcends,
And ſlow behind her damſel-train attends.

Then to the dance they form the vocal ſtrain,
'Till Heſperus leads forth the ſtarry train;
And now he raiſes, as the day-light fades,
His golden circlet in the deep'ning ſhades:
Three vaſes heap'd with copious fires diſplay
O'er all the palace a fictitious day;

Ver. 343.] This paſſage is excellent; nor Chapman amiſs:

And round about an amber verge did run,
That caſt a radiance from it, like the ſun:

nor Ogilby:

Eurymachus a golden chain, ſo bright
With amber, like the ſun it caſt a light.

Ver. 350.] Homer thus:

Laden with gifts, her damſel train attends.

Ver. 352.] Paradiſe Loſt, iv. 605.

— — — *Heſperus, that led*
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt.

Ver. 354.] So Milton again, of the ſame ſtar: Par. Loſt, v. 169.

Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright *circlet*.

Ver. 355. *Three vaſes heap'd with copious fires diſplay*
O'er all the palace a fictitious day.]

From ſpace to ſpace the torch wide-beaming burns,
And ſprightly damſels trim the rays by turns.
To whom the king: Ill ſuits your ſex to ſtay
Alone with men! ye modeſt maids, away!
Go, with the queen the ſpindle guide; or cull
(The partners of her cares) the ſilver wool;
Be it my taſk the torches to ſupply,
Ev'n till the morning lamp adorns the ſky;

The word in the Greek is λαμπὴς, or a vaſe which was placed upon a tripod, upon which the antients burnt dry and oftentimes odoriferous wood, to give at once both perfume and light. Euſtathius explains it by χυτρόπους, or a veſſel raiſed on feet in the nature of an hearth. Heſychius explains λαμπὴς, an hearth placed in the middle of the houſe or hall, on which they burnt dry wood with intermingled torches to enlighten it. It is ſtrange that there is no mention of lamps, but only torches, in Homer; undoubtedly lamps were not yet in uſe in Greece, although much earlier found out by the Hebrews: thus Exod. xxv. 6. oil is mentioned, and injoined to be uſed in giving light to the ſanctuary. P.

Ver. 359. — — — *Ill ſuits your ſex to ſtay*
Alone with men! ye modeſt maids, away!]

Homer is perpetually giving us leſſons of decency and morality. It may be thought that this interlude between Ulyſſes and the damſels of Penelope is foreign to the action of the Odyſſey; but in reality it is far from it: the Poet undertook to deſcribe the diſorders which the abſence of a prince occaſions in his family; this paſſage is an inſtance of it; and Homer with good judgment makes theſe wantons declare their contempt of Ulyſſes, and their favour to their Suitors, that we may acknowledge the juſtice of their puniſhment in the ſubſequent parts of the Odyſſey. P.

Ver. 361.] Theſe are the vicious rhymes of Ogilby:
In her apartment ſilver fleeces *cull*,
And carded, her preſent the pureſt *wool*.

Ev'n till the morning, with unwearied care,
Sleepleſs I watch; for I have learn'd to bear.
Scornful they heard: Melantho, fair and young,
(Melantho, from the loins of Dolius ſprung,
Who with the queen her years an infant led,
With the ſoft fondneſs of a daughter bred)
Chiefly derides: regardleſs of the cares
Her queen endures, polluted joys ſhe ſhares
Nocturnal with Eurymachus: with eyes
That ſpeak diſdain, the wanton thus replies.
Oh! whither wanders thy diſtemper'd brain,
Thou bold intruder on a princely train?
Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;
Or ſhun in ſome black forge the midnight air.

Ver. 375.] This ſpeech is very well done.

Ver. 377. *Hence to the vagrant's rendezvous repair;*
Or ſhun in ſome black forge the midnight air.]

I flatter myſelf that I have given the true ſenſe of χαλκήϊος δόμος, and λίσχη: in Greece the beggars in winter retired by night to publick forges for their warmth, or to ſome rendezvous where they entertained themſelves as it were in a common aſſembly. Euſtathius explains λίσχη to be *a publick place without any doors, where beggars were uſed to lodge.* Heſychius gives us ſeveral interpretations of the word, that it ſignifies an aſſembly, a converſation; it implies alſo publick ſtoves or baths; and Euſtathius informs us from Ariſtophanes, that beggars uſed to take up their lodgings in the publick baths, as well as in theſe places mentioned by Homer; χαλκήϊος δόμος is an office of men that work in braſs. He further obſerves that theſe two places are uſed after the ſame manner in Heſiod.

Παὶς δ' ἰθὺς χάλκειον θῶκον, κ' ἐπ' ἀλέα λίσχην
Ὥρῃ χειμερίῃ, ὁπότε κρύος ἄνδρας ἴῤγοι
Ἰσχάνει.———

Proceeds this boldneſs from a turn of ſoul,
Or flows licentious from the copious bowl?
Is it that vanquiſh'd Irus ſwells thy mind?
A foe may meet thee of a braver kind,
Who, ſhort'ning with a ſtorm of blows thy ſtay,
Shall ſend thee howling all in blood away!
To whom with frowns; O impudent in wrong!
Thy lord ſhall curb that inſolence of tongue;
Know to Telemachus I tell th' offence:
The ſcourge, the ſcourge ſhall laſh thee into ſenſe.
With conſcious ſhame they hear the ſtern rebuke,
Nor longer durſt ſuſtain the ſov'reign look.

It may not be improper to obſerve, that πρὸς δ' ἴθι δῶμον χάλκειον is very ill tranſlated by *Accede Æneam ſedem*, in the Latin verſion; it ſhould be *fuge officinam Ærariam*. P.

Ver. 381. *Is it that vanquiſh'd Irus ſwells thy mind?*] The word in Homer is ἀλίης, which is uſed in various places; ſometimes (obſerves Plutarch in his treatiſe upon reading poems) it ſignifies *being diſquieted in mind*,

Ὡς ἔφατ'· ἦ ἀλίησε' ἀπειθήσαντο, τίφθο δ' αἰνῶς,

In other places it implies *an inſolent joy, or boaſting*; and then he quotes this verſe,

Ἦ ἀλίης ὅτι Ἶρον ἐνικήσας. P.

Ver. 385.] Our tranſlator is prolix, inaccurate, and unhappy. I crave the reader's indulgence for an undiſguiſed verſion of this reply:

These ſaucy words Telemachus, thou b—h!
Shall quickly know, and mince thee limb by limb.

Ver. 389.] This is very poor. Thus his original:

Then to the ſervile taſk the monarch turns
His royal hands: each torch refulgent burns
With added day: meanwhile in muſeful mood,
Abſorpt in thought, on vengeance fix'd he ſtood.
And now the martial Maid, by deeper wrongs
To rouſe Ulyſſes, points the Suitors' tongues:
Scornful of age, to taunt the virtuous man,
Thoughtleſs and gay, Eurymachus began.
Hear me (he cries) confederates and friends!
Some God no doubt this ſtranger kindly ſends;

Theſe words alarm the women: through the houſe
They ſcud without delay, with tottering joynts;
Perſuaded, he would ſee his threat perform'd.

Ver. 395, *And now the martial Maid, by deeper wrongs*
To rouſe Ulyſſes, points the Suitors' tongues.] It may be thought very unjuſtifiable in Homer, to introduce Minerva exciting the Suitors to violence. Dacier defends the Poet by ſhewing that the ſentiment is conformable to true theology: and the all-wiſe Author of our being is pleaſed ſometimes to harden the hearts of the wicked, (or rather to permit them to harden their own hearts) that they may fill up the meaſure of their crimes, and be ripe for judgment: yet we are not to imagine, that any perſon is neceſſitated to be wicked: it is not the hardening the heart that originally makes men impious, but they are firſt impious, and then they are delivered over to an hardneſs of heart.

But Homer may be juſtified another way; and Minerva may be underſtood to act thus in favour of Ulyſſes: the Goddeſs of Wiſdom infatuates the Suitors to inſult that hero, and haſten their own deſtruction. P.

Ver. 400. *Some God, no doubt, this ſtranger kindly ſends.*] Ariſtotle affirms that Homer is the father of poetry; not only of the epick, but alſo of the dramatick; that he taught how to write tragedy in the Iliad, and comedy by ſeveral ſhort ſketches in the Odyſſey. Euſtathius here remarks, that he likewiſe gave a model for *Satyr*, of which the Cyclops of Euripides ſtill extant is an

The ſhining baldneſs of his head ſurvey,
It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray.
Then to the king that levell'd haughty Troy.
Say, if large hire can tempt thee to employ
Thoſe hands in work? to tend the rural trade,
To dreſs the walk, and form th' embow'ring ſhade?

example; (which is a ſatyrick poem founded upon the ſtory of Polypheme in Homer.) I confeſs my eye is not ſharp enough to ſee the dignity of theſe railleries; and it may be thought that Homer is the father of another kind of poetry, I mean the *Farce*, and that theſe low conceits are no way to be juſtified, but by being put into the mouths of the Suitors, perſons of no dignity or character. Longinus brings ſuch deſcriptions of the Suitors, as inſtances of the decay of Homer's genius. When that declines (obſerves that author) Poets commonly pleaſe themſelves with painting manners; ſuch is Homer's deſcription of the lives led by the Suitors in the palace of Ulyſſes: for in reality all that deſcription is a kind of comedy, wherein the different characters of men are painted. P.

Ver. 401. *The ſhining baldneſs of his head ſurvey,*
It aids our torch-light, and reflects the ray.]

This in Dacier's judgment is a raillery purely ſatyrical; it is drawn from the ſhining glaſs of an old man's bald head. But if this be purely ſatyrical, to be a ſatyriſt is to be a bad man: to rally natural infirmities is inhumanity: old age is venerable, and the bald head as well as the gray hair is an honour, and ought not to be the ſubject of raillery. I doubt not but Homer put it into the mouth of Eurymachus to make him more odious, and to ſhew us that the ſame man who invades his prince's property, inſults the ſtranger, and outrages the poor; pays no deference to old age, but is baſe enough to contemn what he ought to honour. Vice and folly are the province of ſatyr, not human infirmity. P.

So food and raiment conſtant will I give:
But idly thus thy ſoul prefers to live,
And ſtarve by ſtrolling, not by work to thrive.
To whom incens'd: Should we, O Prince, engage
In rival taſks beneath the burning rage
Of ſummer ſuns; were both conſtrain'd to wield,
Foodleſs, the ſcythe along the burthen'd field;

Ver. 407.] Ogilby is tolerably good:

Sandals I ſhall beſtow, and neatly cloath;
But thoſe, who idly live, all works do loath;
Thou rather would'ſt a begging go, and put
More victuals ſtill in thy ungodly gut.

Ver. 412. — — *were both conſtrain'd to wield,*
Foodleſs, the ſcythe along the burthen'd field.]

I doubt not but ſuch employments as theſe, now only ſuitable to low life, will ſeem mean to many readers, and unworthy of the dignity of epick poetry: it is no defence to ſay that they are mentioned by a beggar, and therefore agreeable to his character: the words are addreſſed to a prince, and ſuppoſe that a ſkill in ſuch works was not unuſual to perſons of eminent ſtations; otherwiſe the challenge of Ulyſſes is ridiculouſly abſurd. Who could forbear laughing, if he ſhould hear one of our beggars challenge a peer, to plough or mow with him all day without eating? The truth is, the greateſt perſons followed ſuch employments without any diminution of their dignities; nay, a ſkill in ſuch works as agriculture was a glory even to a king: Homer here places it upon a level with military ſcience, and the knowledge of the cultivation of the ground is equalled to glory in war. In the preface to the paſtorals of Virgil, (but not written by Mr. Dryden) there is a paſſage that ſhews that the ſame ſimplicity of manners prevailed amongſt the antient Latins, as amongſt the antient Greeks: "It ought not (ſays that author) to ſurpriſe a modern "writer, that kings laid down their firſt rudiments of govern-"ment in tending their mute ſubjects, their herds and flocks: "nor ought it to ſeem ſtrange that the maſter of the horſe to king "Latinus in the ninth Æneid was found in the homely employ-

Or ſhould we labour while the ploughſhare wounds,
With ſteers of equal ſtrength, th' allotted grounds;
Beneath my labours, how thy wond'ring eyes
Might ſee the ſable field at once ariſe!
Should Jove dire war unlooſe, with ſpear, and ſhield,
And nodding helm, I tread th' enſanguin'd field,

" ment of cleaving blocks, when news of the firſt ſkirmiſh " between the Trojans and Latins was brought to him." This paſſage fully vindicates Homer, and ſhews that ſuch employments were no diſhonour to the greateſt perſons; but there are two errours in the quotation; it is not taken from the ninth, but the ſeventh Æneid; nor is Tyrrheus, who cleaves the blocks, maſter of the horſe to king Latinus, but the intendant of his flocks; or as Dryden tranſlates it,

Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king.

" —— Tyrrheuſque pater, cui regia parent
" Armenta, & latè cuſtodia credita campi."

Tyrrheus is no otherwiſe a warriour, than as a deer under his charge, being killed, engages him in a quarrel, and he arms the ruſticks to encounter the Trojans who ſlew it.

" — — — vocat agmina Tyrrheus
Quadrifidam quercum cuneis ut forte coactis
Scindebat"———
Tyrrheus, the foſter-father of the beaſt,
Then clench'd an hatchet in his horny fiſt;
But held his hand from the deſcending ſtroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak.

It is true, though Tyrrheus was not a maſter of the horſe to the king, yet his office was a poſt of dignity, otherwiſe it had been very eaſy for Virgil to have given him a more noble employment. P.

Ver. 419.] There is an incongruity of *tenſes* here. This exception might be removed by the following corrections:

Fierce in the van: then wou'dſt thou, wou'dſt thou, ſay,
Miſname me glutton, in that glorious day?
No, thy ill-judging thoughts the brave diſgrace;
'Tis thou injurious art, not I am baſe.
Proud to ſeem brave among a coward-train!
But know, thou art not valorous, but vain.
Gods! ſhould the ſtern Ulyſſes riſe in might,
Theſe gates would ſeem too narrow for thy flight.
While yet he ſpeaks, Eurymachus replies,
With indignation flaſhing from his eyes.
Slave, I with juſtice might deſerve the wrongs,
Should I not puniſh that opprobrious tongue,
Irreverent to the great, and uncontrol'd,
Art thou from wine, or innate folly, bold?
Perhaps, theſe outrages from Irus flow,
A worthleſs triumph o'er a worthleſs foe!
He ſaid, and with full force a footſtool threw:
Whirl'd from his arm with erring rage it flew;
Ulyſſes, cautious of the vengeful foe,
Stoops to the ground, and diſappoints the blow.

And nodding helm, fierce in th' enſanguin'd field
If at the van *you ſaw me; would you*, ſay—.

Ver. 426.] Hobbes may ſerve as a comment on this paſſage:

But ſhould Ulyſſes come and find you here,
You'd think the door (though it be very wide)
As you are running out too narrow were,
So glad you'd be your heads to ſave or hide.

Ver. 430.] The tranſlation of this reply is very commendable.

Not ſo a youth who deals the goblet round,
Full on his ſhoulder it inflicts a wound,
Daſh'd from his hand the ſounding goblet flies,
He ſhrieks, he reels, he falls, and breathleſs lies.
Then wild uproar and clamour mounts the ſky,
'Till mutual thus the peers indignant cry;
O had this ſtranger ſunk to realms beneath,
To the black realms of darkneſs and of death,
Ere yet he trod theſe ſhores! to ſtrife he draws
Peer againſt peer; and what the weighty cauſe?
A vagabond! for him the great deſtroy
In vile ignoble jars, the feaſt of joy.
To whom the ſtern Telemachus uproſe;
Gods! what wild folly from the goblet flows?
Whence this unguarded openneſs of ſoul,
But from the licence of the copious bowl?
Or heav'n deluſion ſends: but hence, away!
Force I forbear, and without force obey.

Ver. 443.] This ſeems to be carried farther than the language of his original will warrant. Chapman's verſion is good and faithful:

Downe fel the ſounding ewre, and after it,
The guiltleſſe page lay ſpawling in the duſt,
And crying out.

Ver. 444.] Ogilby deals much in this ſpecimen of exaggeration, here introduced to accommodate the rhymes, not ſufficiently diſtinct from thoſe of the preceding couplet. Thus his author:

Through the dim room the Suitors uproar rais'd.
Paradiſe Loſt, ii. 541.
— — — Hell ſcarce holds the *wild uproar*.

Ver. 457. *Forte I forbear, and without force obey.*] This is very artful in Telemachus; he had ſpoken warmly in defence of

Silent, abaſh'd, they hear the ſtern rebuke,
'Till thus Amphinomus the ſilence broke.
True are his words, and he whom truth offends
Not with Telemachus, but truth contends;
Let not the hand of violence invade
The rev'rend ſtranger, or the ſpotleſs maid;
Retire we hence! but crown with roſy wine
The flowing goblet to the pow'rs divine;
Guard he his gueſt beneath whoſe roof he ſtands:
This juſtice, this the ſocial right demands.
The peers aſſent; the goblet Mulius crown'd
With purple juice, and bore in order round;
Each peer ſucceſſive his libation pours
To the bleſt Gods that fill th' aereal bow'rs;

Ulyſſes, and he apprehends leſt he ſhould have provoked the Suitors too far; he therefore ſoftens his expreſſion, to avoid ſuſpicions of a latent cauſe, why he intereſts himſelf ſo vigorouſly in vindication of a beggar, againſt the princes of the country. Beſides, too obſtinate an oppoſition might have provoked the Suitors to have continued all night in the palace, which would have hindered Ulyſſes and Telemachus from concerting their meaſures to bring about their deſtruction: Telemachus therefore, to induce them to withdraw, uſes menaces, but menaces approaching to perſuaſion; if he had uſed violence, matters muſt immediately have come to extremities. P.

Ver. 470. *Each peer ſucceſſive his libation pours*
To the bleſt Gods ———]

We have already obſerved that libations were made to the Gods before and after meals; here we ſee the Suitors offer their libation before they retire to repoſe. We are not to aſcribe this religious act to the piety of theſe debauchees, but to the cuſtoms of the

Then ſwill'd with wine, with noiſe the crowds obey,
And ruſhing forth tumultuous, reel away.

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times; they practiſe not true religion, but only the exteriors of it; they are not pious, but faſhionable. P.

Ver. 471.] Rather, I preſume,

— — — that fill th' *ætherial* bow'rs.

I forbear ſome notices of incorrect rhymes and ſmaller inaccuracies towards the concluſion of this book, in paſſages not capitally intereſting to the reader. Editor.

The action of this book is comprehended in a very ſhort duration of time; it begins towards the cloſe of the day, and ends at the time when the Suitors withdraw to repoſe; this is the evening and part of the night of the thirty-ninth day.

In general, this book is in the Greek very beautiful: the combat between Irus and Ulyſſes is naturally deſcribed; it is indeed between beggars, but yet not without dignity, it being almoſt of the ſame nature with the ſingle combats practiſed amongſt heroes in their moſt ſolemn games; as is evident from that in the Iliad, at the funeral of Patroclus. I could wiſh Homer had not condeſcended to thoſe low jeſts and mean railleries towards the concluſion: it is true, they are not without effect, as they agree with the characters of the Suitors and make Ulyſſes a ſpectator of the diſorders of his own family, and provoke him to a ſpeedy vengeance: but might not more ſerious provocations have been found out, ſuch as might become the gravity and majeſty of epick poetry? or if gaiety was eſſential to his characters, are quibbles ſo too? Theſe may be thought to be of the ſame level with thoſe conceits which Milton puts into the mouth of the devil, and which diſgrace his poem. But the dignity, the tenderneſs, and juſtneſs of the ſentiments, in all the ſpeeches of Penelope, more than atone for the low railleries of Eurymachus. P.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Diſcovery of Ulyſſes to Euryclea.

ULYSSES and his ſon remove the weapons out of the armory. Ulyſſes in converſation with Penelope gives a fictitious account of his adventures; then aſſures her he had formerly entertained her huſband in Crete; and deſcribes exactly his perſon and dreſs, affirms to have heard of him in Phæacia and Theſprotia, and that his return is certain, and within a month. He then goes to bathe, and is attended by Euryclea, who diſcovers him to be Ulyſſes by the ſcar upon his leg, which he formerly received in hunting the wild boar on Parnaſſus. The Poet inſerts a digreſſion, relating that accident, with all its particulars. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THE ſcene ſtill continues in the palace of Ulyſſes; but new perſons are introduced to carry on the action, and diverſify the ſtory: this book opens with a repetition from the ſixteenth; the antients marked it with an aſteriſm, without any obeliſk, to ſhew that it was here inſerted with propriety: as we draw nearer the concluſion of the poem, the repetitions are more frequent. Virgil has generally avoided them, and indeed it may be obſerved, that theſe two Poets differ in nothing more than the manner of their elocution: Virgil is full, but Homer even overflows; and this agrees with their general characters. Homer is like thoſe painters of whom Apelles uſed to complain, that they left nothing to be imagined by the ſpectator, and made too accurate repreſentations; but Virgil is like Timantes in Pliny. *Timanti plurimum adfuit ingenii, in omnibus operibus ejus intelligitur plus ſemper quam pingitur:* and again, *oſtendit etiam quæ occultat.*

Euſtathius obſerves, that the unexpected opportunity to remove the arms in the abſence of the Suitors, occaſions this repetition: in the ſixteenth book Ulyſſes told Telemachus he would give a ſign when he ſhould make the removal, deſpairing of an opportunity to give a publick direction, without danger from the Suitors; he therefore wiſely lays hold of the preſent hour which happily favours his deſires, and injoins the arms to be removed immediately.

P.

THE

NINETEENTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

CONSULTING ſecret with the blue-eye'd maid,
Still in the dome divine Ulyſſes ſtay'd:
Revenge mature for act inflam'd his breaſt;
And thus the ſon the fervent ſire addreſt.
Inſtant convey thoſe ſteely ſtores of war
To diſtant rooms, diſpos'd with ſecret care:
The cauſe demanded by the ſuitor-train,
To ſooth their fears a ſpecious reaſon feign:
Say, ſince Ulyſſes left his natal coaſt,
Obſcene with ſmoke, their beamy luſtre loſt,

NOTES.

Ver. 9.] The reader may compare Broome's tranſlation of this ſame paſſage in book xvi. verſe 308.

His arms deform'd the roof they wont adorn:
From the glad walls inglorious lumber torn.
Suggeſt, that Jove the peaceful thought inſpir'd,
Leſt they by ſight of ſwords to fury fir'd,
Diſhoneſt wounds, or violence of ſoul,
Defame the bridal feaſt, and friendly bowl.
The prince obedient to the ſage command,
To Euryclea thus: The female band
In their apartments keep; ſecure the doors:
Theſe ſwarthy arms among the covert ſtores
Are ſeemlier hid; my thoughtleſs youth they blame,
Imbrown'd with vapour of the ſmould'ring flame.
In happy hour, (pleas'd Euryclea cries)
Tutor'd by early woes, grow early wiſe!

Ver. 11.] This is Milton's conſtruction: for the reader may recollect, that we are come at laſt, after a long intermiſſion, to another book of Fenton's: Par. Loſt, i. 764.

Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd.

Broome has the merit of cloſer adherence to his author's language in this inſtance.

Ver. 18. — — — *the female band*
In their apartments keep, &c.]

It is not without ſufficient reaſon that Telemachus diſtruſts the maids; many of them were in the intereſt of the Suitors: it was therefore neceſſary to conceal the place to which the arms were conveyed, leſt they ſhould betray the ſecret. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 21.] Ogilby, with ſlight correction, has an eaſy couplet in this place:

All ſoil'd with ſmoak; *by me*, a careleſs boy,
Here hanging left, e're ſince he went to Troy.

Inſpect with ſharpen'd ſight, and frugal care,
Your patrimonial wealth, a prudent heir.
But who the lighted taper will provide,
(The female train retir'd) your toils to guide?
Without infringing hoſpitable right,
This gueſt (he cry'd) ſhall bear the guiding light:
I cheer no lazy vagrants with repaſt;
They ſhare the meal that earn it ere they taſte.
He ſaid; from female ken ſhe ſtrait ſecures
The purpos'd deed, and guards the bolted doors:
Auxiliar to his ſon, Ulyſſes bears
The plumy-creſted helms and pointed ſpears,
With ſhields indented deep in glorious wars.
Minerva viewleſs on her charge attends,
And with her golden lamp his toil befriends:

Ver. 25.] Thus Ogilby:

Who in his fathers abſence being th' *heir*,
Should of all houſhold-buſineſſes take *care*.

Ver. 33.] The rhymes in this paſſage are not ſufficiently exact for approbation.

Ver. 38. *Minerva—with her golden lamp—*] The office here aſcribed to Minerva gave great offence to Rapin, and he cenſured it as mean, and unworthy of the Goddeſs; but Euſtathius fully vindicates Homer; Pallas is here an allegorical Deity intended by the Poet to expreſs the wiſdom of Ulyſſes; he acts with as much prudence as if Minerva herſelf guided him in all his ways. We are to gather from this deſcription, that Ulyſſes formed all the actions of this night with the utmoſt wiſdom, or according to the Greek proverb, ἐν νυκτὶ βουλὴ, the *councils of this night* were regulated with the exacteſt prudence and ſecrecy. Spondanus

Not ſuch the ſickly beams, which unſincere,
Gild the groſs vapour of this nether ſphere!
A preſent Deity the prince confeſs'd,
And rap'd with ecſtacy the ſire addreſs'd.
What miracle thus dazzles with ſurpriſe!
Diſtinct in rows the radiant columns riſe:

obſerves, that Callimachus, a ſtatuary in Athens, made an image of Minerva according to this picture in Homer: ſhe held a lamp of gold, which was filled with an oil of ſuch an unwaſting nature, as not to want to be repleniſhed in the ſpace of a whole year. See lib. i. of Pauſanias. Dacier judges, that though a lamp was unknown in the days of Ulyſſes, yet it might be not ſo in the days of Homer, and therefore he might ſpeak of it; for inſtance, the trumpet was not known in the Trojan war, yet Homer mentions it, becauſe it was uſed in his age. But this is no anſwer; for Homer does not ſay that the trumpet was uſed during the ſiege of Troy; if he had, he would have been guilty of a groſs anachroniſm, but he ſpeaks of it by way of alluſion, as a thing well known in his time. Here therefore the caſe is different; for Ulyſſes is the perſon who is ſuppoſed to make uſe of this lamp, and Dacier allows that it was unknown in his age, and conſequently he ought not to uſe it at all. It may therefore perhaps be moſt probable, that Callimachus did not form his ſtatue from this original; or if this be not allowed, that he fell into an errour, and gave the Goddeſs a lamp inſtead of a torch.

I will only further add, that this office of Minerva may be vindicated from all meanneſs, by obſerving that it is not the bare act of carrying the torch which the Goddeſs here executes; ſhe improves it into a miracle; the whole palace is enlightened with a celeſtial fire, and Ulyſſes and Telemachus gather full aſſurances of her favour and ſucceſs from that miraculous illumination: this circumſtance raiſes the deſcription out of lowneſs into dignity. P.

Ver. 40.] This grand couplet is dilated from *three* words:

— — — a light moſt beauteous made.

Chapman is highly poetical:

A golden creſſet, that did caſt a light,
As if the Day ſate in the throne of Night.

The walls where-e'er my wond'ring ſight I turn,
And roofs, amidſt a blaze of glory burn!
Some viſitant of pure etherial race,
With his bright preſence deigns the dome to grace.

Be calm, replies the ſire; to none impart,
But oft revolve the viſion in thy heart:
Celeſtials, mantl'd in exceſs of light,
Can viſit unapproach'd by mortal ſight.
Seek thou repoſe; whilſt here I ſole remain,
T' explore the conduct of the female train:
The penſive queen perchance deſires to know
The ſeries of my toils, to ſooth her woe.

Ver. 48. *Some viſitant of pure etherial race.*] Euſtathius gives us a twofold explication of the words,

Αὐτή τις θεὰ ἐστὶ θεῶν ———

They imply either that the Goddeſs Themis deſcended, or that it is the cuſtom of celeſtial powers to manifeſt themſelves in ſuch illuminations, without appearing viſibly. The latter interpretation ſeems moſt natural, and makes the conſtruction eaſy, whereas the other is ſcarce to be underſtood without ſupplying ἀπὸ before θεῶν: otherwiſe it muſt be allowed, that the former opinion is not unhappy: Ulyſſes tells his ſon, that the Goddeſs of juſtice is ſent by the Gods to aſſiſt him in taking vengeance on the Suitors: Themis is a very proper Deity to be introduced on ſuch an occaſion, and ſhews that Ulyſſes proceeded upon the ſtricteſt rules of equity, in the diſtribution of his rewards and puniſhments. But the paſſage will not admit this ſenſe, it being evidently Pallas, not Themis, who appears. P.

Milton, Par. Loſt, iii. 7. a paſſage unrivalled for a delicate felicity of diction:

Or hear'ſt thou rather *pure etherial* ſtream,
Whoſe fountain who ſhall tell?

With tapers flaming day his train attends,
His bright alcove th' obſequious youth aſcends:
Soft ſlumb'rous ſhades his drooping eye-lids cloſe,
'Till on her eaſtern throne Aurora glows.
Whilſt, forming plans of death, Ulyſſes ſtay'd,
In council ſecret with the martial Maid;
Attendant nymphs in beauteous order wait
The queen, deſcending from her bow'r of ſtate.
Her cheeks the warmer bluſh of Venus wear,
Chaſten'd with coy Diana's penſive air.
An iv'ry ſeat with ſilver ringlets grac'd,
By fam'd Icmalius wrought, the menials plac'd:
With iv'ry ſilver'd thick the foot-ſtool ſhone,
O'er which the panther's various hide was thrown.
The ſov'reign ſeat with graceful air ſhe preſs'd;
To different taſks their toil the nymphs addreſs'd;
The golden goblets ſome, and ſome reſtor'd
From ſtains of luxury the poliſh'd board;

Ver. 66.] Compare book xvii. verſe 46.

Ver. 69. *By fam'd Icmalius wrought*——] Homer in both his poems takes all opportunities of celebrating the famous artiſans of antiquity; I doubt not but moſt of them were his particular friends, and to do them honour, he gave them place in his works, and rendered their names and his own gratitude immortal. We may likewiſe learn the nature of the nobleſt pieces of art in Homer's days, from his poetry. P.

Ver. 71.] Homer ſays only *a large ſkin*, but Ogilby renders:

Which ſoon they cover'd with a dapled ſkin.

Theſe to remove th' expiring embers came,
While thoſe with unctuous fir foment the flame.
'Twas then Melantho with imperious mien
Renew'd th' attack, incontinent of ſpleen:
Avaunt, ſhe cry'd, offenſive to my ſight!
Deem not in ambuſh here to lurk by night
Into the woman-ſtate aſquint to pry;
A day-devourer, and an ev'ning ſpy!
Vagrant be gone! before this blazing brand
Shall urge—and wav'd it hiſſing in her hand.
Th' inſulting hero rolls his wrathful eyes,
And, Why ſo turbulent of ſoul? he cries;
Can theſe lean ſhrivel'd limbs unnerv'd with age,
Theſe poor but honeſt rags, enkindle rage?
In crouds we wear the badge of hungry Fate;
And beg, degraded from ſuperior ſtate!
Conſtrain'd! a rent-charge on the rich I live:
Reduc'd to crave the good I once could give:

Ver. 82. *Into the woman-ſtate aſquint to pry.*] This is the true reaſon why Melantho is out of humour (ſays madam Dacier:) She had ſome affairs upon her hands which demanded no witneſſes, meaning the vicious commerce between her and Eurymachus. Women never forgive their own ſex a frailty. Dacier is undoubtedly in an errour; Eurymachus in the end of the laſt book left the palace, and therefore Melantho could not ſpeak out of any apprehenſions of having a ſtop put to her affairs this night, by the preſence of Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 85.] This clauſe is added by the tranſlator, whoſe verſion of the preceding ſpeech is highly elegant and ſpirited.

A palace, wealth, and ſlaves I late poſſeſs'd,
And all that makes the great be call'd the bleſs'd;
My gate, an emblem of my open ſoul,
Embrac'd the poor, and dealt a bounteous dole.
Scorn not the ſad reverſe, injurious maid!
'Tis Jove's high will, and be his will obey'd!
Nor think thyſelf exempt: that roſy prime
Muſt ſhare the general doom of with'ring time:
To ſome new channel ſoon, the changeful tide
Of royal grace th' offended queen may guide;
And her lov'd lord unplume thy tow'ring pride.
Or were he dead, 'tis wiſdom to beware;
Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care;

Ver. 94.] Compare a tranſlation of the ſame lines in book xvii. verſe 501.

Ver. 106. *Sweet blooms the prince beneath Apollo's care.*] It may be aſked why Telemachus is ſaid to owe the preſervation of his life to Apollo? Euſtathius anſwers, that he was called Ὁ θεὸς κερτοτόφος by antiquity; and that Daphne from being his favourite was named κυροθαλία: but perhaps that epithet was appropriated to Apollo, becauſe all immature deaths in the male ſex were aſcribed to him, as they were to Diana in the female; it may therefore be ſaid with great propriety that it is owing to the favour of Apollo, that Telemachus had not died an immature death, or that he was arrived to manhood: Euſtathius adds, that Apollo as he is the Sun, may be called the nouriſher of all things that breathe, as well as of the inanimate creation; it is owing to his influence that every being comes to maturity, and in this ſenſe likewiſe he may be called Κυροτόφος. What Euſtathius aſcribes to Daphne, Dacier applies to Diana, and tells us, that ſhe was called Κυροθαλία, and that the ancients celebrated a feſtival in her honour for the health of their infants. P.

Your deeds with quick impartial eye ſurveys;
Potent to puniſh what he cannot praiſe.
Her keen reproach had reach'd the ſov'reign's ear;
Loquacious inſolent! ſhe cries, forbear:
To thee the purpoſe of my ſoul I told;
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd with him to hold:
The ſtoried labours of my wand'ring lord,
To ſooth my grief he haply may record:
Yet him, my gueſt, thy venom'd rage hath ſtung;
Thy head ſhall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!

Ver. 110. *Loquacious inſolent!——*] Were this place to be rendered literally, it would be thus, *Thou bold impudent bitch*; Θαρσαλέη κύον ἀδδεὶς. It is ſpoken by Penelope. In our age it is an expreſſion ſo vulgar, as not to be uttered in common converſation, much leſs in epick poetry: it is true, it fully expreſſes the height of impudence, and in Homer's time it was no more mean, than calling a coward a *deer*, and both the expreſſions are joined together in the firſt of the Iliad.

Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer.

It is there ſpoken by Achilles: and in another place of the Iliad Jupiter applies it to his wife, and calls Juno an impudent bitch; a plain indication that the expreſſion was not mean, as it is at this day, becauſe it was uſed by the greateſt of heroes, and the ſupreme of Gods. P.

Ver. 112.] So Paradiſe Loſt, ix. 5.

— — — and with him partake
Rural repaſt, permitting him the while
Venial diſcourſe unblam'd.

Ver. 116. *Thy head ſhall pay the forfeit of thy tongue!*] The expreſſion in the Greek is remarkable.

——Ὅ σῇ κεφαλῇ ἀναμάξεις,

Which you ſhall wipe upon your own head, or as Euſtathius explains it, "a crime which you ſhall make to cleave to your own head:" a ſimilar expreſſion (adds the ſame author) occurs in Sophocles.

But thou on whom my palace cares depend,
Eurynomè, regard the ſtranger-friend:
A ſeat, ſoft ſpread with furry ſpoils, prepare;
Due-diſtant for us both to ſpeak, and hear.
The menial fair obeys with duteous haſte:
A ſeat adorn'd with furry ſpoils ſhe plac'd:
Due-diſtant for diſcourſe the hero ſat;
When thus the ſov'reign from her chair of ſtate:
Reveal, obſequious to my firſt demand,
Thy name, thy lineage, and thy native land.
He thus: O queen! whoſe far-reſounding fame,
Is bounded only by the ſtarry frame,
Conſummate pattern of imperial ſway,
Whoſe pious rule a warlike race obey!

——κατὰ λειψοῖσιν κάρη
Κηλίδας ἐξίμαξεν.

From whence it appears that the blood that was found upon the ſword, was wiped upon the head of the ſlain; an intimation that his own blood was fallen upon the head of the deceaſed, and the living were free from it. This is a very remarkable cuſtom, and there are many expreſſions like it in the ſcriptures; namely *his blood be upon his own head.* It was cuſtomary amongſt the Romans to waſh their hands, in token of innocence and purity from blood: thus the Roman governour waſhed his hands, and ſaid, *I am innocent of the blood of this juſt perſon.* P.

This repreſentation is literally accurate, but conveys in our language a ſtrength of meaning beyond the intention of the author. I would render thus:

On thy own head th' audacious wrong ſhall fall.

The criticiſm of our annotator will ſcarcely ſtand. Upon the paſſage of Sophocles, the reader may conſult my Silva Critica, i. p. 105.

Ver. 129. *Conſummate pattern of imperial ſway.*] Homer here

In wavy gold thy ſummer vales are dreſs'd;
Thy autumns bend with copious fruit oppreſs'd:
With flocks and herds each graſſy plain is ſtor'd;
And fiſh of ev'ry fin thy ſeas afford:
Their affluent joys the grateful realms confeſs;
And bleſs the pow'r that ſtill delights to bleſs.
Gracious permit this pray'r, imperial dame!
Forbear to know my lineage, or my name:
Urge not this breaſt to heave, theſe eyes to weep;
In ſweet oblivion let my ſorrow ſleep!
My woes awak'd will violate your ear;
And to this gay cenſorious train appear
A winy vapour melting in a tear.

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gives an amiable picture of a mild and juſt government: it is a truth certain and univerſal, where the ſubject enjoys the fruits of his induſtry, the earth will always be well cultivated, and bring forth in abundance; the ſea will furniſh the land with plenty of fiſhes, and men will plant when they are ſure to gather the fruits. It is the conſtant obſervation of all travellers, the worſt ſituation under an eaſy government enjoys more plenty, and is fuller of inhabitants, than the beſt ſoil and happieſt ſituation under an arbitrary power. This whole paſſage is very beautiful, and the more beautiful becauſe the words proceed from the mouth of a king. P.

His author dictates,

Like ſome great pattern of imperial ſway:

and the *pronoun* ſhould be changed from *thy* to *his* in the following verſes, in conformity to this correction.

Ver. 141.] Chapman renders juſt above,

For I muſt follow it with many *teares*;
Though 'tis not ſeemly to ſit *wounding eares*
In publique roofes with our particular life.

Their gifts the Gods reſum'd (the queen rejoin'd)
Exteriour grace, and energy of mind;
When the dear partner of my nuptial joy
Auxiliar troops combin'd, to conquer Troy.
My lord's protecting hand alone wou'd raiſe
My drooping verdure, and extend my praiſe!
Peers from the diſtant Samian ſhore reſort;
Here with Dulichians join'd, beſiege the court:
Zacynthus, green with ever-ſhady groves,
And Ithaca, preſumptuous boaſt their loves:
Obtruding on my choice a ſecond lord,
They preſs the Hymenæan rite abhorr'd.
Miſ-rule thus mingling with domeſtick cares,
I live regardleſs of my ſtate-affairs:
Receive no ſtranger-gueſt, no poor relieve;
But ever for my lord in ſecret grieve!—
This art, inſtinct by ſome celeſtial pow'r,
I try'd, eluſive of the bridal hour:

Ver. 144.] Compare Broome's verſion of the ſame lines in book xviii. verſe 293.

Ver. 150.] See book xvi. verſe 129.

Ver. 161.] The reader may compare this paſſage in Broome, book ii. verſe 99. The tranſlation here is too conciſe. Thus Ogilby, with more fidelity:

Them, haſting nuptials, ſtill I did deceive;
And by ſome God inſpir'd, obtained leave,
E're any of the Sutors I eſpouſe,
A curious web to finiſh in my houſe.

" Ye peers, I cry, who preſs to gain a heart,
" Where dead Ulyſſes claims no future part;
" Rebate your loves, each rival ſuit ſuſpend,
" 'Till this funereal web my labours end:
" Ceaſe, 'till to good Laertes I bequeath
" A pall of ſtate, the ornament of death.
" For when to fate he bows, each Grecian dame
" With juſt reproach were licens'd to defame;
" Should he, long honour'd in ſupreme command,
" Want the laſt duties of a daughter's hand."
The fiction pleas'd; their loves I long elude;
The night ſtill ravell'd, what the day renew'd.
Three years ſucceſsful in my art conceal'd,
My ineffectual fraud the fourth reveal'd:
Befriended by my own domeſtick ſpies,
The woof unwrought the ſuitor-train ſurpriſe.
From nuptial rites they now no more recede,
And fear forbids to falſify the brede.
My anxious parents urge a ſpeedy choice,
And to their ſuffrage gain the filial voice:
For rule mature, Telemachus deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores.—
But, ſtranger! as thy days ſeem full of fate,
Divide diſcourſe, in turn thy birth relate:

Ver. 179.] In ſome after editions the word is written *kreed*; and in others, with an additional error:

——— to *falſify* the *kneed*.

Thy port aſſerts thee of diſtinguiſh'd race:
No poor un-father'd product of diſgrace.
Princeſs! he cries, renew'd by your command,
The dear remembrance of my native land,
Of ſecret grief unſeals the fruitful ſource;
And tears repeat their long-forgotten courſe!
So pays the wretch, whom fate conſtrains to roam,
The dues of nature to his natal home!—
But inward on my ſoul let ſorrow prey;
Your ſov'reign will my duty bids obey.
Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful ſoil!
And ninety cities crown the ſea-born iſle:

Ver. 187.] *Chapman* thus exhibits the proverbial line of his author, concerning which ſee Iliad xxii. ver. 167.

—— —— for I ſuppoſe you none
Sprung of old oake, or juſtl'd out of ſtone.

Ver. 188.] This paragraph is executed in a ſtile of very ſuperior elegance and ingenuity.

Ver. 190.] *Gray* in his "Progreſs of Poetry:"

Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears.

Ver. 196, *&c. Crete* —] It is not without a good reaſon that Ulyſſes is ſo particular in the geography of Crete: he does it, that *Penelope* from the knowledge of the truth which he ſpeaks concerning that iſland, may be induced to give the readier credit to his ſucceeding fictions. In the Iliad, Homer calls Crete ἑκατόμπολις, or the Iſland with an hundred cities, lib. ii.

Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her ſons.

Here he affirms it to have no more than ninety. Strabo is very full upon this difficulty, lib. x. Ephorus (ſays that author) judges that ten cities were built by the Dorians after the Trojan war, under Althæmenes; and therefore Ulyſſes here mentions Crete

Mix'd with her genuine ſons, adopted names
In various tongues avow their various claims:

as having only ninety: but this opinion carries no probability. Others affirm, that ten cities were demoliſhed by the enemies of Idomeneus; but this is no more than a conjecture: the truth is, Homer does not affirm that there were an hundred cities in the time of the war with Troy, but in his own age; (for the Poet in that place ſpeaks in his own perſon) if he had put the words into the mouth of any one who had lived in the time of the war, he would not have called it the iſle of the hundred, but ninety cities, according to this deſcription of Ulyſſes; it being very improbable, that ten of the Cretan cities ſhould be deſtroyed, either during the war, or after the return of Idomeneus; for Homer himſelf teſtifies that he returned ſafe to Crete with all his ſoldiers, lib. iii. of the Odyſſey.

And thoſe whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, ſecurely croſt the dreadful main.

And therefore he had ſufficient forces to defend his country: but though we allow that thoſe ten cities bad been deſtroyed after his return, yet how could Ulyſſes come to the knowledge of it, having neither been in Crete, nor met with any Cretan to inform him in all his voyages? It is therefore probable that in the time of the Trojan war Crete had no more than ninety cities, but an hundred in the days of Homer: and this fully reconciles the Iliad with the Odyſſey; in the Odyſſey it is Ulyſſes that ſpeaks, in the Iliad, Homer.

Virgil ſpeaks of Crete after the manner of Homer.

"Creta Jovis magni medio jacet inſula ponto,
"Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna."

The other ten cities were built by the Dorians (as Ephorus writes) under Althæmenes. P.

Ver. 197.] Thus *Ogilby:*

—— —— with ninety cities *crown'd.*

Ver. 199. *In various tongues* ——] The meaning of this is, that the natural inhabitants of Crete were mixed with ſtrangers who had ſettled in the iſland; or as ſome imagine (ſays Euſtathius) Ulyſſes ſpeaks thus out of fear, leſt Penelope ſhould diſcover him not to be a native of Crete from his wrong

Cydonians, dreadful with the bended yew,
And bold Pelaſgi boaſt a native's due:
The Dorians, plum'd amid the files of war,
Her foodful glebe with fierce Achaians ſhare;
Cnoſſus, her capital of high command;
Where ſcepter'd Minos with impartial hand
Divided right; each ninth revolving year,
By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.

pronunciation of the language of the Cretans. We may gather from Strabo, that the Dorians inhabited the eaſtern parts, the Cydonians the weſtern, the Eteo-Cretans the ſouthern, and the reſt of the nation being moſt powerful, poſſeſt the plain country lying toward the north: the Eteo-Cretans, that is, the true Cretans, were the original inhabitants of the iſland, and probably alſo the Cydonians. There is ſome difficulty in the word τριχάϊκες. Andron the hiſtorian (continues Strabo) affirms, that the Dorians who lived near Parnaſſus planted a colony in Crete, and built three cities, and from thence called themſelves τριχάϊκες, *quaſi tripartiti*. But Strabo rejects this opinion of Andron, for theſe Dorians poſſeſt four cities, and their country was called τετράπολις; he therefore believes them to have taken that name from a triple creſt, or from having them adorned with hair after the manner of a plumage, from τρίχες, ſignifying *hair*. But perhaps Strabo is in a miſtake, for Thucydides, lib. i. p. 107. and Diodorus, lib. xi. p. 60. confirm the opinion of Andron. The words of Strabo have given great trouble to the Commentators, and they ingenuouſly confeſs they cannot underſtand them. The expreſſion is, τριχίνη λόφος ἰφαμίλλος; the difficulty lies in ἰφαμίλλος; but if we read the ſentence thus, all will be plain, τριχίνη λόφος, ἢ ἰφαμίλλη, that is, creſts adorned with hair, or ſomething like it, from ἰφάμιλλος, *æqualis*. *Dacier*. P.

Ver. 206. ——— *Each ninth revolving year, &c.*] This Minos king of Crete, was an excellent lawgiver; and as Ephorus writes, (ſays Strabo) to give his laws the greater veneration he uſed to deſcend into a cave ſacred to Jupiter, and pretend that he had there received them from the mouth of that deity; this in

His ſon Deucalion bore ſucceſſive ſway;
His ſon, who gave me firſt to view the day!

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the reaſon why Homer tells us he converſed with Jupiter. Thus alſo Numa Pompilius boaſted of the ſame favour from Ægeria, to make his decrees to be received by the Romans. The only difficulty is in the word ἐννέωρος; and it has been generally believed to imply, that Minos continued in the cave of Jupiter nine whole years: but Caſaubon remarks that it never ſignifies nine years, but every ninth year; as τρίταιος does not mean three days, but the third day; and this agrees exactly with the hiſtory of Minos, (ſee Valerius Maximus, lib. i. cap. 2.) who was accuſtomed to review and rectify all his laws every ninth year. Plato quotes this paſſage in his piece, entitled Minos, and puts this laſt obſervation beyond all diſpute: "Homer tells us (ſays that author) that "Minos converſed with Jupiter every ninth year; ἐνάτῳ ἔτει, and "went to be inſtructed by him as a ſcholar by a maſter;" and a little lower he adds, ἐφοίτα δὲ ἐνάτῳ ἔτει εἰς ἄντρον Διὸς ὁ Μίνως, &c. that is, "he went into the cave of Jupiter, to learn new laws, "or to reform the old which he had received in the former pe-"riod," τῇ παρούσῃ ἐπιταξείδι. This Minos was the moſt juſt of all mankind, and for this reaſon was ſuppoſed to be made one of the infernal judges. Plutarch in the life of Demetrius makes a fine remark upon this deſcription of Minos; "Homer (ſays he) "has not honoured with the glorious title of the diſciple of Ju-"piter, the greateſt warriour or oppreſſor, or a renowned tyrant; "but the man famous for his juſtice and probity, a legiſlator, and "a benefactor to mankind." *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 207. *By Jove receiv'd in council to confer.*] The word in the Greek is, ὀαριστής, and Plato fully explains it in his Minos; ὄαροι is the diſcourſe, ὀαριστὴς the perſon who diſcourſes; ὁ συνουσιαστὴς ἐν λόγοις: others (continues Plato) underſtand it to ſignify the gueſt of Jupiter, συμπότην, συμπαίστην, a perſon that was admitted to the table of Jupiter, or a partaker in his diverſions; but the falſity of this opinion (adds he) will ſufficiently appear, if we remember, that of all the Greeks, the Cretans, and Lacedemonians, who learned it from them, alone abſtain from compotations, and diverſions ariſing from them; and in particular this is one of the laws of Minos enacted in Crete, μὴ συμπίνειν ἀλ-

The royal bed an elder iſſue bleſt,
Idomeneus, whom Ilian fields atteſt
Of matchleſs deed: untrain'd to martial toil
I liv'd inglorious in my native iſle,
Studious of peace; and Æthon is my name.
'Twas then to Crete the great Ulyſſes came;
For elemental war, and wintry Jove,
From Malea's guſty cape his navy drove
To bright Lucina's fane; the ſhelfy coaſt
Where loud Amniſus in the deep is loſt.

λήλοις εἰς μεθήν, commanding the Cretans not to drink in their entertainments to exceſs. Thus far Dacier; to which I ſhall add that this remark of Plato may perhaps contribute greatly to the glory of Minos, but gives little honour to Jupiter; it inſinuates that a perſon who drinks with that Deity, might endanger his ſobriety; otherwiſe to be admitted to the table of Jupiter is an inſtance of favour and familiarity, and would have been an honour to Minos. Horace is of this opinion, for ſpeaking of Tantalus, lib. i. Carm. he mentions it as a peculiar teſtimony of favour;

"Occidit & Pelopis genitor, *conviva* deorum."

That is, according to Homer's expreſſion, θεῶν συνεσιαστὴς, or συμπότης. P.

Ver. 212.] The compaſs of *two* lines here is ſpun from one word of his author, which may be thus paraphraſtically given:

— — — a better man than me.

An amplification not recommended by the purity of it's rhyme.

Ver. 218. *To bright Lucina's fane*] Strabo informs us that upon the Amniſſus there is a cave ſacred to Ilithya, or Lucina, who preſides over child-birth. The reaſon given by Euſtathius why the Poet places the cave by that river is too frivolous to be recited: it is probable that it was called the cave of Ilithya, becauſe ſome great lady had made uſe of it, upon an occaſion in which women invoke the aſſiſtance of that Goddeſs; or perhaps

His veſſels moor'd, (an incommodious port!)
The hero ſpeeded to the Cnoſſian court:
Ardent the partner of his arms to find;
In leagues of long commutual friendſhip join'd.
Vain hope! ten ſuns had warm'd the weſtern ſtrand,
Since my brave brother with his Cretan band
Had ſail'd for Troy: but to the genial feaſt
My honour'd roof receiv'd the royal gueſt:
Beeves for his train the Cnoſſian peers aſſign,
A publick treat, with jars of gen'rous wine.
Twelve days, while Boreas vex'd th' aerial ſpace,
My hoſpitable dome he deign'd to grace:
And when the north had ceas'd the ſtormy roar,
He wing'd his voyage to the Phrygian ſhore.

becauſe water is one of the great principles of generation, the temple of Lucina could not be placed in a more proper ſituation, than upon the banks of a river, and cloſe by the ſea. *Dacier.* P.

We might thus correct the rhyme;

— — — — *a dangerous ſteep*;
Where loud Amniſus *mingles with* the deep.

Other inaccurate rhymes will not eſcape the reader's notice. But what time would ſuffice for their correction?

Ver. 228. *Beeves for his train the Cnoſſian peers aſſign,*
A publick treat ——]

It was not to be expected, and indeed it was almoſt impoſſible that one perſon ſhould entertain Ulyſſes and his whole fleet, which conſiſted of twelve veſſels. This paſſage therefore gives us a remarkable cuſtom of antiquity, which was, that when any perſon with too great a number of attendants arrived in other countries, the prince received the chief perſonage and his particular friends, and the reſt were entertained at the publick expence. *Dacier.* P.

Thus the fam'd hero, perfected in wiles,
With fair ſimilitude of truth beguiles
The queen's attentive ear: diſſolv'd in woe,
From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As ſnows collected on the mountain freeze;
When milder regions breathe a vernal breeze,

Ver. 235. *With fair ſimilitude of truth beguiles.*] The word in the Greek is ἴσκε, which has been uſually interpreted to be the ſame with ἔλεγε, but thoſe that ſpeak with more exactneſs derive it from ἤϊσκε, εἰκάζειν, ἀπεικονίζων πρὸς ἀλήθειαν, that is, he accommodated and adapted his fictions to probability or truth; and Heſychius explains the ſame word by εἰκάζω, ὁμοιῶ: Horace almoſt literally tranſlates this verſe.

"Atque ita mentitur, ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
"Primo ne medium medio ne diſcrepet imum."

And indeed in this line the whole art of an epick poem is comprehended, which is a mixture of truths and fictions, but fictions conformable to verity; or to ſpeak in the language of a critick, the fable of the epick poem ſhould be both probable and marvellous; aſtoniſhing, yet credible; if it be only credible, it differs in nothing from hiſtory; if only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great ſecret therefore of an epick writer is to produce in the reader's mind at the ſame time both belief and aſtoniſhment; and this is here performed by Ulyſſes.

Dacier ſur l'Ariſtotle.

Ver. 238. *As ſnows collected,* &c.] It is not eaſy to take the point of this ſimile. Monſ. Perault grievouſly miſtakes it: "The deſcription (ſays he) which Homer gives us of the "ſorrow of Penelope is very unaccountable; her body *melted* "like ſnow upon an high mountain, when the eaſt wind *melts* "it, and the ſnow thus *melted* fills the rivers; thus it was that "the fair cheeks of Penelope *melted.*" This, ſays Perault, is tranſlated word for word. But in reality it reſembles Homer in nothing but the repetition of the word *melted,* or τήκω, which in modern languages is burthenſome to the ear, but not in the Greek; for the word differs from itſelf according to it's different form-

The fleecy pile obeys the whiſp'ring gales,
Ends in a ſtream, and murmurs thro' the vales:
So, melted with the pleaſing tale he told,
Down her fair cheek the copious torrent roll'd:
She to her preſent lord laments him loſt,
And views that object which ſhe wants the moſt!

---

ation, almoſt as much as a new one, and gives a diſtant ſound; for inſtance, τήκω, τήκομαι, κατάτηξις: whereas there is almoſt an identity of ſound in *melt*, *melted*, or *melting*; or in the French, *liquifie*, *liquifiée*, *liquifioient*. Neither has Perault entered into the ſenſe of the compariſon: τήκω χρώς is only a figurative hyperbole, as when we ſay a perſon is *conſumed* or *waſted* with grief; or perhaps τήκω ſignifies no more than *humecto*, as ταμὸς *humidus*. In reality, it is the quantity of tears that is intended to be repreſented, and the ſimile is thus to be underſtood: the ſnows heaped upon the mountains by the cold weſt wind, are the ſorrows accumulated in the ſoul of Penelope; the warm eaſtern wind, which diſſolves theſe ſnows, is the recital of Ulyſſes, which melts thoſe ſorrows into tears, and makes them flow. When Agamemnon weeps, in the ninth of the Iliad, his tears are compared to a fountain of water falling from a rock; but women being more profuſe of tears, thoſe of Penelope are here compared to a river. P.

Ver. 241.] This paſſage, here and in other parts, exhibits deſcriptive poetry in it's nobleſt garb, and is inſtinct with a genuine inſpiration of the Muſes.

Ver. 244. *She to her preſent lord laments him loſt.*] Dacier obſerves, that this is added by Homer not for our information, for we already know it; but becauſe it is a reflection which muſt neceſſarily occur to every reader: it is a thing extraordinary to lament a perſon preſent, as if he were abſolutely loſt; and we reap a double ſatisfaction from the relation, by obſerving the behaviour of Penelope towards Ulyſſes, and of Ulyſſes towards Penelope; while he is at the ſame time, in one ſenſe, both abſent and preſent. P.

With'ring at heart to ſee the weeping fair,
His eyes look ſtern, and caſt a gloomy ſtare;
Of horn the ſtiff relentleſs balls appear,
Or globes of iron fix'd in either ſphere;
Firm wiſdom interdicts the ſoft'ning tear.

Ver. 247. *His eyes look ſtern, and caſt a gloomy ſtare.*] There is a beautiful contraſt between Ulyſſes and Penelope; Penelope indulges her paſſion for Ulyſſes; Ulyſſes reſtrains his for Penelope: the picture of Ulyſſes is drawn to the life, he is aſſaulted at once with ſeveral paſſions, aſtoniſhment and admiration on the one ſide, and compaſſion and a deſire to comfort Penelope on the other; theſe paſſions being in an equal balance, and exerting an equal force, he remains fixed, like a wave driven by contrary winds, and yields to neither of their impulſes; it is thus Ulyſſes continues in a ſteady admiration, as if he had loſt all thought. This paſſage is too beautiful not to have been explained by the antients; Plutarch quotes it as an inſtance of the command a wiſe man ought to have over his paſſions. "Ulyſſes, who was the moſt "eloquent, yet was the moſt ſilent of men, all his faculties were "obedient, and ſubject to reaſon, he commanded his eye not to "weep, his tongue not to ſpeak, and his very heart not to pant "or tremble: his reaſon influenced even his inward motions, "and ſubdued the very blood and vital ſpirit." And in his treatiſe of moral virtues, he again quotes theſe verſes; "Ulyſſes "had compleatly ſubjected all his faculties to right reaſon, and "he held even his ſpirits, his blood, and his tears under the "government of his judgment." Virgil paints Dido in the infernal ſhades almoſt in the ſame colours with Ulyſſes:

"Illa ſolo fixos oculos averſa tenebat,
"Nec magis incepto vultum ſermone movetur
"Quàm ſi dura ſilex, aut ſtet Marpeſia cautes." P.

This verſe is an unneceſſary amplification, and ſcarcely in harmony with the general purport of the paſſage. Ogilby is unornamented, but faithful:

But kept his bright eyes drie, like horn or ſteel;
Though he within did like compaſſion feel.

Ver. 248. *Of horn the ſtiff relentleſs balls appear.*] Euſtathius informs us, that Homer applied this image of horny, or κερατώδης,

A ſpeechleſs interval of grief enſues,
'Till thus the queen the tender theme renews.
Stranger! that ere thy hoſpitable roof
Ulyſſes grac'd, confirm by faithful proof:
Delineate to my view my warlike lord,
His form, his habit, and his train record.
'Tis hard, he cries, to bring to ſudden ſight
Ideas that have wing'd their diſtant flight:
Rare on the mind thoſe images are trac'd,
Whoſe footſteps twenty winters have defac'd:
But what I can, receive.—In ample mode,
A robe of military purple flow'd

to the eye, becauſe one of the coats of it is ſaid to be of an *horny* ſubſtance; but this is merely fanciful: if another tunick of the eye had been *ſteely*, there might have been ſome ground for the alluſion; for Homer joins both of them in the illuſtration, and only meant to repreſent the ſtedfaſtneſs of the eye of Ulyſſes, in this affecting interview. P.

Ver. 259.] The *preſent tenſe*, I think, would make a pleaſanter couplet:

Rare on the mind thoſe images *we trace*,
Whoſe footſteps twenty *rolling years deface*.

Ver. 262, &c. *A robe of military purple*, &c.] This is a remarkable paſſage, and gives us an exact deſcription of the habit of a king in the days of Homer, or perhaps ſtill earlier in the days of Ulyſſes. Purple ſeems antiently to have been appropriated to kings, and to them on whom they beſtowed it; thus Judges viii. 26. the ſacred hiſtorian mentions purple raiment that was on the kings of Midian. Thus, Eſther viii. 15. a garment of fine linen and purple is given to a favourite of king Ahaſuerus; and 1 Maccabees xliii. the Jews made a decree, that Simon ſhould wear purple and gold, and that none of the people ſhould wear purple or a *buckle* of gold without his permiſſion, in token that

O'er all his frame: illuſtrious on his breaſt,
The double claſping gold the king confeſt.
In the rich woof a hound, Moſaick-drawn,
Bore on full ſtretch, and ſeiz'd a dappl'd fawn:
Deep in the neck his fangs indent their hold;
They pant and ſtruggle in the moving gold.
Fine as a filmy web beneath it ſhone
A veſt, that dazzled like a cloudleſs ſun:

he was the chief magiſtrate of the Jews; thus alſo, Mac. x. 89. Alexander ſent Jonathan a buckle of gold, as the uſe is to be given to ſuch as are of the king's blood. Ulyſſes is here dreſt much after the ſame manner; he wears purple, and a buckle or claſp of gold, as a ſign of his regality. But what I would chiefly obſerve is, that the art of embroidery was known in thoſe early ages, nay perhaps was in greater perfection than at this day; the embroidery was of divers colours, as we may gather from the epithet applied to the fawn, ποικίλον. Some perſons indeed tell us, that this was interwoven into the cloth, and was made in the loom, but the words of Homer will admit of the other interpretation, and it is evident that embroidery was known amongſt the orientals in the age of Ulyſſes, from Judges, v. 30. *Have they not ſped? have they not divided the prey, to Siſera a prey of divers colours of needle-work, of divers colours of needle-work on both ſides, meet for the necks of them that take the ſpoil?* Here is evidently mention made of embroidery; and perhaps ſuch was this robe of Ulyſſes; but however this be, it is manifeſt that all manner of creatures were figured upon the habit of great perſonages, and that thoſe creatures were in-wrought ſo naturally as to ſeem to be alive. P.

Ver. 265.] Thus Ogilby:

Before he had within a landſkip *drawn*,
A hound, who greedy, ſeiz'd a trembling *fawn*.

Ver. 269.] Ogilby gives his author, literally, and, I think, with ſucceſs:

What he wore under ſhew'd ſo fine and thin,
As a drie onion's perſpicable ſkin.

The female train who round him throng'd to gaze,
In ſilent wonder ſigh'd unwilling praiſe.
A ſabre, when the warriour preſs'd to part,
I gave, enamel'd with Vulcanian art;
A mantle purple-ting'd, and radiant veſt,
Dimenſion'd equal to his ſize, expreſt
Affection grateful to my honour'd gueſt.
A fav'rite herald in his train I knew,
His viſage ſolemn ſad, of ſable hue:

Ver. 272.] Here our tranſlator ſeems indebted to Chapman:

— — — I obſerv'd beſide
His inner weed, ſo rarely beautifide,
That *dumbe amaze* it bred.

After this, our Poet takes the liberty of omitting no fewer than *five* verſes of his original, which are perſpicuouſly and not clumſily given by Chapman:

— — — But (by the way)
You muſt excuſe me, that I cannot ſay
He brought this ſuite from home; or had it there
Sent for ſome preſent; or perhaps elſewhere
Receiv'd it for his gueſt-gift: for your lord
Had friends not few: the fleete did not afford
Many that had not fewer.

Ver. 275. — — — *radiant veſt,*
Dimenſion'd equal to his ſize — —]

It may be aſked what is the meaning of the τερμιόεντα χλαῖναν here mentioned by Ulyſſes? Euſtathius explains it by σύμμετρος, that is, neither too long nor too ſhort, too wide or too ſcanty, but exactly correſponding to the make of the body. Heſiod uſes the ſame word in the ſame ſenſe; and Heſychius interprets it in the ſame manner, Εὔμετρον, καὶ μέχρι τῶν ποδῶν τερμαΐζόμενον. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 278. *A fav'rite herald* — —] This is very artful in Ulyſſes: Penelope had aſked what kind of perſon her huſband was; Ulyſſes fears to give a deſcription of himſelf, leſt by draw-

Short woolly curls o'erfleec'd his bending head,
O'er which a promontory-ſhoulder ſpread:
Eurybates! in whoſe large ſoul alone
Ulyſſes view'd an image of his own.
His ſpeech the tempeſt of her grief reſtor'd;
In all he told ſhe recogniz'd her lord:
But when the ſtorm was ſpent in plenteous ſhow'rs,
A pauſe inſpiriting her languiſh'd pow'rs,
O thou, ſhe cry'd, whom firſt inclement fate
Made welcome to my hoſpitable gate;
With all thy wants the name of poor ſhall end;
Henceforth live honour'd, my domeſtick friend!
The veſt much envy'd on your native coaſt,
And regal robe with figur'd gold emboſt,
In happier hours my artful hand employ'd,
When my lov'd lord this bliſsful bow'r enjoy'd:
The fall of Troy erroneous and forlorn
Doom'd to ſurvive, and never to return!

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ing the copy like the original now before the eyes of Penelope, ſhe ſhould diſcover him to be Ulyſſes: he therefore diverts the enquiry, yet at the ſame time ſatisfies her curioſity, by adding a new circumſtance to confirm his veracity by deſcribing his attendant and herald Eurybates. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 281.] Ogilby thus, more exactly:

Was ſomewhat older, more his ſhoulders *ſpread.*

Ver. 284.] Such a dignified tranſlation of the unadorned paſſages of his author, betrays the hand of a great maſter in poetical execution.

Ver. 296.] Ogilby's efforts are more true to the phraſeology of his original:

Then he, with pity touch'd: O royal Dame!
Your ever-anxious mind, and beauteous frame,
From the devouring rage of grief reclaim.
I not the fondneſs of your ſoul reprove
For ſuch a lord! who crown'd your virgin-love
With the dear bleſſing of a fair increaſe;
Himſelf adorn'd with more than mortal grace:
Yet while I ſpeak, the mighty woe ſuſpend;
Truth forms my tale; to pleaſing truth attend.
The royal object of your deareſt care,
Breathes in no diſtant clime the vital air:
In rich Theſprotia, and the nearer bound
Of Theſſaly, his name I heard renown'd:
Without retinue, to that friendly ſhore
Welcom'd with gifts of price, a ſumleſs ſtore!
His ſacrilegious train, who dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day,

Who went to Troy, enforc'd by cruel fate,
That curſed town, whoſe very name I hate.

Our tranſlator's rhymes are not perfect; and he had Milton in his eye, Par. Loſt, vii. 20.

— — — on th' Aleien field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and *forlorn*.

Ver. 301.] This part of the verſion is a very inaccurate repreſentation of his author. I ſhall offer a literal tranſlation:

— — — — nor yet your grief I blame:
What woman, but her youthful ſpouſe might mourn,
(Crown'd with ſweet pledges of his love) tho' far
Excell'd by thine, whom fame has rank'd with Gods.

Ver. 303.] No indulgence can be ſhewn to rhymes like theſe.

Were doom'd by Jove, and Phœbus' juſt decree,
To periſh in the rough Trinacrian ſea.
To better fate the blameleſs chief ordain'd,
A floating fragment of the wreck regain'd,
And rode the ſtorm; 'till by the billows toſt,
He landed on the fair Phæacian coaſt.
That race who emulate the life of Gods,
Receive him joyous to their bleſt abodes:
Large gifts confer, a ready ſail command,
To ſpeed his voyage to the Grecian ſtrand.
But your wiſe lord, (in whoſe capacious ſoul
High ſchemes of pow'r in juſt ſucceſſion roll)
His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring Fate,
'Till copious wealth might guard his regal ſtate.

Ver. 319.] We may thus mend the rhymes, with more fidelity:

— — — 'till driving billows bore
The plank in ſafety to Phæacia's ſhore;
That race, who, like the bleſs'd, in life appear,
Receive with joy, and, as a God, revere.

Ver. 326.] This verſe is ſtiff, artificial, and bordering on bombaſt. Thus? yet, perhaps, no better:

But *ſtill* your lord (in whoſe capacious ſoul
Reſides true Wiſdom, and maintains controul.)

Ver. 327. *His Ithaca refus'd from fav'ring Fate,*
'Till copious wealth might guard his regal ſtate.]

Ulyſſes amaſſed great riches by being driven from country to country: every prince where he arrived made him great preſents, according to the laudable cuſtoms of hoſpitality in former ages. The word in the Greek (obſerves Dacier) is ἀγυρτάζων, it is borrowed from beggars, who by ſtrolling from place to place get their livelihood; and hence it was made uſe of ſimply for to amaſs, or make collections. Heſychius explains it by συλλέγων,

Phedon the fact affirm'd, whoſe ſov'reign ſway
Theſprotian tribes, a duteous race, obey:
And bade the Gods this added truth atteſt,
(While pure libations crown'd the genial feaſt)
That anchor'd in his port the veſſels ſtand,
To waft the hero to his natal land.
I for Dulichium urge the wat'ry way,
But firſt the Ulyſſean wealth ſurvey:
So rich the value of a ſtore ſo vaſt
Demands the pomp of centuries to waſte!
The darling object of your royal love,
Was journey'd thence to Dodonean Jove;
By the ſure precept of the ſilvan ſhrine,
To form the conduct of his great deſign:
Irreſolute of ſoul, his ſtate to ſhrowd
In dark diſguiſe, or come, a king avow'd?

πολίξει, ἐγείρει; in which words there are two errours, and it is manifeſt they are corrupted: Monſieur le Fevre reads φλωχίζει, ἀγείρει. *Dacier.*

We may obſerve that Ulyſſes gives himſelf great commendations through this whole interview; he calls himſelf διος Ὀδυσσεὺς, and ſays, that there were few men in the world like him; that he was θεοῖς ἐναλίγκιος, or like the Gods: this is not a ſign of vanity or oſtentation, ſince Ulyſſes ſpeaks in the character of a ſtranger: he muſt therefore ſpeak in the ſame manner as a ſtranger would have ſpoke; that is, with honour of Ulyſſes, to ingratiate himſelf with Penelope. Beſides, this conduct conduces to perſuade Penelope, that he is the perſon he pretends to be, and by the conſequence contributes to prevent a diſcovery. P.

Ver. 336.] This paſſage occurs, with ſome difference of arrangement, in book xiv. verſe 359.

Thus lives your lord; nor longer doom'd to roam:
Soon will he grace this dear paternal dome.
By Jove, the ſource of good, ſupreme in pow'r!
By the bleſt genius of this friendly bow'r!
I ratify my ſpeech; before the ſun
His annual longitude of heav'n ſhall run;
When the pale empreſs of yon' ſtarry train
In the next month renews her faded wane,
Ulyſſes will aſſert his rightful reign.
What thanks! what boon! reply'd the queen, are due,
When time ſhall prove the ſtoried bleſſing true:
My lord's return ſhou'd fate no more retard,
Envy ſhall ſicken at thy vaſt reward.
But my prophetick fears, alas! preſage,
The wounds of Deſtiny's relentleſs rage.

Ver. 347.] Compare book xiv. verſe 182. and xvii. 176. Chapman is neat and faithful:

——— Be witneſſe, Jove!
Thou firſt and beſt of all the thron'd above.

Ver. 350.] The tranſlator profited by a grand paſſage in his beloved author: Paradiſe Loſt, vii. 373.

Firſt in the eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
Regent of day, and all th' horizon round
Inveſted with bright rays, jocund *to run*
His longitude through heav'n's high road.

Ver. 352.] This expreſſion *faded wane*, ſeems altogether tautologous and improper.

I long muſt weep! nor will Ulyſſes come,
With royal gifts to ſend you honour'd home!—
Your other taſk, ye menial train, forbear:
Now waſh the ſtranger, and the bed prepare;

Ver. 360.] This is inaccurate, and curtailed. I give a literal verſion:

> Nor will Ulyſſes come, nor you obtain
> Diſmiſſion; no ſuch rulers here beſides,
> Fam'd among men like him (if fam'd indeed)
> To greet and convoy revered ſtrangers home.

Ver. 363. *Now waſh the ſtranger,* &c.] This was one of the firſt rites of hoſpitality obſerved towards ſtrangers, amongſt the antients; the Scriptures abound with inſtances of it: Abraham offers water to waſh the feet of the angels whom he miſtook for ſtrangers, *&c.* There was alſo a bath for the ſtranger, but this ſeems to have been a greater honour (as Dacier obſerves) than that of waſhing the feet; this may be gathered from the manner in which it was performed; the daughters of the family, even young princeſſes, aſſiſted at the bath; but the waſhing the feet was an office committed to ſervants: thus the daughter of Neſtor, in the third Odyſſey, bathed Telemachus, but Ulyſſes being diſguiſed like a beggar, Euryclea waſhes his feet. This agrees exactly with another paſſage of ſcripture; when David ſent to aſk Abigail to wife, 1 Sam. xxv. 41. ſhe made anſwer, *Let thine handmaid be a ſervant to waſh the feet of the ſervants of my Lord.* My memory fails me, if there be any other paſſage, either in the Iliad or Odyſſey, where this practice of waſhing the feet is directly mentioned; the reaſon is, this was an office performed only by inferiour perſons; the bath was for heroes and kings. Now both Homer's poems are filled with the characters of ſuch perſonages, and therefore there was no room to mention it in other places: it is true, the word here is ἀπονίψατε, and does not neceſſarily imply the waſhing of the feet, but waſhing in general: yet here it is to be underſtood of the feet, for Euryclea in the act of waſhing them diſcovers this ſtranger to be Ulyſſes. P.

With ſplendid palls the downy fleece adorn:
Up-riſing early with the purple morn,
His ſinews ſhrunk with age, and ſtiff with toil,
In the warm bath foment with fragrant oil.
Then with Telemachus the ſocial feaſt
Partaking free, my ſole invited gueſt;
Whoe'er neglects to pay diſtinction due,
The breach of hoſpitable right may rue.
The vulgar of my ſex I moſt exceed
In real fame, when moſt humane my deed:
And vainly to the praiſe of queen aſpire,
If, ſtranger! I permit that mean attire,
Beneath the feaſtful bow'r. A narrow ſpace
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race;
'Tis ours, with good the ſcanty round to grace.

Ver. 365.] Thus his author:

With warmth to chear him 'till the purple morn.
Then in the bath foment with fragrant oil
His ſinews—.

Some of the lines hereabouts are admirable: and, in general, there is an originality in the phraſeology and verſification of Fenton, that powerfully beſpeak the man of genius, and characteriſe his poetry.

Ver. 376. — — *A narrow ſpace*
Confines the circle of our deſtin'd race.]

The ſenſe is here cut ſhort, and Homer, like a good painter, leaves ſomething to be ſupplied by the reader's imagination. Life is ſhort (ſays Penelope) we ought therefore to employ it in doing good. The motive indeed which ſhe uſes, is not intirely conformable to true theology; ſhe here propoſes glory as the ſole

Thoſe who to cruel wrong their ſtate abuſe,
Dreaded in life, the mutter'd curſe purſues;
By death diſ-rob'd of all their ſavage pow'rs,
Then, licens'd rage her hateful prey devours.
But he whoſe in-born worth his acts commend,
Of gentle ſoul, to human race a friend;
The wretched he relieves diffuſe his fame,
And diſtant tongues extol the patron-name.
Princeſs, he cry'd, in vain your bounties flow
On me, confirm'd, and obſtinate in woe,
When my lov'd Crete receiv'd my final view,
And from my weeping eyes her cliffs with-
drew;
Theſe tatter'd weeds (my decent robe reſign'd)
I choſe, the livery of a woeful mind!
Nor will my heart-corroding cares abate
With ſplendid palls, and canopies of ſtate:

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aim of doing virtuous actions; though in other places Homer plainly aſſerts, that we ought to act with piety to pleaſe the Gods. *Dacier.* P.

The termination of this verſe, and the next couplet, are expanded from the ſubjoined clauſe of his author:

— — — for ſhort is human date:

ſo that our Poet rather followed Virgil than Homer, at Æn. x. 467.

Stat ſua cuique dies: breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus eſt vitæ: ſed famam extendere factis,
Hoc virtutis opus:

thus elegantly and conciſely rendered by Dryden:

Short bounds of life are ſet to mortal man,
'Tis Virtue's work alone to ſtretch the narrow ſpan.

Low-couch'd on earth, the gift of ſleep I ſcorn,
And catch the glances of the waking morn.
The delicacy of your courtly train
To waſh a wretched wand'rer wou'd diſdain;
But if, in tract of long experience try'd,
And ſad ſimilitude of woes ally'd,

Ver. 399. *But if, in tract of long experience,* &c.] I will have an old woman to waſh me (ſays Ulyſſes). The reaſon of this requeſt is not evident at firſt view; but Euſtathius explains it by ſhewing that Ulyſſes acts thus to avoid the inſults and contempt of the younger damſels of Penelope, who had ſufficiently outraged him in this and the preceding book; they would think themſelves degraded by performing ſuch an office to a beggar. Euſtathius remarks, that ſome antient criticks rejected three verſes here: it is abſurd, ſay they, that Ulyſſes ſhould chuſe Eurycles for this office, who was the only perſon who could diſcover him, and ruin his deſigns; he knew ſhe was acquainted with the wound that afterwards diſcovers him: but the truth is, Ulyſſes knew Eurycles to be a perſon of wiſdom, and he was in hopes to draw her over to his intereſt, and make uſe of her in his affairs in the future parts of the Odyſſey; and this he does upon many important occaſions, in particular in locking up the palace at the time of the battle between him and the Suitors; ſo that by her means he prevents the report of that great incident from being carried to their partizans abroad: here therefore he artfully brings it about, that Eurycles ſhould be aſſigned to this office, not only to avoid the inſults of the other females, but to make uſe of her faithfulneſs and wiſdom to carry on his deſigns, and make the way more eaſy to the Suitors deſtruction. The choice therefore was prudent; ſhe was aged, and acquainted with human miſeries, not only by reaſon of her age, but had herſelf ſuffered in all the afflictions of Penelope and Telemachus; we find ſhe is deſcribed as a mother to the whole family, and ſhe all along adopts the afflictions of it: Euſtathius therefore may perhaps be miſtaken when he aſſerts this to be an inſtance of ill counſels crowned with good ſucceſs. But then it may be aſked, if Eurycles was a perſon of ſuch wiſdom and fidelity, why does not Ulyſſes truſt her with the ſecret of his return? The reaſon is plain, it would not only have been con-

Some wretch reluctant views aerial light,
To her mean hand aſſign the friendly rite.
Pleas'd with his wiſe reply, the queen rejoin'd:
Such gentle manners, and ſo ſage a mind,
In all who grac'd this hoſpitable bow'r
I ne'er diſcern'd, before this ſocial hour.
Such ſervant as your humble choice requires,
To light receiv'd the lord of my deſires,
New from the birth: and with a mother's hand
His tender bloom to manly growth ſuſtain'd:
Of matchleſs prudence, and a duteous mind;
Tho' now to life's extremeſt verge declin'd,
Of ſtrength ſuperiour to the toil aſſign'd.—
Riſe, Euryclea! with officious care
For the poor friend the cleanſing bath prepare:

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tiary to his cautious nature, but a breach of all decency to truſt himſelf to Euryclea, and not to Penelope; this would in ſome meaſure have raiſed the character of the ſervant above that of his wife and queen. Part of this note I am indebted for to M. Dacier. P.

Ver. 400.] Thus Pope, in his Eloiſa:

And ſure, if Fate ſome future bard ſhould join
In *ſad ſimilitude of griefs* to mine—.

A reader of taſte will not expect me to recommend to his notice the extraordinary excellence of the tranſlation throughout this ſpeech. He has already felt the thrill of poetry in his boſom.

Ver. 409.] Defective rhymes. Thus?

New from his mother; nor refus'd to bear
The toil of nurture, with a parent's care.

Ver. 414.] To prevent a too quick recurrence of the rhymes propoſed in the late ſubſtitution, we might render here, as follows:

This debt his correſpondent fortunes claim,
Too like Ulyſſes, and perhaps the ſame!
Thus old with woes my fancy paints him now!
For age untimely marks the careful brow.
Inſtant obſequious to the mild command,
Sad Euryclea roſe: with trembling hand
She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes;
And thus impaſſion'd to herſelf replies.

With care officious, Euryclea! *go*;
The bath's *refreſhment let the ſtranger know.*

Ver. 422. *She veils the torrent of her tearful eyes.*] Dacier obſerves that Ariſtotle in his third book of rhetorick quotes this action of Euryclea as an inſtance of a paralogiſm familiar to Homer; and again in his poetics he cites it to the ſame purpoſe: a paralogiſm conſiſts in making uſe of falſe reaſoning, and drawing a falſe conſequence from true premiſſes: "All men, ſays "Ariſtotle, are naturally perſuaded that where ſuch a thing is, "or is done, ſuch another muſt happen; we may therefore make "them eaſily believe that if the laſt is, the firſt muſt conſequently "be; but in reality, the latter which we lay down as truth "being often falſe, the former is ſo more frequently, for it does "not follow, that becauſe one thing is, another muſt neceſſarily "be; but becauſe we are perſuaded of the truth of the latter, "we conclude falſly, that the former is alſo true." The reader will enter into the meaning of Ariſtotle, and underſtand what a paralogiſm is, by an example of it; for inſtance, if we were to prove a man to be in love, we bring it as an argument that he is pale: now this is a falſe reaſoning or paralogiſm, becauſe a perſon may be pale from other reaſons than love. Thus in the inſtance of Euryclea "Homer (ſays Ariſtotle) impoſes upon his reader, by "mentioning a ſign that is known, to draw a conſequence from "it, to prove a thing that is not known;" that is, Homer endeavours to prove that the whole ſtory concerning Euryclea is true, and that ſhe really hid her eyes when ſhe wept, becauſe this is a conſequence of paſſion, and becauſe it is natural for perſons to conceal their eyes with their hands while they weep. This

Son of my love, and monarch of my cares!
What pangs for thee this wretched boſom bears!
Are thus by Jove who conſtant beg his aid
With pious deed, and pure devotion, paid!
He never dar'd defraud the ſacred fane,
Of perfect hecatombs in order ſlain:
There oft' implor'd his tutelary pow'r,
Long to protract the ſad ſepulchral hour;
That form'd for empire with paternal care,
His realm might recognize an equal heir.
O deſtin'd head! The pious vows are loſt;
His God forgets him on a foreign coaſt!—

alſo is a paralogiſm, for every ſyllable concerning Euryclea may be a fiction of the Poet, though ſuch a geſture is natural to a perſon in her circumſtances; the impoſition conſiſts in this, namely, in the art of the Poet, in endeavouring to deceive us into a belief, that becauſe perſons when they weep conceal their eyes, therefore it is true that Euryclea thus actually wept; the latter may be evidently falſe, though the former may be true; Ariſtotle brings this practice of Homer as an example to all Poets how to tell lies as they ought, or agreeably. P.

Ver. 424.] A verſe conſtructed probably from that inimitably ſoothing line in the Eloiſa:

Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.

Ver. 428.] I ſhould prefer,

His hand defrauded not the ſacred fane—.

Ver. 434. — — *The pious vows are loſt*;
His God forgets him — —]

Euryclea we ſee is aſtoniſhed to find that a perſon who is remarkable for his piety ſhould be unfortunate; the age was not enlightened enough to know that calamity is often a proof of virtue, and a trial, not a puniſhment. Maximus Tyrius, the Platonick, xxii Diſſert. excellently explains this ſubject: "Who (ſays that author)

Perhaps, like thee, poor gueſt! in wanton pride
The rich inſult him, and the young deride!
Conſcious of worth revil'd, thy gen'rous mind
The friendly rite of purity declin'd;
My will concurring with my queen's com-
mand,
Accept the bath from this obſequious hand.
A ſtrong emotion ſhakes my anguiſh'd breaſt;
In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſt:

[redacted]

" can deny Ulyſſes to be a man of piety? Jupiter remembers
" him, Minerva loves him, Mercury guides him, Calypſo is
" enamoured with him, and Leucothea ſaves his life! Who then
" can deny but that Heaven tried him with all his afflictions, that
" he might appear to be, and deſerve to be called a good man?
" this is the reaſon why he ſuffered at Troy, from the Suitors,
" by the Cyclops, by Circe, and by ſhipwreck; this is the reaſon
" why he wandered as a vagabond, and a beggar, that he was
" half naked, that he was ſtruck and inſulted, and ſuffered a
" thouſand inſolencies from the riots of the Suitors: it was the
" favour and love of Heaven that brought him into all theſe
" afflictions, and not the anger of Neptune." When a good man ſuffers Heaven frequently chuſes him out as an hero, who knows how to behave bravely in the day of adverſity; and this is agreeable to true theology. P.

The following ſubſtitution is unexceptionable in it's rhymes:

O deſtin'd head! *thy* pious vows *forgot*,
To roam an exile is thy hopeleſs lot.

Ver. 436.] The tranſlation here, though very conciſe and general, has uncommon merit, and breathes the true pathos of it's original. The Poet was thinking of Hamlet's *poor ghoſt!*

Ver. 443. *In thy whole form Ulyſſes ſeems expreſt*, &c.] Homer continually draws his reflections from the preſent object: Penelope, at the ſight of this diſtreſſed and ill-cloathed ſtranger, breaks out into a tender ſentiment, and cries, " Perhaps my Ulyſſes is ſuch

Of all the wretched harbour'd on our coaſt,
None imag'd e'er like thee my maſter loſt.
Thus half diſcover'd thro' the dark diſguiſe,
With cool compoſure feign'd, the chief replies:
You join'd your ſuffrage to the publick vote;
The ſame you think, have all beholders thought.
He ſaid: replenish'd from the pureſt ſprings,
The laver ſtraight with buſy care ſhe brings:

" as he!" for thus Euſtathius applies the expreſſion, ὁ τοιοῦτος ἦν φύσει, ἀλλὰ διὰ κάκωσιν; that is, " he was not ſuch by nature, but " misfortune:" but if we underſtand it of a bodily reſemblance, the ſentiment is ſtill beautiful, and the reader cannot without pleaſure ſee Penelope deceived in comparing Ulyſſes with Ulyſſes. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 445.] The rhyme may be thus conſulted:

My *maſter's image* none like thee *could boaſt.*

Chapman is faithful and good:

——— and yet many a gueſt
Of poore condition hath bene harbour'd here;
But never any did ſo right appeare
Like king Ulyſſes as your ſelfe; for ſtate
Both of your ſtature, voice, and very gate.

Ver. 447. — — *the chief replies.*] This is very artful in Ulyſſes: if he had denied the reſemblance, it might have given ſuſpicion; he therefore confeſſes it, and by confeſſing it perſuades Euryclea that he is not the real Ulyſſes. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 449.] Or thus, for a better rhyme:

The ſame you *fancy*, all beholders *note.*

Chapman is accurately true to his model:

So all have ſaid (ſaid he) that ever yet
Had the proportion of our figures met
In their obſervances; ſo right your eye
Proves in your ſoule your judging faculty.

In the deep vaſe, that ſhone like burniſh'd gold,
The boiling fluid temperates the cold.
Meantime revolving in his thoughtful mind
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd;
His face averting from the crackling blaze,
His ſhoulders intercept th' unfriendly rays.
Thus cautious in th' obſcure he hop'd to fly
The curious ſearch of Euryclea's eye.
Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find
The ſcar, with which his manly knee was ſign'd.

Ver. 452.] The compariſon is from the tranſlator: Homer ſays only,

— — — the vaſe on all ſides bright.

Ver. 456. *His face averting from the crackling blaze.*] The reaſon why Ulyſſes turns toward the darkneſs is to avoid diſcovery, and that Euryclea might not examine him too curiouſly: but this is not the whole deſign of Homer; the Poet thus deſcribes Ulyſſes to give probability to the future ſtory; for as Euſtathius judiciouſly remarks, it is from this action alone that the fainting of Euryclea, her laying her hand on the chin of Ulyſſes, his ſeizure of her throat to hinder her from diſcovering him, eſcape the notice of Penelope; Ulyſſes is ſeated out of view, and withdrawn from obſervation. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 458.] After Milton's uſe of the word, Par. Loſt, ii. 406,

And through *the* palpable *obſcure* find out
His uncouth way.

Ver 460. *Cautious in vain! nor ceas'd the dame to find*
The ſcar———]

This ſtory concerning the wound of Ulyſſes, may, I fear, in ſome parts of it, ſeem ſomewhat tedious; it may therefore be neceſſary to ſhew that it is introduced with judgment; and though not intirely entertaining, yet artful.

Ariſtotle in the eighth chap. of his Poeticks, ſpeaking of the union of the action of the Odyſſey, mentions this wound of Ulyſſes.

This on Parnaſſus (combating the boar)
With glancing rage the tuſky ſavage tore.

Homer, ſays he, who excelled other Poets in all reſpects, ſeems perfectly to have known this defect, (*viz.* that all the actions of an hero do not conſtitute the unity of the action, but only ſuch as are capable to be united with the fable) for in compoſing his Odyſſey, he has not mentioned all the adventures of Ulyſſes: for example, he has not joined the wound he received upon Parnaſſus with the account of his feigned madneſs, when the Greeks aſſembled their army; for becauſe one of them happened, it was neither neceſſary nor probable that the other ſhould alſo happen; but he has inſerted all that could have reſpect to one and the ſame action. Monſieur Dacier fully explains Ariſtotle; We have in this precept (obſerves that author) two remarkable events in the life of Ulyſſes, his feigned madneſs, and his wound received upon Parnaſſus: the Poet mentions the wound, but is ſilent about his madneſs: he ſaw that the latter had no connexion either in truth or probability with the ſubject of his poem, and therefore he ſays not a word of it; he has acted otherwiſe with reſpect to the wound received upon Parnaſſus: for although that wound was no more to the matter of his poem, than the madneſs, yet he ſpeaks of it, becauſe he found an opportunity of inſerting it ſo naturally into his principal action, that it becomes a neceſſary part of it, ſince it cauſes a remembrance of his hero, that is, ſince it is the occaſion of Euryclea's diſcovering Ulyſſes; ſo that this hiſtory which is here related at length is no foreign epiſode, but a natural part of the ſubject, by being thus artfully united to it. This fully teaches us of what nature the different parts which a Poet uſes to form one and the ſame action ought to be; namely, either neceſſary or probable conſequences of one another, as the remembrance of Ulyſſes was of this wound: every adventure then that has not this connexion ought to be rejected as foreign, and as breaking the unity of the action: and therefore Homer took care not to interrupt the unity of his Odyſſey, by the epiſode of the feigned madneſs of Ulyſſes; or that incident could not be produced by any that were neceſſary or proper to the poem, nor produce any that had the leaſt relation to it.

Boſſu fully agrees with Ariſtotle and Dacier, and gathers from this epiſode that ſome incidents which make not directly any

Attended by his brave maternal race,
His grandſire ſent him to the ſilvan chace, 465
Autolycus the bold: (a mighty name
For ſpotleſs faith and deeds of martial fame:

part of the action or the fable may be inſerted into a poem, if thoſe incidents are neceſſary to clear up any part of the fable or action.

This *remembrance*, or diſcovery by the wound, is mentioned in another place; ſee the twenty-firſt Odyſſey. *Ariſtotle* in his ſeventeenth chap. of the Poeticks, prefers this remembrance to that there made to Eumæus: It is (obſerves that author) here managed with more addreſs and art; it is done without deſign, and ſeems a conſequence of the ſtory: there Ulyſſes himſelf diſcovers the wound: here it ariſes from the ſubject, and a ſeries of incidents: there Ulyſſes has recourſe to it, and it cauſes no ſurpriſe, becauſe there is no great art in ſhewing a mark, which we are willing to have known. All remembrances therefore (ſays Ariſtotle) which produce their effects by deſign have little ingenuity: whereas thoſe which are brought about by chance, ſurpriſe us, and are inſtances of the Poet's art and addreſs. P.

Ver. 466. *Autolycus the bold: (a mighty name*
For ſpotleſs faith ———]

This difficult paſſage is well explained by Dacier and Euſtathius: the words are

——— ὃς ἀνθρώπους ἐκέκαστο
Κλοπῇσίν θ' ὅρκῳ τε ———

which literally run thus, "he ſurpaſſed all men in ſwearing and "ſtealing:" a terrible character! if it were to be underſtood according to the letter: it has been imagined, that Homer commends Autolycus for his addreſs in robbery, and making equivocal oaths; like the perſon (ſays Euſtathius) who made a truce with his enemies for ſeveral days, and immediately went and ravaged their territories by night, and defended it, by telling them that the truce was not made for the night but the day: or like the perſon mentioned by Athenæus, who ſtole a fiſh, and gave it to his neighbour, and being queſtioned about it, ſwore, that he had it not himſelf, nor ſaw any other perſon ſteal it: but this is not the meaning of Homer, for he calls Autolycus ἄνδρα or a *good man*, and adds that this [illegible] was the gift of a God,

Hermes his patron-god thoſe gifts beſtow'd,
Whoſe ſhrine with weanling lambs he wont to load).
His courſe to Ithaca this hero ſped,
When the firſt product of Laertes' bed
Was new diſclos'd to birth: the banquet ends,
When Euryclea from the queen deſcends,
And to his fond embrace the babe commends.

The truth is, the former word does not here ſignify theft, nor the latter perjury: the former ſignifies a laudable addreſs in concealing our own deſigns, and diſcovering thoſe of our enemies, as it conſiſts in ſurpriſing them, when they leaſt expect us, in beating up their quarters, carrying off their convoys, their proviſions, and in ſhort in all manner of ſtratagems, authorized by the laws of war: ὅρκος ſignifies fidelity in obſerving an oath, and never violating the ſanctity of it. Plato, in his firſt book de Repub. makes it plain, that this is the ſenſe of Homer: he there quotes this paſſage, and aſſerts that he is the beſt guardian of an army, who knows how to ſteal the counſels and enterpriſes of the enemy, τὰ τῶν πολεμίων κλέπτειν βουλεύματα, καὶ τὰς ἄλλας πράξεις; from this, it is there inferred, that juſtice is a kind of chicanery (κλεπτική τις ἐπ' ὠφελείᾳ φίλων, καὶ βλάβῃ τῶν ἐχθρῶν) by which we ſerve our friends, and bring detriment to our enemies; but the anſwer there given to this aſſertion is, ἐ μὰ τὸν Δία, or, by no means: it muſt be underſtood with ſome reſtriction: it is lawful to deceive an enemy in war, but in common life criminal. The qualities therefore that Homer commends in Autolycus, are his dexterity in diſcovering, penetrating and preventing the deſigns of his enemies, and the religious obſervance of his oaths, and not theft and perjury; Euſtathius explains Homer by adding κλεπτικὸν ἐ κακὸν, ὅρκον ἐ ψεῦδος. P.

Ver. 468. *Hermes his patron-god thoſe gifts beſtow'd.*] The reaſon why Homer attributes theſe gifts to Mercury is, becauſe he was the preſident of ſociety, or of all things that are acted with a deſire of concealment. He is alſo the God of ſpeech, it therefore appertained to that Deity to guard the verity of it, in particular of oaths, being the preſident of ſpeaking. *Dacier.* P.

"Receive, ſhe cries, your royal daughter's ſon;
"And name the bleſſing that your pray'rs have won."
Then thus the hoary chief, "My victor arms
"Have aw'd the realms around with dire alarms:
"A ſure memorial of my dreaded fame
"The boy ſhall bear; Ulyſſes be his name!
"And when with filial love the youth ſhall come
"To view his mother's ſoil, my Delphick dome
"With gifts of price ſhall ſend him joyous home."

Ver. 476. "*Receive, ſhe cries, your royal daughter's ſon*, &c.] We have here an antient cuſtom obſerved by the Greeks: the child was placed by the father upon the grandfather's knees, as a token that a grandchild was the moſt agreeable preſent that a ſon could make to a father. That this was an antient cuſtom is evident from the Iliad.

— — — γυγερὰς δ' ἐπεκέκλετ' Ἐρινῦς
Μήποτε γούνασιν οἷσιν ἐφίσσεσθαι φίλον υἱὸν
Ἐξ ἐμέθεν γεγαῶτα — — —

That is, the father of Phœnix imprecated the Furies, that Phœnix might never have a ſon to place upon his grandfather's knees.

It has been already remarked that it was cuſtomary in Greece for the parents to name the child; here the grandfather names Ulyſſes: but this is done by permiſſion of the parents, for Autolycus bids them give the name.

Γαμβρὸς ἐμὸς δυνάτης τι τίθεσθ' ὄνομ'.

Ulyſſes was called Ὀδυσσεύς, from Ὀδύσσω, *Iraſcor*; implying (ſays Euſtathius) that many hated, or were enraged at, Autolycus, for the miſchiefs he had done by his art in war, ἐκ τῦ μίσους διὰ κακοποιίαν: that is in other words, Autolycus called Ulyſſes Ὀδυσσεὺς from the terrour he had been to his enemies. P.

Ver. 481.] Thus Ogilby:

Lur'd with the promis'd boon, when youthful prime
Ended in man, his mother's natal clime
Ulyſſes ſought; with fond affection dear
Amphithea's arms receiv'd the royal heir:
Her antient * lord an equal joy poſſeſt;
Inſtant he bade prepare the genial feaſt:
A ſteer to form the ſumptuous banquet bled,
Whoſe ſtately growth five flow'ry ſummers fed:
His ſons divide, and roaſt with artful care
The limbs; then all the taſteful viands ſhare.
Nor ceas'd diſcourſe (the banquet of the ſoul)
'Till Phœbus wheeling to the weſtern goal
Reſign'd the ſkies, and night involv'd the pole.
Their drooping eyes the ſlumb'rous ſhade oppreſt,
Sated they roſe, and all retir'd to reſt.

Ulyſſes call him, and when fit to *come*,
Send him to me, and my relations, *home*.

Ver. 484.] All, but the firſt clauſe of this couplet, is the redundancy of the tranſlation. Chapman is ſimple, neat, and faithful:

For theſe faire gifts he went, and found all grace
Of hands, and words, in him, and all his race.

Ver. 488.] There wants eaſe and ſimplicity in the diction of this verſe, nor will the rhymes be deemed accurate. Thus?

Nor tranſport leſs dilates her huſband's heart:
His ſons he bade the genial feaſt impart.

Ver. 494.] This thought is extraneous to his author. We may thus correct the line without an introduction of any novelties:

Nor *ceaſt* the banquet, *that revives* the ſoul—.

* Autolycus.

Soon as the Morn, new-rob'd in purple light,
Pierc'd with her golden ſhafts the rear of night;
Ulyſſes, and his brave maternal race
The young Autolyci, aſſay the chace.
Parnaſſus, thick perplex'd with horrid ſhades,
With deep-mouth'd hounds the hunter-troop invades;
What time the ſun, from ocean's peaceful ſtream,
Darts o'er the lawn his horizontal beam.
The pack impatient ſnuff the tainted gale;
The thorny wilds the wood-men fierce aſſail:
And foremoſt of the train, his cornel ſpear
Ulyſſes wav'd to rouſe the ſavage war.
Deep in the rough receſſes of the wood,
A lofty copſe, the growth of ages, ſtood:
Nor winter's boreal blaſt, nor thund'rous ſhow'r,
Nor ſolar ray, could pierce the ſhady bow'r,
With wither'd foliage ſtrew'd, a heapy ſtore!
The warm pavilion of a dreadful boar.

Ver. 500.] This is very poetical, and the conſiſtency of figure is well maintained. Our tranſlator might profit by his favourite Poet in another poem, L'Allegro, verſe 50.

While the cock with lively din
Scatters *the rear of darkneſs* thin.

Ver. 503.] So Milton in his Comus, verſe 37.

— — — the *perplex'd* paths of this drear wood.

Ver. 516.] This line affords one of the happieſt ſpecimens within my knowledge of the power of a ſingle term to ennoble a common thought:

The warm *pavilion* of a dreadful boar.

Rous'd by the hounds and hunters mingling cries,
The ſavage from his leafy ſhelter flies:
With fiery glare his ſanguine eye-balls ſhine,
And briſtles high impale his horrid chine.
Young Ithacus advanc'd, defies the foe,
Poiſing his lifted lance in act to throw;
The ſavage renders vain the wound decreed,
And ſprings impetuous with opponent ſpeed!
His tuſks oblique he aim'd, the knee to gore;
Aſlope they glanc'd, the ſinewy fibres tore,
And bar'd the bone: Ulyſſes undiſmay'd,
Soon with redoubl'd force the wound repay'd;
To the right ſhoulder-joint the ſpear apply'd,
His further flank with ſtreaming purple dy'd:
On earth he ruſh'd with agonizing pain;
With joy, and vaſt ſurpriſe, th' applauding train
View'd his enormous bulk extended on the plain.
With bandage firm Ulyſſes knee they bound;
Then chanting myſtick lays, the cloſing wound

Ver. 520.] Paradiſe Loſt, ii. 647.

Three iron, three of adamantin rock,
Impenetrable, *impal'd* with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd.

Ver. 528.] Better, perhaps,

Soon with *revengeful* force—.

Ver. 535. *Then chanting myſtick lays, the cloſing wound*
Of ſacred melody compoſ'd the force.]

Of ſacred melody confeſs'd the force;
The tides of life regain'd their azure courſe.

This is a remarkable inſtance of the antiquity of that idle ſuperſtition of curing wounds by incantation or charms; yet Homer is no way blameable for mentioning it; he wrote according to the opinion of the age, which whether true or falſe vindicates him as a Poet. Indeed almoſt all other Poets have ſpoken more boldly than Homer of the power of incantations; thus Virgil,

" Carmina vel cœlo poſſunt deducere lunam,
" Carminibus Circe ſocios mutavit Ulyſſei,
" Frigidus in pratis cantando rumpitur anguis."

But we may defend Homer from Pliny, who has thought this point, *viz.* whether charms are available phyſically, worthy of a ſerious diſcuſſion; he refers to this paſſage in his natural Hiſtory, *lib.* xxviii. *cap.* 1. *Dixit Homerus profluvium ſanguinis vulnerato femine Ulyſſem inhibuiſſe carmine: Theophraſtus, Iſchiadicos ſanarel: Cato prodidit Luxatis membris carmen auxiliari. Varro*; *Podagris.* Attalus affirms, that if a man chance to ſpy a ſcorpion, and pronounce the word *duo*, it will lie ſtill, and never ſhoot his ſting. I think theſe grave authors outdo even the fictions of Poets; and I hardly believe that any of them would have ventured to provoke a ſerpent truſting to the charm. But we are to underſtand this charm not merely as a form of words, but as joined with muſical notes, and then it may appear more rational: for the cure of the ſciatica, Theophraſtus commends the Phrygian muſick, and A. Gellius for giving eaſe to it; but adds, *ut Memoriæ proditum eſt.* Apollonius in his book de Miris, affirms from Theophraſtus, that muſick cures many diſeaſes both of mind and body, καθάπερ λιπο-θυμιάς, φόβους, καὶ τὰς ἐπὶ μακρὸν γιγνομένας τῆς διανοίας ἐκστάσεις· ἰᾶται δὲ καταύλησις ἰσχίαδα καὶ ἐπιληψίαν. And the ſame author affirms, that many in his time, eſpecially the Thebans, uſed the pipe for the cure of ſeveral ſickneſſes, which Galen calls καταυλεῖν τὸ τόπον, *ſuper loco affecto tibiâ canere*; or *loca dolentia decantare.* I will not affirm that ſuch charms of muſick have no power in ſome maladies; every one knows what an effect the harp of David had over the ſpirits of Saul; but we have either loſt, or not yet found out the art: a natural reaſon may be aſſigned for it; for as the muſical notes move the air, ſo the air moves the inward ſpirits, and the humours of the body, which are the ſeat of diſeaſes; ſo that by

Then back they led the youth with loud acclaim;
Autolycus, enamour'd with his fame,
Confirm'd the cure: and from the Delphick dome
With added gifts return'd him glorious home.
He ſafe at Ithaca with joy receiv'd,
Relates the chace, and early praiſe atchiev'd.
Deep o'er his knee inſeam'd, remain'd the ſcar:
Which noted token of the woodland war
When Euryclea found, th' ablution ceas'd;
Down dropp'd the leg, from her ſlack hand releas'd;
The mingled fluids from the vaſe redound;
The vaſe reclining floats the floor around!
Smiles dew'd with tears the pleaſing ſtrife expreſt
Of grief, and joy, alternate in her breaſt.

---

this new motion they may be condenſed, rarified, diſſipated or expelled, according as they are agitated or influenced by the concuſſion of the muſical notes; but however this be, if other Poets may ſay that charms have power to ſtop the rivers in their courſes, Homer is not to be condemned for aſcribing the power of ſtopping blood to incantations. *See Mr. Cowley's notes on the firſt book of his Davideis.* P.

Ver. 550.] Thus in a parallel paſſage of Paradiſe Loſt, xii. 373.

He ceas'd, diſcerning Adam with ſuch joy
Surcharg'd, as had, like grief, been *dew'd in tears*,
Without the vent of words, which theſe he breath'd.

Ver. 551.] They were not *alternate*, but *contemporary*. Thus?

Of grief and *tranſport*, *lab'ring* in her breaſt:

or,

Of grief and *tranſport* in her *lab'ring* breaſt.

Her flutt'ring words in melting murmurs dy'd;
At length abrupt—My ſon!—my king!—ſhe cry'd.
His neck with fond embrace infolding faſt,
Full on the queen her raptur'd eye ſhe caſt,
Ardent to ſpeak the monarch ſafe reſtor'd:
But ſtudious to conceal her royal lord,
Minerva fix'd her mind on views remote,
And from the preſent bliſs abſtracts her thought.

Ver. 553.——*abrupt*——*My ſon!*——*my king!*——*ſhe cry'd.*] It may ſeem incredible that this dialogue between Ulyſſes and Euryclea could be held in the preſence of Penelope, and ſhe not hear it: how is this to be reconciled to probability! I will anſwer in the words of Euſtathius: The Poet, ſays he, is admirably guarded againſt this objection; it is for this reaſon that he mentions the falling of Ulyſſes's leg into the water, the ſound of the veſſel from that accident, the overturning of it, and the effuſion of the water: all theſe different ſounds may eaſily be ſuppoſed to drown the voice of Euryclea, ſo as it might not be heard by Penelope; it is true, ſhe could not but obſerve this confuſion that happened while Euryclea waſhes; but the age of Euryclea might naturally make her believe that all this happened by accident through her feebleneſs, and Penelope might be perſuaded that it was thus occaſioned, having no reaſon to ſuſpect the truth: beſides, what is more frequent on the theatre than to ſpeak to the audience, while the perſons on the ſtage are ſuppoſed not to hear? In reality, it is evident that Ulyſſes and Euryclea were at a proper diſtance from Penelope, probably out of decency while the feet were waſhing; for as ſoon as that office is over, Homer tells us that Ulyſſes drew nearer to the fire where Penelope ſat, that he might reſume the conference.

Αὐτὶς ἀρ' ἀσσοτέρω πυρὸς ἕλκετο δίφρον Ὀδυσσεύς. P.

Ver. 558.] Rhymes wholly intolerable: perhaps,

Pallas to views remote *the queen inclin'd,*
And from the preſent bliſs abſtracts her *mind.*

His hand to Euryclea's mouth apply'd,
Art thou foredoom'd my peſt? the hero cry'd:
Thy milky founts my infant lips have drain'd:
And have the fates thy babling age ordain'd
To violate the life thy youth ſuſtain'd?
An exile have I told with weeping eyes,
Full twenty annual ſuns in diſtant ſkies:
At length return'd, ſome God inſpires thy breaſt
To know thy king, and here I ſtand confeſt.
This heav'n-diſcover'd truth to thee conſign'd,
Reſerve, the treaſure of thy inmoſt mind:
Elſe if the Gods my vengeful arm ſuſtain,
And proſtrate to my ſword the ſuitor-train;
With their lewd mates, thy undiſtinguiſh'd age
Shall bleed a victim to vindictive rage.

Then thus rejoin'd the dame, devoid of fear:
What words, my ſon, have paſs'd thy lips ſevere?
Deep in my ſoul the truſt ſhall lodge ſecur'd;
With ribs of ſteel, and marble heart, immur'd.

Ver. 577. *Deep in my ſoul the truſt ſhall lodge ſecur'd.*] Plutarch in his treatiſe upon Garrulity obſerves, that Ulyſſes and every perſon that had relation to him were remarkable for their taciturnity: they had all profited under ſo great a maſter of ſecrecy as Ulyſſes: it is practiſed by his wife, his ſon, and his nurſe; his very companions, who attended him in his voyages, poſſeſſed this virtue in ſo eminent a degree as to ſuffer themſelves to be daſhed in pieces by the Cyclops, rather than diſcover him to that giant. The moral that we are to gather from this fable is, that the ſafety of princes counſels conſiſts in ſecrecy. *Dacier.* P.

When heav'n, auſpicious to thy right avow'd,
Shall proſtrate to thy ſword the ſuitor-crowd;
The deeds I'll blazon of the menial fair;
The lewd to death devote, the virtuous ſpare.
Thy aid avails me not, the chief reply'd;
My own experience ſhall their doom decide;
A witneſs-judge precludes a long appeal:
Suffice it thee thy monarch to conceal.
He ſaid: obſequious with redoubled pace,
She to the fount conveys th' exhauſted vaſe:
The bath renew'd, ſhe ends the pleaſing toil
With plenteous unction of ambroſial oil.
Adjuſting to his limbs the tatter'd veſt,
His former ſeat receiv'd the ſtranger gueſt;
Whom thus with penſive air the queen addreſt.

Ver. 586.] Chapman is more accurate:

Be thou then ſilent, and leave God the reſt;

and Ogilby, with ſlight amendment, is good:

— — — *only* ſilent be,
And leave the *reſt* to *guardian gods*, and me.

We may thus adjuſt our tranſlator:

Then truſt th' immortals, and thy *king* conceal.

Ver 587.] This circumſtance is from Virgil, Æn. iv. 641.

— — — Illa gradum ſtudio celerabat anili.
Her ſtep ſhe quicken'd with the zeal of age.

Ver. 590. *With plenteous unction——*] We are not to imagine that this cuſtom of anointing the feet was an inſtance of luxury; it prevailed over the oriental world ſolely out of neceſſity, to avoid offenſiveneſs in thoſe hot regions. This cuſtom prevailed many ages after Homer, and we have an inſtance of it in the woman who waſhed the feet of our Lord and Saviour with tears, and anointed them with oil. This place is a plain proof that oil was uſed after waſhing the feet as well as after bathing. P.

Tho' night, diſſolving grief in grateful eaſe,
Your drooping eyes with ſoft oppreſſion ſeize;
A-while, reluctant to her pleaſing force,
Suſpend the reſtful hour with ſweet diſcourſe.
The day (ne'er brighten'd with a beam of joy!)
My menials, and domeſtick cares employ:
And, unattended by ſincere repoſe,
The night aſſiſts my ever-waking woes:
When nature's huſh'd beneath her brooding ſhade,
My echoing griefs the ſtarry vault invade.
As when the months are clad in flow'ry green,
Sad Philomel, in bow'ry ſhades unſeen,

Ver. 602.] This contraction is inelegant, nor is the paſſage, in general, executed with the cuſtomary felicity of this Poet. I ſhall ſubjoin a literal repreſentation of it:

When night arrives, and all in bed repoſe,
Me, on my couch reclin'd, thick woes aſſail,
With ſharp ſenſation rankling round my heart.

Ver. 605. *Sad Philomel,* &c.] This paſſage is thus explained by Euſtathius. The ſimile is not only introduced to expreſs the ſorrow of Penelope, but the nature of it: it is not ſo much intended to illuſtrate her grief, as her various agitations and different thoughts compared to the different accents in the mournful ſong of the nightingale; for thus Homer applies it.

Ὡς καὶ ἐμοὶ δίχα θυμὸς ὀρώρεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.

Euſtathius adds, that Homer relates this ſtory very differently from later authors: he mentions nothing of Progne, Tereus, or Pandion, unleſs that name be the ſame with Pandareus; Itylus likewiſe is by them called Itys. The ſtory is thus, according to theſe writers: Philomela was the wife of Tereus king of Thrace, ſhe had a ſiſter named Progne, whom Tereus raviſhed and cut her tongue out, that ſhe might not diſcover the crime to Philomela;

To vernal airs attunes her varied ſtrains;
And Itylus ſounds warbling o'er the plains:
Young Itylus, his parents' darling joy!
Whom chance miſled the mother to deſtroy:
Now doom'd a wakeful bird to wail the beauteous boy.

but Progne betrayed it by weaving the ſtory in a piece of embroidery; upon this Philomela ſlew her own ſon Itys or Itylus, and ſerved up his fleſh to the table of her huſband Tereus; which being made known to him, he purſues Philomela and Progne, who are feigned to be changed into birds for their ſwift flight into Athens, by which they eſcaped the revenge of Tereus. Philomela is fabled to be turned into a nightingale, and Progne into a ſwallow; it being obſerved by Pauſanias, that no ſwallow ever builds in Thrace, or nightingale is ever ſeen there, as hating the country of Tereus. But Homer follows a different hiſtory: Pandareus ſon of Merops had three daughters, Meropè, Cleothera, and Aëdon: Pandareus married his eldeſt daughter Aëdon to Zethus brother of Amphion, mentioned in the eleventh Odyſſey; ſhe had an only ſon named Itylus; and being envious at the numerous family of her brother-in-law Amphion, ſhe reſolves to murder Amaleus the eldeſt of her nephews; her own ſon Itylus was brought up with the children of Amphion, and lay in the ſame bed with this Amaleus. Aëdon directs her ſon Itylus to abſent himſelf one night from the bed, but he forgets her orders; at the time determined, ſhe conveys herſelf into the apartment, and murthers her own ſon Itylus, by miſtake, inſtead of her nephew Amaleus: upon this, almoſt in diſtraction, ſhe begs the Gods to remove her from the race of humankind; they grant her prayer, and change her into a nightingale. P.

Ver. 606.] Our tranſlator had in his eye a paſſage beyond compare in Paradiſe Loſt, iv. 264.

— — — airs, *vernal airs,*
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, *attune*
The trembling leaves; while univerſal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal ſpring.

So in nocturnal ſolitude forlorn,
A ſad variety of woes I mourn!
My mind reflective, in a thorny maze
Devious from care to care inceſſant ſtrays.
Now, wav'ring doubt ſucceeds to long deſpair:
Shall I my virgin-nuptial-vow revere;
And joining to my ſon's my menial train,
Partake his councils, and aſſiſt his reign?
Or, ſince mature in manhood, he deplores
His dome diſhonour'd, and exhauſted ſtores;
Shall I, reluctant! to his will accord;
And from the peers ſelect the nobleſt lord;
So by my choice avow'd, at length decide
Theſe waſteful love-debates, a mourning bride?
A viſionary thought I'll now relate,
Illuſtrate, if you know, the ſhadow'd fate.
A team of twenty geeſe (a ſnow-white train!)
Fed near the limpid lake with golden grain,
Amuſe my penſive hours. The bird of Jove
Fierce from his mountain-eyrie downward drove;
Each fav'rite fowl he pounc'd with deathful ſway,
And back triumphant wing'd his airy way.
My pitying eyes effus'd a plenteous ſtream,
To view their death thus imag'd in a dream:

Ver. 627.] So Dryden, at Æn. vii. 965.

Like *a* long *team of* ſnowy *ſwans* on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid ſky.

With tender ſympathy to ſoothe my ſoul,
A troop of matrons, fancy-form'd, condole.
But whilſt with grief and rage my boſom burn'd,
Sudden the tyrant of the ſkies return'd:
Perch'd on the battlements he thus began,
(In form an eagle, but in voice a man.)
O queen! no vulgar viſion of the ſky
I come, prophetick of approaching joy:
View in this plumy form thy victor lord;
The geeſe (a glutton race) by thee deplor'd,
Portend the Suitors fated to my ſword.
This ſaid, the pleaſing feather'd omen ceas'd.
When from the downy bands of ſleep releas'd,
Faſt by the limpid lake my ſwan-like train
I found, inſatiate of the golden grain.
The viſion ſelf-explain'd (the chief replies)
Sincere reveals the ſanction of the ſkies:
Ulyſſes ſpeaks his own return decreed;
And by his ſword the Suitors ſure to bleed.
Hard is the taſk, and rare, the queen rejoin'd,
Impending deſtinies in dreams to find:

Ver. 641.] This is not accurate, nor is the rhyme faultleſs. Ogilby is plain and faithful:

> Icarius' daughter, be not ſo diſmaid:
> This not a dream, no fleeting fancy this,
> But certain truth.

Ver. 649.] Thus, more faithfully:

> *Feeding*, I found, *as firſt*, the golden grain.

Immur'd within the ſilent bow'r of Sleep,
Two portals firm the various phantoms keep:
Of iv'ry one; whence flit to mock the brain,
Of winged lies a light fantaſtick train:

Ver. 656. *Immur'd within the ſilent bow'r of ſleep,* &c.] This ſeems to be a bold fiction, and commentators have laboured hard to ſhew the reaſon of it: ſome imagine, that by the horn is meant a tunick of the eye, which is called horny; and that the ivory repreſents the teeth; and that by theſe alluſions the Poet intended to expreſs that what we hear ſpoken may be falſe, but what we ſee muſt infallibly be true: that is, according to this fable, the ivory gate emits falſhood, that of horn, truth. Others explain Homer by referring to the nature of horn and ivory, horn being pervious to the ſight, and ivory impenetrable. Dacier, from Euſtathius, gives us a very different ſolution; by horn, which is tranſparent, Homer means the air, or heavens which are tranſlucent; by ivory, he denotes the earth which is groſs and opake: thus the dreams which come from the earth, that is, through the gate of ivory, are falſe; thoſe from heaven, or through the gate of horn, true. But it may be thought that there are no grounds, from the words of Homer, for ſuch an interpretation. I imagine that this fable is built upon a real foundation, and that there were places called the gates of falſhood and truth: Diodorus Siculus, in his ſecond book, deſcribing the ceremonies concerning the dead, mentions the gates of oblivion, of hatred and lamentation; and then adds, that there are other gates in the ſame place; namely, in Memphis in Ægypt, that are called the gates of verity, near which there is a ſtatue of juſtice without an head; now Homer in the twenty-fourth Odyſſey places the region of dreams in the way to the infernal ſhades, and it is paſt diſpute that he borrows all theſe fables of Styx, Cocytus, (that is, of the gates of hatred, lamentation,) &c. from Ægypt, and places them in hell, after Orpheus, who adapted all his ceremonies according to the rites of burial obſerved at Memphis, as Diodorus fully proves: if therefore he borrows the fable of the gates of oblivion, &c. from Ægypt, why may he not the ſtory of the gates of falſhood and verity? eſpecially ſince he takes his whole relation concerning hell from the cuſtoms of the Ægyptians, and this region of dreams is placed by him in the paſſage to hell:

The gate oppos'd pellucid valves adorn,
And columns fair incas'd with poliſh'd horn:
Where images of truth for paſſage wait,
With viſions manifeſt of future fate.
Not to this troop, I fear, that phantom ſoar'd,
Which ſpoke Ulyſſes to this realm reſtor'd:
Deluſive ſemblance!——But my remnant life
Heav'n ſhall determine in a gameful ſtrife:
With that fam'd bow Ulyſſes taught to bend,
For me the rival archers ſhall contend.
As on the liſted field he us'd to place
Six beams, oppos'd to fix in equal ſpace:
Elanc'd a-far by his unerring art,
Sure thro' ſix circlets flew the whizzing dart.
So, when the ſun reſtores the purple day,
Their ſtrength and ſkill the Suitors ſhall aſſay:
To him the ſpouſal honour is decreed,
Who thro' the rings directs the feather'd reed.

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it may therefore not be impoſſible but this ſtory of the gates of ſleep, may have a real foundation, and be built upon the cuſtoms of the Ægyptians. P.

Ver. 660.] Thus Ogilby:

Two gates there are of Sleep, one made of *horn*,
The other *poliſh'd* ivory doth *adorn*:

and Dryden at Virgil's imitation, Æn. vi. 1235.

Two gates the ſilent houſe of Sleep *adorn*;
Of poliſh'd ivory this, that of tranſparent *horn*.

Ver. 663.] Dryden has the ſame conſtruction, after the manner of the ancients; quoted, I think, elſewhere:

Calliſtho there ſtood *manifeſt of* ſhame.

Torn from theſe walls (where long the kinder pow'rs
With pomp and joy have wing'd my youthful hours!)
On this poor breaſt no dawn of bliſs ſhall beam;
The pleaſure paſt ſupplies a copious theme
For many a dreary thought, and many a doleful dream!

Propoſe the ſportive lot, the chief replies,
Nor dread to name yourſelf the bowyer's prize:
Ulyſſes will ſurpriſe th' unfiniſh'd game
Avow'd, and falſify the Suitors' claim.

To whom with grace ſerene the queen rejoin'd:
In all thy ſpeech what pleaſing force I find!
O'er my ſuſpended woe thy words prevail,
I part reluctant from the pleaſing tale.
But heav'n that knows what all terreſtrials need,
Repoſe to night, and toil to day decreed:

Ver. 685.] Chapman has ſucceeded:

— — — For your lord
Will to his court and kingdome be reſtor'd
Before they thread thoſe ſteeles, or draw his bow.

Ver. 687.] Theſe rhymes, of ſuch frequent recurrence, cannot be left uncenſured.—Ogilby here is very tolerable:

Then ſpake the queen: Here I could ſtay all night,
And leſs in ſleep, than thy diſcourſe, delight:
Though woful mortals that on earth reſide,
Muſt reſt and toyl alternately divide:

of the laſt line our Poet ſeems to have availed himſelf.

The reader will be reminded of a verſe in the Eloiſa:

Oh! *Grace ſerene*, oh! Virtue heavenly-fair.

Grateful viciſſitude! Yet me withdrawn,
Wakeful to weep and watch the tardy dawn
Eſtabliſh'd uſe enjoins; to reſt and joy
Eſtrang'd, ſince dear Ulyſſes ſail'd to Troy!
Meantime inſtructed is the menial tribe
Your couch to faſhion as yourſelf preſcribe.
  Thus affable, her bow'r the queen aſcends;
The ſov'reign-ſtep a beauteous train attends:
There imag'd to her ſoul Ulyſſes roſe;
Down her pale cheek new-ſtreaming ſorrow flows:
'Till ſoft oblivious ſhade Minerva ſpread,
And o'er her eyes ambroſial ſlumber ſhed.

Ver. 693.] So Paradiſe Loſt, vi. 8.

  Where light and darkneſs in perpetual round
  Lodge and diſlodge by turns; which makes through heaven
  Grateful viciſſitude, like day and night.

Ver. 695.] So Chapman, with more fidelity:

  In which uſe, I will to my bed aſcend,
  Which I bedew with teares, and ſigh paſt end
  Through all my houres ſpent; ſince I loſt my *joy*,
  For vile, lewd, never-to-be-named *Troy*.

THE END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.